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JUNE 1975 $1.25
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF
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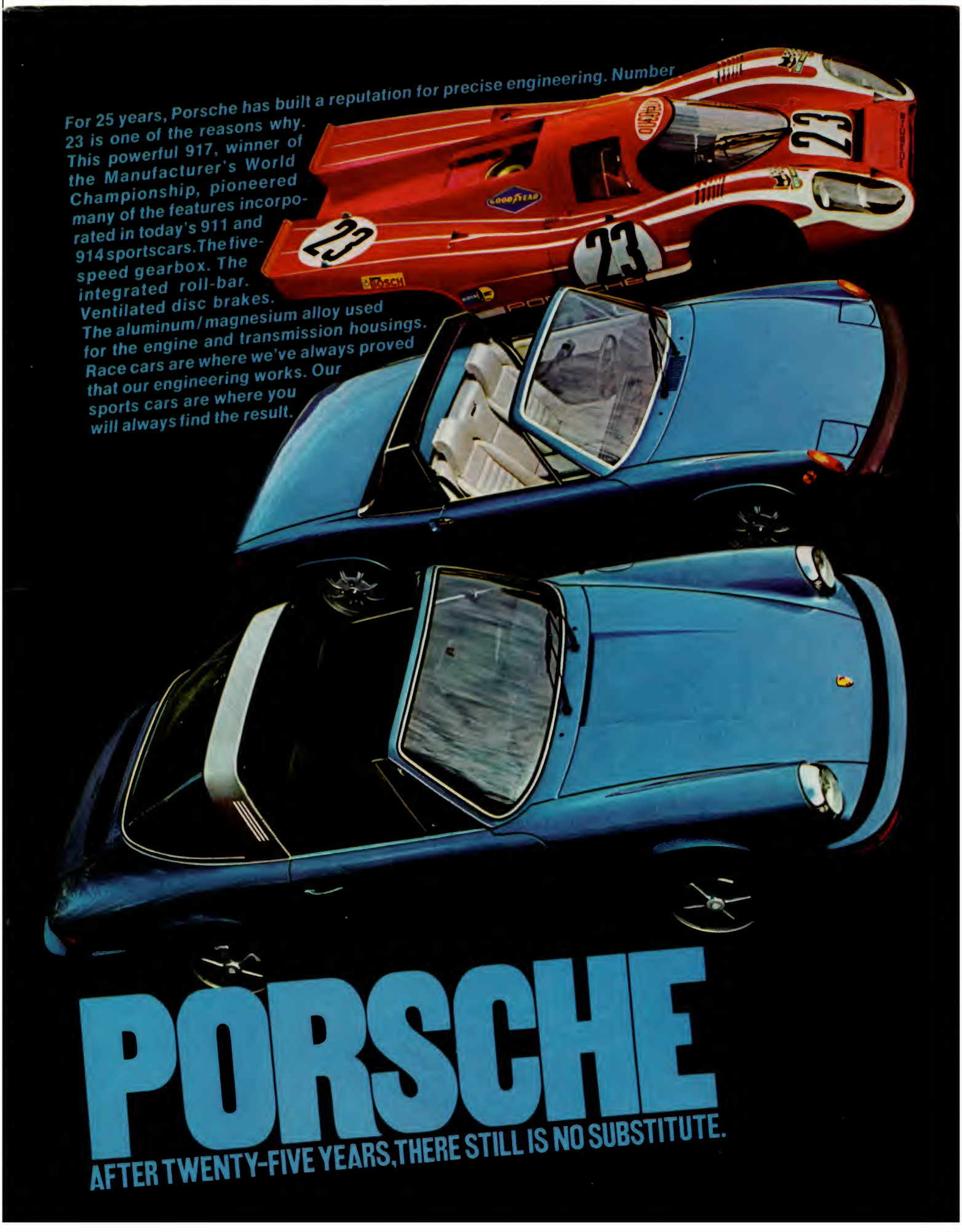
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HOUSECALL

As the recent startling disclosures of American secret intelligence operations clearly indicate, Richard Nixon has not been the only high official in our government with a police-state mentality. Indeed, according to top investigative reporter **Tad Szulc**, the man behind our so-called "Intelligence Community" is none other than **Henry Kissinger**. In *Kissinger's Secret Empire*—an exclusive *Penthouse* report—Szulc reveals the awesome hidden power of our secretary of state. At a cost to the American taxpayer of some $25 *billion* a year (a figure never fully disclosed before and unknown even to most congressmen) Kissinger's undercover network stretches around the earth and even into outer space. We have subverted the legitimate processes of government everywhere we could, asserts Szulc, and it would not be too difficult for Kissinger's men to apply the same tactics to subverting democracy at home. Even more harrowing is the thought that Kissinger "resents having to answer for his actions to anyone, except—possibly—the president himself."

Szulc should know. Once dubbed "the global gumshoe" by *Time* magazine, he is privy to presidents and politicians alike, and his sources have been built up over his twenty years as a *New York Times*-man, covering the news worldwide. Szulc has reported—with unusual distinction—on everything from the Bay of Pigs fiasco to Kissinger's secret negotiations to "end" the Vietnam war. Since 1972, he's produced close to fifty articles and four books (a fifth on Nixon's foreign policy will be published by Viking this fall). Sums up Szulc: "I travel a lot. I'm having more impact than at a newspaper. I like this life."

Shady intelligence techniques are by no means limited to our federal operatives. They flourish in our own backyard. For instance, take the case of one **Frank Hohimer**—in the sixties the star of a Mafia-directed ring of thieves who heisted some $3 million worth of loot from wealthy Chicago homes. When Hohimer—now serving time for his sins—grew tired of stealing, the Mafia figured he'd grown tired of life. In *Setup*, an excerpt from his new book, *The Home Invaders* (Chicago Review Press, 1975), Hohimer relates an incredible tale of collusion between a special intelligence branch of the Chicago police and his former Mafia brethren to retire him permanently. "The Chicago Intelligence Unit never wanted to bust me and send me to jail. They were just interested in killing me," Hohimer states flatly.

The resulting scenario is something that might well titillate the agile mind of **John Schlesinger**, a forty-nine-year-old British film director whose name you may not recall, but whose work is impossible to forget. It was Schlesinger who made stars of Julie Christie and Jon Voight; who won an Oscar for *Midnight Cowboy*; and who has now completed his most challenging film, *The Day of the Locust* (produced by Paramount in conjunction with *Penthouse*), based on Nathanael West's biting novel about Hollywood in the 1930s. In an *Interview* with **Ken Kelley**, Schlesinger told *Penthouse*: "I'm conscious that in *The Day of the Locust* I've got a classic to live up to. We're going to be judged on that." As for Schlesinger's judgment, well, he sums it all up when he says: "Making people feel in a world where feeling is at a premium is something I'm committed to." We second the emotion.

Feeling is what **Robert Westbrook**'s article *The Twenty-Minute Orgasm* is all about—as if you didn't know. Recently, author Westbrook spent a rewarding sojourn at More House, an aptly named California commune where men and women live together in what seems to be complete social and sexual fantasy, a Shangri-la he describes as "perhaps the one place in the modern world where a dream comes true just by dreaming it." You don't believe a twenty-minute orgasm is possible? Well, don't take our word for it. Read on. Ask the man who owned one.

Shangri-la, however, isn't necessarily stationary, according to **Terry Guerin** in *Country Buses*. Writer Guerin took a wild ride with the Waylon Jennings Road Band in their home away from home—a $130,000 extravaganza that contains everything from $8,000 worth of stereo equipment to a vibrating armchair for your listenin' pleasure. It's a great way to go, even if it borders on the Jules Verne.

And speaking of science fiction, witness **Gerald Sussman**'s contribution this month on the science of *Fluxonomy*, an incredible process which—according to Sussman's account—"may someday revitalize the world's economy." Briefly put, the technique is predicated on the bizarre behavior of gypsy molecule (GM) clusters which, when electrically charged, shift themselves around to produce a tantalizing array of edibles. Sample recipe: take one old Jerry Vale record and crush to a fine powder. Add a pinch of coloring and a dash of chemicals. Simmer over a high-voltage electrical charge—and lo! *Spareribs*! While they may taste a little like butterscotch, they are, nevertheless—in Sussman's agile mind—a plausible answer to the world food shortage.

It's a far cry from fantasy to hard fact, but all too many disabled Vietnam veterans find they are still living in a fantasy world. "It's as though we're still missing in action," says Gunny Musgrave, who caught a burst of machine-gun fire while on patrol with the Ninth Marines just south of the DMZ. If there's any doubt that many of the grunts who came home with holes in them have reason to feel betrayed, then **David Harris**'s *Body Count* should provide proof enough. *Body Count* is a soul-searing tale of the bureaucratic and medical hassles endured by a sampling of four vets. For these war wounded—and for thousands like them—there's been no cease-fire. Harris, twenty-nine, a contributing editor to *Rolling Stone* who spent two years in jail for refusing induction into the army, writes with a poignancy and compassion born of that bitter experience.

Like John Schlesinger, we're right at home with the dictum of making people feel in a world where feeling seems to be at a premium. We try, therefore, to inform, to titillate, to comment, to speak out in people terms—and wherever possible to encourage your response. Each year at this time we therefore invite your direct participation in our **Pet of the Year Play-Off** by helping us select that one woman who embodies all or, at least, most of those prime qualities that great men, 'tis said, have always attributed to greater women. And on that distinctly non-sexist note, gentlemen, we urge you on . . . and on. . . .

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Scirocco. A hot new car from Volkswagen. Scirocco is as fast and powerful as the desert wind it's named after. Scirocco packs a gutsy 1.5-liter engine. And mounts it transversely in front over the drive wheels to give better traction. Overhead cam design makes for a sporty feel, a good torque range, and enough power to sprint from 0 to 50 in 7.5 seconds. Scirocco handles like nothing you've ever driven before. Its front-wheel drive and progressive rack-and-pinion steering make it excitingly maneuverable, with sharp steering response and good neutral cornering ability. Scirocco virtually leaps to do your bidding at a touch.

And Scirocco rides like nothing you've ever ridden before. The front suspension has coil-spring/shock absorber struts with progressive action. But it's the rear stabilizer axle that's really new. It consists of two independent trailing arms joined at the front pivot points by a transverse T-bar. The T-bar's flexibility under torsional stress allows each arm to move independently of the other while maintaining tracking stability. The result is true four-wheel independent suspension with great roadability on tight curves and rough surfaces.

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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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JUNE

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

For a better head. . . .

My boyfriend sure enjoys his blow jobs and I usually don't mind giving them. But several weeks ago he asked me to go down on him when I had a terrible cold. I didn't feel like it, however, after a little persuasion, I went ahead and did it. I did not take the mentholated cough drops out of my mouth, and he said they added a special tingle to the head of his cock. In no time, he was coming like *mad*! He said that it was so good we should share it with the public.—*T.S., Decatur, Ill.*

Special sauce

I was always afraid of writing to Forum about what turns my chick and me on because I always felt that it was a bit perverted. But after reading this magazine I've come to the awareness that nothing is perverted.

When my chick does not feel like cooking dinner, which recently has been practically every night, I stop off at McDonald's and buy four Big Macs. Two are for dinner, and the other two aid us in our sexual pleasures. After eating we take the Big Macs into the bedroom with us. We undress and get into bed. My chick takes one Big Mac and spreads the special sauce on my cock. She then takes one of the all-beef patties and forms a tube with it around my dick and proceeds to jerk me off. I just can't describe how great my orgasms are because of the unique texture of the patties. While she's doing this, I make a simple dildo out of the other patty and jerk her off using the special sauce from the other Big Mac as a lubricant. Lately, she hasn't needed this because she comes just looking at a Big Mac. After we're both finished we lick each other clean. I wonder if any other people enjoy this type of sex? If not, I would seriously recommend it to everyone.—*Name withheld, Denton, Texas*

Hot buttered licks

After reading about *Egg Rod* in the March Forum, I felt I had to tell you about another kitchen appliance which I have found stimulating. While watching my electric popcorn-popper one night, I thought of how stimulating those pulsating little balls of fluff looked. So I cut a hole in the side of the large plastic cover so I could stick my cock into the middle of this exploding melee.

Believe me, the sensation is out of this world. As if this wasn't enough to make a guy explode, the warm, melting butter dripping down from the lid makes me even wilder. After this, I'm ready for just about anything and my girl friend doesn't disappoint me. After a few minutes of hot buttered licks, she's ready to fly and we spend the rest of the evening balling deliriously.—*Name withheld, Ottawa, Canada*

Top banana

The banana is traditionally thought of as the ideal female masturbation toy. But I have discovered that it is the best thing in this world for a guy to get his rocks off.

Here's how: take a *firm* banana, preferably a little underripe, and cut off a few inches from the end. If you have a seven-inch cock as I have, make it that size or a little larger.

Now, *carefully* scoop out the fruit, making sure not to break the skin. (It's the suction that makes it so great.) Pour very hot water into the shell, dump it out, and immediately insert the cock. The rest doesn't need any explanation. As I said, it is the suction that makes it so great. As you push and pull, you'll get that sort of slurping noise that adds to the thrill.

And by the way, in return for this tip, I'll appreciate your printing letters from other male readers on their unusual "self-abuse" techniques. I have invented so many of them myself that I have a different one for every day for a month or more. But the banana bit is by far my favorite.—*Name withheld, Montclair, N.J.*

Best bar none

I am a young woman in my twenties working on a research project. Needing some fresh air, away from the pressures of work, I decided to spend a week alone in a small town on Cape Cod. During this week I became very friendly with the bartender of the only bar in town. By the end of the week I had become quite horny, and had made up my mind to get this cool bartender warmed up in bed.

Then one afternoon, while the bartender was talking to the only other customer in the place, I accidentally tipped my glass, which broke on the floor behind the bar. Being a little embarrassed, I immediately ran behind the bar and offered to clean it up. While kneeling down I had an uncontrollable desire to run my hand up the bartender's leg. Wow, did his leg tense up when I ran my hand past his knee to the inside of his thigh. I noticed that he pressed closer to the bar and then I watched him slowly unzip his zipper and whip out a hard, throbbing cock. I positioned myself under the overhang of the bar and while he continued to talk to his customer, I slowly ran my tongue up the length of his cock, wet my lips, and slowly sucked his hot cock into my mouth. I only wish I could have seen his face as he continued to concentrate on his customer's story.

In about two minutes, I heard the customer leave his stool and say good-bye. With that word, I felt hot juices run between my legs. When the door closed, the bartender pulled me to my feet, pulled my sweater up over my head, and kissed my erect nipples. Then he walked to the door, put the closed sign up and pulled down the shades. When he returned, we simultaneously stripped each other, and he lifted me onto the bar and had me lie down on my back. He stood over me with a devilish look on his face, and as he kissed my body from head to toe, I found his beard to be very stimulating as it stroked me.

He brought me to the point where I found myself begging him to fuck me. Can you imagine getting laid in a barroom on the bar? It was fantastic. With each stroke I felt his cock grow harder as I squeezed my legs tighter around his waist. After we were both fully satisfied, we got dressed without any talking. We were both too exhausted for anything but grinning.

Besides introducing me to the qualities of a fantastic lover, he also allowed me to participate in a fantasy I've always had about bars.—*Name and address withheld*

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Pillowphilia

My shipmates and I just finished reading the Forum in the March issue and were really surprised to see that someone shared our passion for a favorite pillow.

Being on a ship, we have a wide variety of playmates to choose from—ranging from a king-size Sears foam, to the standard Navy-issue feather pillow. Though we can't dress ours up, we do have two shades of clothing for our loves, green and white, which we alternate weekly.

There are quite a few of us involved and sometimes, after several weeks at sea without pulling into port, we all sneak off to an equipment space of ours after taps and have an orgy. Each pillow seems to have a personality of its own.

We all agree that our favorite is a standard foam model that we regularly gang-bang at the orgies. Being at sea a lot, it is easy for us to imagine being on an ocean liner taking us and our pets on a romantic cruise of the South Pacific. We wish more people could enjoy life the way we do with our pillow lovers and would like to hear about them.—*G.L.L., Somewhere in the South Pacific*

I am a very attractive, twenty-five-year-old pillow. I was highly stimulated by the letter from the young gentleman in your March issue.

He stated that he bought new clothes for his pillow and loved it more than anything. It's been years since I've had any new clothes.

I'm not one of these cheap nylon pillows you hear about, but rather I'm a fluffy down-filled pillow with a great need to be loved. I am a virgin, and would like very much to be introduced (formally, of course) to this young gentleman.

I wonder if this could be printed, because it's the only chance I have to meet an individual such as this—one who knows how we pillows feel.—*Please do not remove under penalty of law tag No. 1336512488, Potato, Idaho*

Forget all that romantic fluff and seduce your boyfriend's next houseguest.—Editor

Recently, I picked up a copy of your magazine, and flipping through it came upon a letter in which a college senior told of his pillow fetish. I'd like him to know that although he may never have read of any fellow practitioners, he is not alone. I have spent many an enjoyable evening alone in my dormitory room with her. Many times I have come home alone from the bars to relieve my seminal frustrations upon her limp, down-filled smoothness. I too enjoy buying her clothes—my very own favorite being a case with small hearts and cupids of pink satin.

I have found various things which have greatly enhanced our relationship. One is to place a small commercial heating pad between her and her clothes. Just by barely brushing up against her warmth, I can attain almost immediate erection. The control knob is quite handy in adjusting her "hotness" to suit my own degree of ardor. Unlike her human counterpart, no time need be wasted in unsatisfying foreplay, and she's not gone in the morning. Just jump in the sack, plug her in, and plug away!

I have also found that a greater degree of realism can be had with the addition of pseudopubic hair. I find this easily done with the purchase of any inexpensive woman's wig at any five-and-dime. Insertion of my penis into the long hairs has never failed to bring me to ejaculation many times. The wig may be taken one step further and actually sewn to her. Combined with the heating pad, it makes her much more seductive and less of a sexless neuter. Sprinkling various kinds of perfumes upon my bedmate also seems to make our lovelife more rewarding.—*E.E. McCoy, Rockwell City, Iowa*

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Pet comment

The March Pet of the Month, Miss Susan Ryder, knocked me right on my ass! She reminded me of a girl I knew in high school. Her face looked as though it was something that I had always dreamed about. A perfect example of the *Penthouse* tradition!

You didn't print her dimensions—probably because they weren't needed. Who needs the print when the proof of the fact is right in front of you? All I can say is keep the tradition going!—*Jeff Courtney, address withheld*

You're right on all accounts, and while we're counting, Susan's statistics are 35-22-34.—Editor

Over, under, around, and through . . .

I enjoyed the February Forum letter from the dude who can suck his own cock and performs it as a prelude to intercourse. Although I don't agree that autofellatio "beats the lot," I am an expert.

I first discovered that I could suck my own cock when I was about eleven. I've found that it certainly beats a "hand job" when I'm alone and horny. It's also one hell of a turn-on before intercourse. If I didn't really dig my own cock, I could hardly expect anyone else to. I have a ten-inch rod of beautifully shaped meat, and am damned proud of what I have (and HOW I use it)!

I contend that the urge to attempt sucking your own cock is about as natural as the desire to scratch your ass when it itches. The fact that several primates (rhesus monkeys, the macaque, mandrill, chimpanzees, etc.) use this as a common means of masturbation only attests that it's an animalistic instinct. Although only about two or three human males in a thousand are able to achieve this objective, no doubt about nine hundred and fifty of them have either thought about it or have tried. After all, it's your own cock, why not?

I've found several variations in which this can be both useful (a well lubricated cock is often useful) and erotically arousing to two people. My favorite is to straddle my wife's breasts in a sitting position while she's on her back and facing me. She begins to tongue the crack of my ass, my nuts, and finally move upwards towards the lower part of the shaft of my cock. I'm very limber and have no problem bending over to suck my own cock at the same time. Both tongues, both mouths, and no need for KY or Crisco at this point! From that position she puts her legs over my shoulders and I start eating her pussy and ass, alternately licking the head of my rod making sure all parts are well tongued and lubricated. While eating her cunt, I slip my meat into her asshole and start fucking her. When I feel close to coming I withdraw from her ass and ride her cunt for the "ride of all rides." The key to perfecting this is: 1) to have above average endowment 2) a limber neck and back 3) a knowledge of Yoga and 4) a hell of a long tongue! Lots of luck, but it's an unbelievable sensation for both people. You don't know what you're missing until you try it!—*Bill, San Francisco, Calif.*

Female forum . . .

As an avid reader of *Penthouse*, I would like to comment on the *Periodic Perversion* letter in the January Forum. From the time of our marriage twelve years ago, my husband and I have noticed that I am more aroused during my menstrual period than any other time of the month. Naturally, neither of us likes to ignore my "hidden hunger." By simply placing a red Turkish towel over the sheet, we have enjoyed making love four weeks of the month instead of three! I've also noticed that intercourse helps alleviate cramps. And I hope letters such as mine will open other minds to the great time they are missing twelve weeks of the year!—*Name and address withheld*

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. . . it beats brownbagging

I had a titillating experience that was so fabulous that I'm sharing it with your readers. Out to lunch, alone, and being totally surrounded by sexy-looking males, I began to feel very horny. I rushed home, but found nothing to satisfy my need for sex. Improvising with what I had picked up for lunch (a corndog) and what I could find in my refrigerator (mayonnaise), I went to work. I totally covered the corndog with mayonnaise. It reminded me of a penis that had just exploded and was covered with come. I began to feel hot and bothered, so I began grabbing my cunt in an erotic fashion. I had such an urge to feel something hard and stiff within my body that I began thrusting the corndog in my cunt while lying on the kitchen table (my favorite place to make love). Each thrust became harder and longer, and I could feel myself coming. After reaching an orgasm, I still felt the need for something more.

I gazed at the corndog, which strongly resembled my lover after one shot and before another. I quickly shoved it into my mouth, using the motions I use when giving head. The mayonnaise oozed out through my lips, reminding me of warm wet come, exciting me all the more. To give me more freedom of movement with the corndog, I paused a second to remove the stick. As I was busy giving the corndog a job, and masturbating, my lover walked in.

He saw what fun I was having and naturally wanted to join in. He removed his clothes and climbed on the table. We moved into mutual masturbation, with the corndog still in my mouth. After this, my partner removed the corndog from my mouth and put it in the proper place, my cunt. He began to nibble on the corndog and lick the surrounding area. My whole body was tingling and I was in sheer ecstasy. I'm sure that he felt the same way. After the last bite of the corndog we moved into the act of intercourse. Both of us were totally and fully satisfied in every way. The two of us talked about the incident later, and decided we would try it again to add a new dimension to our sexlife. Of course, we talked about variations on the mayonnaise to highlight the experience. So, if your sexlife is lacking, try a corndog for lunch.—*D.F.H., Fort Collins, Colo.*

. . . a divorcée's date

I am a new reader, and I don't really know if my story can be called far-out, but I'd like to share it with your readers.

Recently divorced, I was just beginning to date again when I met my boyfriend (of several months now). Being a strong believer in no sex until after marriage, no one was more surprised than I when we made it in his car on the first date! But it was just the start of many good times to come.

As I remember it, the first time I discovered my fetish was after a party we had attended. I was slightly high and very affectionate. As we started our rather long trip home, I began to stroke the inviting bulge in his crotch. He immediately shifted his body so that his rapidly hardening prick was easier for me to fondle. Within seconds he had further assisted my joyful play by unzipping his pants. I followed by pulling his throbbing cock free. I continued to rub and as my joy mounted, I decided to make love to his beautiful pecker. I lowered myself onto his pecker, and from the sighs that I heard, I was confident that my sucking was producing an enjoyable result. Soon after I started, he began telling me of the people in the passing cars and trucks who were also enjoying the view.

The more he talked of people watching us, the more excited I became, and the harder I sucked. Then he asked me to take off my panties—which I did without missing a lick on his prick. He proceeded to stroke my hot cunt, and I almost passed out from pleasure. As he inserted two fingers into my hot pussy, we were both at a feverish pitch. We decided that having an orgasm at that speed on the freeway was too dangerous so we drove to a lot and stopped. I began sucking harder and he fingerfucked me to a charging orgasm as he shot his load. I gulped every drop. It was at this moment that he gasped, "I bet the conductor on that train that just passed by received a great thrill!"

The next morning as I was driving to work, a train passed by that same spot where we had parked, and the conductor waved an especially friendly greeting to me as he passed. I wonder. . . . —*Name and address withheld*

. . . the belle of the ball

I'm writing to tell you of a true experience that I'd like to share with your readers. First, I'm a twenty-year-old female with an urge for a good time.

One evening my boyfriend went to a poker game at a friend's home, so I went to a party with two of my girl friends. What a night! When we got there, we were the only girls—which we considered great odds for any girl willing to have fun! After about an hour, and a couple of beers, everyone was dancing with the girls that arrived.

I think I should first explain that I have a forty-one-inch bust and didn't wear a bra that evening. A low-cut midriff sweater and hiphuggers really caught all the eyes that I wanted. My tits are firm and stick straight out—not a sag to 'em. So, the guys were in the majority at the party, and after I got tired of teasing their eyes on the dance floor, I sat down on one of the beds in an adjoining room, just to rest. . . . Three guys came in and we started talking about sex. They were really turned-on by me, because not once did my eyes meet theirs —unless you consider nipples bigger than silver dollars as eyes! One guy already had a hard-on, bulging straight through his Levis.

Well, I took the initiative of locking the bedroom door and gently pulling off my sweater much to their delight! One guy went crazy! He reached out and just kept kneading my boobs with his hands. Actually, he couldn't even get his whole hand around one! Next thing I knew, I was lying flat on my back on the bed with one guy on each tit and one guy going bananas on a pussy with more black fuzz than he'd ever seen. Every part of me is *so* sensitive and having three guys at my service! *Wow!*

I sucked one guy off at a time, each coming into my mouth so fast I didn't even get to use my best techniques. Immediately afterward, I received the best fucking of my life, and one continuous orgasm through three cocks—all hard again—and fitting snug in my pussy!

What a party! Later, my girl friends asked where I'd been, and I just said, "Talking to three guys." Subject dropped—party over.

Except, as we were leaving, everyone was really loose and started saying good-bye with kisses. This was about 12:30 and we were once again the only girls. As the guys kissed my friends good-bye, I pulled down my pants and each guy sucked my pussy and grabbed a tit in a sign of farewell. It's a neat feeling to have a guy kneeling between your legs as you just stand there and smile. I loved it!—*D.C., Campbell, Calif.*

. . . garage girl

My husband is an avid reader of your magazine and I soon became one of your fans, too. We are so impressed by your Forum that we've decided to share one of our secret pleasures with you. It all started on our first date. It was a beautiful night so we decided to take a drive in the country. It was so beautiful and romantic that we were in the backseat screwing, and screwing, till we fell apart from sheer exhaustion. After that, every date usually ended in the country.

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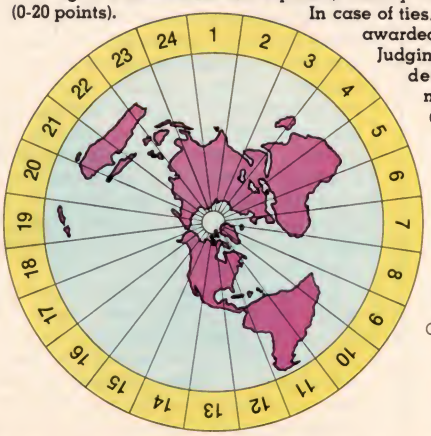

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We have been married for ten years now, and have three children. Now, when we put the kids to bed, we often go out to the garage and get in the backseat of the car and reenact our first night together. We would like to hear from other readers of your Forum to see if they still practice that undying art of backseat lovemaking. It's a little cramped but it's a lot of fun.—*Mr. and Mrs. R.G., Alton, Ill.*

. . . the bigger the better

I'm a good-looking, twenty-four-year-old fox. Lately, I've been reading a lot about cocks. I've been married six years, and my husband's rod measures 5¾-inches long and 2¾-inches round. Even though I love him, I love big cocks too!

About four years ago, I started screwing again with other men. Since then, I've had some big cocks. The biggest was 15¼-inches long, with a girth of nine inches.

The truth is that fucking my husband is a real rip-off. I do it only once a month, and blow him about once every three months.

Sure, there may be cunt that doesn't care what size the cock is, but I don't believe that there is any woman who would want a five- or six-inch cock, instead of something bigger.

In the big cocks, I've found more than size. Almost all the big cocks I've had gave me *good long* fucks, can fuck me four or more times a night, and come in tons of sweet sperm!

When I go after a guy I like, one of the first things I ask him is how big his cock is. If he's small (I don't fuck under eight inches), I just tell him tough tits, and leave.

I know there is nothing to make my husband's dick longer, but is there anything to make it thicker? And is there some way to have him last longer? He always comes in about two minutes, and then he'll only do it once. He can't get it up after that. Any help you could send along those lines would undoubtedly improve my married sexlife.—*J.B., Allentown, Pa.*

There's no reliable way to increase the size of your husband's cock, so why not accept it as is? Once you start appreciating what he's got, his performance should start improving.—Editor

. . . the longest night

As a woman who enjoys sex, I read with interest the letter you published a few issues back from the girl who got sex from mobile-home salesmen. I have freshly returned from a trip to the South, and have come up with a better solution.

I was passing through Richmond, Virginia, and feeling horny as hell, when I got the inspiration to check out the college campus scene. I figured I could find a willing, anonymous cock that way.

The college I found was a conservative Baptist school that I shall leave unnamed. I walked into one of the men's dormitories, wondering just how to begin. I was lucky enough to see a big, strong-looking kid with an obvious erection going into the bathroom with a copy of *Penthouse*. I followed him. Imagine his surprise when a full-bodied woman walked in and casually took his throbbing prick into her mouth! In no time at all he had filled my mouth with a huge load of semen. Not giving him a chance to ask questions, I asked him if he had any friends who would like the same treatment. Needless to say, he did.

Well, what followed was one of the most enjoyable evenings I have ever spent. I was surrounded by five strapping men—each ready and willing to perform. After one got tired, another would take his place. Granted, they weren't the most proficient men I'd ever had. But there's something special about having five men ready and waiting—just for you! Also, they were very sweet. They had a lot of frustrations due to the

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vicious system used by the college (there were girls at the school, but they were separated from the men by a lake).

I left early in the morning while they were asleep, satiated. When I left, I knew that I had satisfied their needs, and they had satisfied mine. *—A.S., New York, N.Y.*

College careers . . .

I'm a student at Yale University and I must admit that the girls here aren't very promiscuous. But, then again, the tuition and room and board fees don't include all the pussy you can eat.

Anyway, as I was about to resign myself to a "dry" freshman year, I had a most unexpected, and gratifying, experience. My roommates and I were getting drunk in our room one Saturday night, when three coeds knocked on the door. We invited them in, and at first they were a little shy, but after a few drinks they loosened up. The discussion inevitably drifted to sex, and one of my roommates jokingly implied that Yale women were too sophisticated, and too busy "weenieing" (a Yale expression for excessive studying) to know what a real "weenie" looked like.

This was all they had to hear. A cute blond from the crew team grabbed my roommate's balls outside of his pants and said, "All right, big shot, I bet you think that only guys know what sex is all about!" My roommates and I were stunned. Was this the girl who sat behind me in chemistry and was always too busy studying to realize that half the guys in the class were dying to screw her?

I think my roommate was in shock. Before he could respond one way or the other, she unzipped his pants, and engulfed his cock in her mouth. My other roommate Dave, and the other girls, and I watched while my roommate received a fantastic blow job. The four of us got very hot watching the performance, and one good thing led to another. By the time my roommate came, the four of us had paired off and were busy fucking, and before the night was over, I got laid by all three girls. It was the first time I felt that my Yale education was worthwhile.

This episode brought me to a conclusion that I would like to share with other *Penthouse* readers: some guys think that ignorant girls have a monopoly on sex. Not so. While the intellectual females may be more reserved, they're actually quite proficient in bed. Brains and pussy are not necessarily mutually exclusive.*—Name and address withheld*

. . . when you're having more than one

My girl friend and I used to think our sexlife was something dirty but after reading your wonderful magazine, we realize it's merely a healthy expression of a normal urge.

We discovered this beautiful experience a few months ago at one of my fraternity's beer blasts. I was on kitchen duty when she walked in to help me carry out some bottles. I was a little tipsy and feeling rather amorous, so I remarked how the bottles resembled my dong. She seemed to appreciate the analogy, and I could tell she was beginning to juice up when she observed how slender and firm they were.

Before I knew it, we were rolling on the floor and my anxious hands had pulled down her jeans exposing her luscious quim. Apparently I was drunker than I thought, as I was unable to get it up. She was hot and moaning so I grabbed a bottle from the tray, shook it up with my thumb over the top, shoved it in her trembling twat, and let go. She came instantly. Then she picked up another bottle. I knew what she had in mind so I pulled down my pants and turned over on my stomach. The cool shaft stimulated my prostate gland, and when she uncorked it, the feeling of that chilled, fizzy fluid rushing up my ass was exquisite.

Now this delightful act has become a regular part of our foreplay, and has brought us closer than ever.—*Name withheld, Troy, N.Y.*

. . . getting into the game

Recently, I've noticed many letters about sex on college campuses. I've always wished that I had gone to one of those schools since all the "Bucknell bitches" around here think they are too good to even look at you, unless you are one of a select few. Being a sophomore here at Bucknell, and not even having been out on a date, I figured my high school sexual experiences would have to be all until I graduated. But an interesting experience I had last week proved this to be false.

This certain girl, who was having a bit of trouble in a class that we both attended, stayed after class to ask for some help. The professor was doing a problem on the board for this girl, so I stayed to watch since I was also having a bit of trouble. I was standing in front of her, when she started to rub her gigantic tits against my back. I soon realized that I didn't have the Cape Kennedy flu for my missile rose immediately. After the professor was done, we stayed behind. We looked at each other, but never said a word. I noticed that she was staring at the bulge in my pants. She kissed me and pulled my zipper down, exposing the largest erection I've ever experienced. By this time she was extremely hot.

She grabbed my pulsating cock and slid it into her well lubricated pussy. After I came once and she came several times, she withdrew my cock and inserted it in her mouth. I can't believe she ate the whole thing. She sucked for a couple of minutes until I came again. It was so erotic watching my semen pour out of her mouth and down my prick. This was my first experience at anything so impulsive as this, and since then I've had many a wet dream because of it.—*Name withheld, Lewisburg, Pa.*

. . . where to play the game

Until recently, all I ever got on a date was a quick peck on the lips. This usually left me so hot and bothered that I would have to go back to my dorm and relieve myself. But this all changed when I met this fantastic chick from Mississippi.

I took her to a football game. As we climbed the ramp to the student section, I thought I noticed her staring at my crotch. But I dismissed this as mere wishful thinking. Since it was rather cold, I had brought a blanket which I positioned over our bodies. The game was dull, and I quickly became bored. Then suddenly I felt a hand deftly unzipping my fly and pulling out my rapidly enlarging organ. I jumped in astonishment but she whispered in my ear, "Just sit back and enjoy the game. I'll take care of little Dickie." When I heard these words in that amazing erotic Southern voice, I felt myself grow harder than ever before.

She firmly grasped the base of my penis, and began pumping up and down. Football was the farthest thing from my mind, and it was an unbelieveable effort to keep a reasonably straight face so that the people around wouldn't know what was "coming off." As she continued stroking my penis, I felt a tingling begin deep inside my body which finally exploded into the best hand job I have ever had.

After the game we went straight to my dorm room, and spent the next three hours in delicious lovemaking. Since then I've always wondered what really goes on under the blankets at football games.—*Ted Alford, address withheld*

. . . super-horny solution

I am a student at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and I have a rather unusual fetish to relate to your readers to see if anyone else has had any similar experiences. It began last Easter vacation when I was driving to the beach. It was very hot and while riding in my convertible with the top down, I suddenly became super-horny.

I was outside Pageland, S.C., the watermelon capital of the world, and the warm juicy watermelons sitting in the fields suddenly gave me an exciting idea. I pulled off the road, and hid my car in some trees by a stream near a field that had some very large and inviting melons. I got out and put one melon in the stream and took the other one into the woods. I got out my penknife and cut a hole about two inches across in one end, and drained some of the juice out. By this time I had a huge erection and couldn't wait. I stuck my penis into my green love-mate and the warm—juicy—interior felt so good that with a little action I soon came with one of the best orgasms I've ever had. I then went to the stream and got the other watermelon, which was nice and cold. I took it into the woods and ate it.

This little encounter lasted me until I got to the beach and could find a girl to satisfy my pleasures. This trip just provided me with a new method of lovemaking that has satisfied me in some times when no girls were available. Not many people are able to fuck their date and eat her "sister" too.—*S.C., Chapel Hill, N.C.*

Clothes encounter

Regarding the letter from the woman selling men's wear, this is also *my* field of work. The store I work in is large enough that everyone isn't watching you every minute. I realize you'll find this hard to believe, but the following is true:

I am a twenty-five-year-old, petite woman with thirty-nine-inch tits. When I work, I usually wear a skirt, boots, and snug sweater. I find this way we get customers into the store, and sales have been way up lately!

One evening the store was really slow, and three guys went on their break, leaving me alone for about a half hour. This guy came in looking for a pair of dress slacks. Well, he found a pair he liked and tried them on. He decided that he liked them, and he wanted me to mark them up for him. I did, and in measuring his inseam, I felt a huge erection. So pretending to mark his crotch, I began massaging his dick in front of the three-way mirror.

The mirror is located in the back of the store, so no one can see from the outside. I was kneeling behind him, rubbing between his legs, when he slowly unzipped his pants and let them fall. Voilà! No underwear, but a nine-inch dick! He was facing the mirror and watching me give him the best hand job he'd ever had. In seconds, he came all over the mirror. I slipped out of my sweater and rubbed my tits all over his come.

I've never been able to do that again, but when working in men's clothing—it's amazing "the things that come up!"—*Debbie, San Jose, Calif.*

Closet king

I have balled a number of girls in my twenty-four years, but my problem is that it's not fun for me unless I know my friends are watching! Once I break a girl in, I arrange for a "premiere" show in which I put a couple of my friends in my bedroom closet. You can easily see through the louvers of the door and by leaving a little light on, you can't beat the show. I even issue towels for my friends to bite on if they feel the urge to laugh, and I'll admit sometimes it gets pretty funny—especially because everyone knows that the girl is unaware of their presence. I'll even sneak in a "wave to the crowd" once in a while. This one chick who is a real "moaner" is a big favorite of my friends. They

say she got the Academy Award for 1974. Once I was jeered because I couldn't get a hard-on, and naturally that show received a poor rating.

About a month ago we were having a party at my place and everyone was demanding that I put on a show. So as not to disappoint the large crowd, I told them to get in the closet and I'd be up in about a half hour. My date was no problem to get in bed and when I locked the door, she thought we were alone. We got going right away. I put on a fine performance using all of my moves, including a few waves to the fans as well as spreading her legs in direct view of the spectators. Every now and then I could hear a giggle, so I turned up the radio but fate finally caught up with me. When she started blowing me, it was too much for them and somebody let out a laugh and I was caught! She got up and opened the door of the closet and found ten people jammed in there—including another chick! She took a few punches at the first four or five but there were just too many for her to swing at. I played like I didn't know they were there and acted like I was angry with them. She fell for it (believe it or not) and we still get together, but she always checks the closets before we go to bed.

For my next performance I'll make sure to limit the crowd to two or three—or else hire a security guard to keep them quiet!—*Name and address withheld*

Getting it together

A few months ago, my husband and I had quite a startling—yet totally fantastic—experience. We had been discussing our own sexlife, which happens to be very inventive, and as usual, we began talking about the possibility of sex with others someday. Sometimes, when he and I are in bed, we express our fantasies of making it with other people. But this one particular evening while beginning to make love, the doorbell rang and I threw a flimsy satin nightrobe on and answered the door. It happened to be a real good male friend of mine from work. He commented that he hoped he hadn't interrupted anything (knowing full well that he had, judging from what I was wearing). My husband entered the room and we all began a pleasant conversation.

Well, slowly the conversation came to the topic of sex, which probably happened due to what was going on previously in our bedroom. I know a sudden tingling effect began within my body, and I felt very, very sexed-up.

My husband got some coffee and Bill just sat there and looked at me with a real hard stare. I started to want him very badly. All he kept saying was how sexy I was, and finally, I replied that he was as well.

My husband came back in and said that he had overheard our short conversation. There was a momentary lull, while Bill watched my husband, and then I was surprised to hear my husband suggest that we all "get into something."

We all sat on the couch and I kissed my husband really deeply. Then I turned my attentions to Bill. We kissed a bit and he found his way into my robe and began feeling my breasts. My whole body erupted. I glanced at my husband and saw that he was really getting turned on by all this. I reached for my husband's prick and Bill's as well. I started pumping my husband and getting Bill's prick out of his pants. I lay down between them and started to caress and suck Bill's prick. My husband played with my pussy until I was soaking wet. Then all at once he gave me his full shaft! I continued to suck on Bill's prick until all three of us came together. After this we retired to the bedroom and enjoyed a full night of total pleasure.

Since that eventful evening, my husband and I have tried sex with another woman and with more than one man. Our own sexlife has been en-

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hanced by this and we really get off talking about it from time to time.

If anyone has ever thought of trying more than one partner at a time, I can only say that for us it has been fantastic! We don't force the issue, but rather, just let it happen. It just takes the first step to begin a wonderful fulfilling experience!—*L.T., Denver, Colo.*

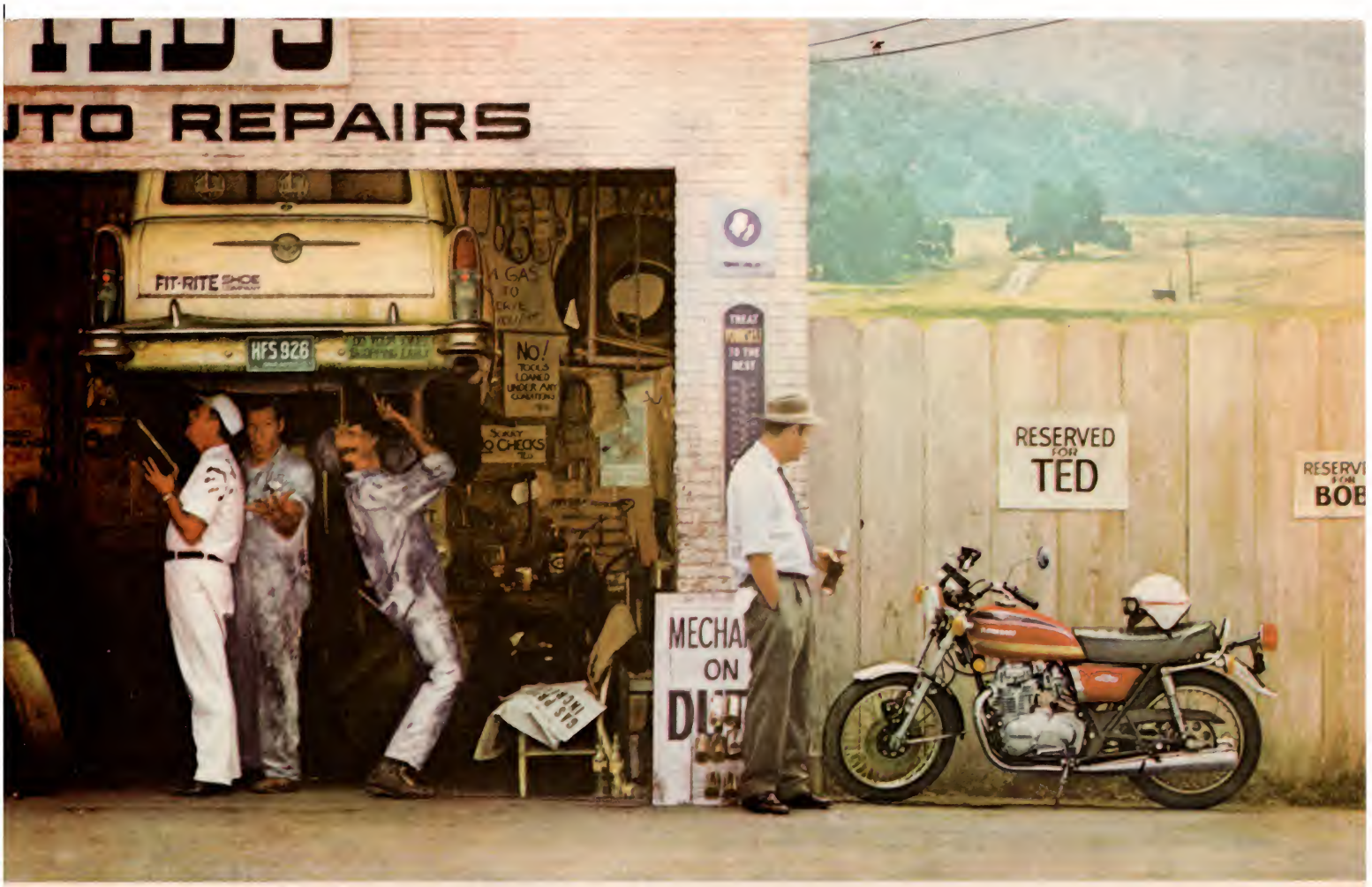
Bikini battle

First, I must say that I am married to the most desirable woman in the world (I'm prejudiced of course). Her name is Robin. She is a twenty-five-year-old, with long blond hair and a breathtaking figure. I never thought I'd see the day that anyone could match her charms, but three years ago we got on the same cocktail circuit with an attractive young black couple. Almost immediately, a rivalry developed between Robin and Jornella, the black girl. The reason was obvious. Robin sported an imposing thirty-eight-inch bustline and Jornella, if anything, was even fuller busted. Each new party became a contest in which each tried to outdress the other. I found this cold war type of competition highly stimulating and apparently so did Ray, Jornella's husband.

Finally last July, the inevitable confrontation happened at our annual pool party. Our group was very athletic and after a few drinks the men started a game they called "King of the Pool." After they exhausted their energies, they succeeded (after much coaxing) to get the women to start their own game of "Queen of the Pool." Jornella seemed eager to play and she quickly defeated the few challengers who dared to try her. She was incredibly well-built and her skimpy yellow bikini was quite revealing. Then some of the men started to coax Robin into "trying" Jornella. When that didn't work, Jornella issued her own challenge. *This* Robin couldn't ignore. She put down her drink and strolled to the side of the pool with fire in her eyes. You could feel the tension in the air. Robin looked like a sex goddess in her pastel-blue bikini and the busty black awaited her in a provocative hands-on-hips position. No sooner did Robin hit the water than Jornella was on her, and the most savage hair-pulling fight imaginable ensued!

Both girls moaned and squealed as they ripped out each other's hair, but Jornella was obviously getting the best of my wife. Then suddenly, the black girl dropped her hands down and forcibly ripped Robin's bikini top free. I nearly dropped my drink! Shock quickly turned into excitement as Jornella stepped back and removed her own top. Everyone was spellbound! And much to my liking, Robin was anxious to continue. She dived back at Jornella and they locked together in a crushing embrace. Their fight soon settled down to a test of strength as Jornella attempted to crush my wife into submission. It was fascinating to watch them wrestle breast to breast, as they were! They were both deliciously oversized, and the contrast of black flesh squirming against white flesh added considerably to the excitement.

Again Jornella seemed to be winning, but she made a mistake. Caught up in the heat of battle, she allowed their fight to carry into the deeper water. Unfortunately she couldn't swim, and Robin gained the upper hand easily, as Jornella had to relase her hold. Now my wife was the aggressor, and she locked her arms around her black opponent. For the first time they completely submerged and drifted down to the bottom of the pool, thrashing and churning the water like two warring crocodiles! They stayed under for what seemed like an eternity, and when they finally emerged, Robin had to pull Jornella's face to the surface. Once she had revived Jornella, my wife turned to climb out of the pool, but Jornella came after her and they started fighting on the patio.



I'M NOT SMART because I'm the boss. I'm the boss because I'm smart.

And in my business, you're smart if you're honest. That's my main motto, and that's why my mechanics, Bob and Larry, they get a fair shake for a fair day's work. And my customers, they get good service at a fair price. "It's always a fair day at Ted's" is one of my other mottos.

So when that slickeroo shoe salesman attacked my integrity, he hit me where I live. He said I'm not loyal to my own business. Because I ride a motorcycle. Then he asked me what people would think if he tried peddling shoes in his bare feet. I told him he had a point there, with this exception. Maybe he's gotta wear shoes to sell 'em, but I don't have to drive cars to fix 'em. He wasn't convinced, not at all. So I dropped the whole matter. 'Course I could have told him a lot about my KZ-400D. Like it's the bike Kawasaki makes for commuters. And it's a 4-stroke, 400cc, with an electric starter, front disc brake, and more fun than any car I ever drove. So riding my bike is just part of bein' smart. Besides I work hard enough runnin' this place, why shouldn't I have a good time gettin' here? I *could* have said those things.

But let me tell you the trouble with a guy like that. "It takes too much convincin' to tell him what he's missin'."

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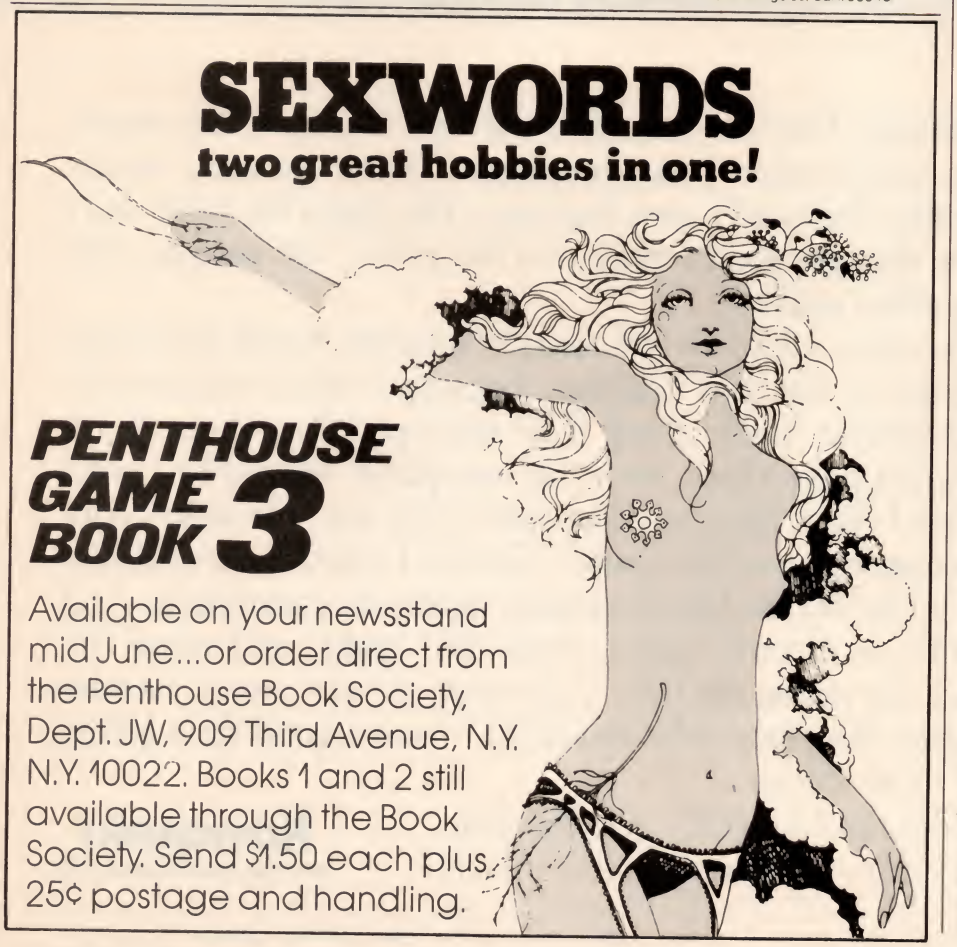

At this point some of our friends voiced a rather strong opinion that we should break them up, but neither Ray nor I had any intention of stopping the excitement. Jornella was simply too strong for my wife, and soon had Robin spreadeagled beneath her. Poor Robin was exhausted and Jornella sensed her weakness. She sat astride Robin's chest, and pinned my wife's arms with her knees. That was a sight to behold! Jornella's shapely black ass was sitting directly on Robin's magnificent breasts.

I told Robin about my excitement that night and much to my surprise, she related how the fight had aroused her too! The next day I phoned Ray and we talked about the fight for nearly an hour. I told him *everything* and he seemed pleased at Robin's reaction. He called back that evening and proposed an arrangement that all four of us have enjoyed immensely ever since. We meet about once a month or so and have a wild night. We swap wives sometimes, but Jornella and Robin wrestle for Ray and me on each occasion. Jornella always wins, but Robin looks forward to each new match. The fights are getting sexier all the time!—*Name withheld, St. Louis, Mo.*

A long-playing record

I thought that some of your readers might be interested in a recent experience. Over a six-year period, I worked my way through small-time radio into the "big time." But I recently decided that I had had enough of the rat race and settled down as the program director of a small but progressive station.

About two months ago, a woman I can only describe as being out of a very vivid wet dream walked into the station. It was about 10 p.m. and security in our building was tight. When I asked her how she got in, she said that she had a friend who worked in the building and she had borrowed his key. She said she just had to get a look at me. She laid it on thick about how sexy I sounded on the air and couldn't wait another day to see if I matched her expectations. According to her I did, and then some, and by that time, I was floating on cloud nine.

After making some small talk, I started showing her around. I put on a long-playing record and showed her the radio station equipment. But I got the impression she was more interested in my equipment. She was staying close and peering at my crotch as if it were the Hope Diamond. It doesn't bulge like a lot I've seen, but with her staring, I was soon getting stiff. That was her cue. She picked out an early Beatles album and asked me to play it, all of it. I cleared away some commercials, and fulfilled her request. Before I knew what hit me, she was working on my shirt and every button that opened got me harder. I made a move for her blouse, but she said she wanted to please me first. She removed my shirt and stroked my entire upper body with a feather touch that made me throb. She removed my belt, unsnapped the pants, and slowly unzipped me. I usually wear boxer shorts, and that night was no different. My penis was as stiff as I thought it ever could be, and was sticking completely out of my shorts. She tugged at my slacks to make them drop. She ran her fingers above the waistline of my shorts, crouched down, and taunted me by blowing on my hot swollen cock. She removed my shorts very carefully and told me to sit down in the swivel chair in the control-room. Those fantastic hands and fingers went over my thighs and then gently took hold of my dick. I came close to losing control, but she knew the tricks of holding me off. Next she gently took one of my balls and placed it in her mouth. I can't explain what she did with one, and then the other. After a few minutes she took my swollen dick in her mouth. It's not much in size, but her technique brought me to the stiffest

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hard-on I've ever had. It felt twice its normal size. Her tongue acted like a blind man's fingers. She found every swollen vein, every line in my dick and caressed it with her tongue. She had me spinning faster than a tape recorder on fast forward. It wasn't long before she brought me off.

I was beginning to worry I would never be able to return the pleasure she had given me. I got her up off her knees, flipped the Beatles on to side two, and carried her to the couch in my office. I slowly undressed her and found her to be more beautiful than I had ever imagined. Believe it or not, by that time I was primed to go again, but not before I sampled as much of her as I could. I'd like to think I fucked her to the best of my ability. It had to be the best I'd ever had at that particular radio station at that time of night. We finished up just before side two finished.

She stayed till midnight when I finished my shift and we headed back to my apartment and had an unbelievable night—one I thought I'd never forget. We've had a lot of sessions like our first and I know we'll have many more.

By the way, a short time after that first night I had occasion to be invited to the home of my employer, only to be greeted by my woman, who turned out to be his wife. By now she's had a duplicate of his key made, and we get together at least twice a week at the station. My boss is a very busy man, involved in many outside activities. After working at a few stations across the country I've found that your magazine is favored by most jocks. I thought I'd like to tell them about my experience, and maybe they would like to share theirs.—*Name and address withheld*

The dam busters

I wrote to Forum in September of '74, telling you about how my lady shoots her load when she climaxes. I mean she actually shoots like a goddamn water pistol! And if I don't stop whatever I'm doing, she doesn't stop shooting, coming, ejaculating, or whatever.

Now you say that a woman doesn't ejaculate (or come) in any form. Well I got news for you—the woman I got does! I don't care whether you believe me or not—for me it is true. I was much more surprised than you are, when we were in bed balling that first night and she started coming like that. I thought for sure one of us was pissing on the bed or something.

But she says that I'm the first one who ever made her come. When I get down between her legs and start kissing, licking, sucking, and nibbling on her clitoris, after about three to four minutes, I tell you, I thought that Boulder Dam had just broken open!

It's all very beautiful, and we both love each other very much. But as I told you, the only aggravating part about it is, the sheets, mattress, and everything else would be soaking wet. We'd have to change the sheets and turn the mattress over so we can stretch out and relax. But that is a bitch, cause who the hell feels like doing all of that after balling for three or four hours.—*Chris Fa, address withheld*

Enemas . . .

I have read your magazine and enjoy it very much, especially your letters from readers. I am particularly interested in the subject of enemas and I often use them for pleasure and punishment. My husband gets extremely hot when I give him one and one of my favorite "tricks" is to have him kneel on all fours and make him perform cunnilingus on me while I, comfortably seated in a stuffed chair, give him an enema, allowing him first exquisite pleasure, then pain. I may go through this procedure twice before allowing him to enter me in intercourse. He is always so hot after the first enema that he always obeys me and succumbs to the second.

Recently, we were invited to a masquerade party and I, in my usual devilish way, decided to dress my husband as a woman. Despite his protests I demanded that he shave his legs and chest. I had already bought him a black bra, garter belt, and nylon stockings. In a bright red blush, he donned his outfit. Although complaining profusely while I admired him in his attire, he had no idea what he was in for, because in addition to a short skirt, blouse, wig, and makeup, I had acquired a pair of old-styled, high-heeled, black patent shoes and matching pocketbook which he was also forced to wear. When it came to leaving for the party, however, he absolutely refused and it was then that I dreamed up a dreadful punishment. I forced my husband to lie face down, spreadeagled on our bed and I tied him to all four posts. I pulled down his crotchless panties over his hard penis. I then spanked him on the ass using a fine riding crop I had had since my school days until his ass was a bright red and his face covered with tears.

While he was lying there recovering from his wounds, I filled an enema bag to the brim and attached a syringe. I could hardly wait to see the expression on my husband's face when I inserted the syringe and let the water flow! I walked up to my prostrate husband and told him he was in for a real punishment. I slowly inserted the syringe and allowed the water to flow in gradually. As I squeezed the enema bag, my husband quickly became hard and I quickly cooled him down with a few blows from the whip. After bringing him to the brink of orgasm and back down several times, I squeezed as hard as I could and watched my husband have a tremendous orgasm. I repeated the procedure until amazingly he had five successive orgasms. I then allowed the water to flow back into the bag, removed the syringe, and accompanied my exhausted and docile husband to the party satisfied with my control over him while designed by my floormates during my freshman year at college.

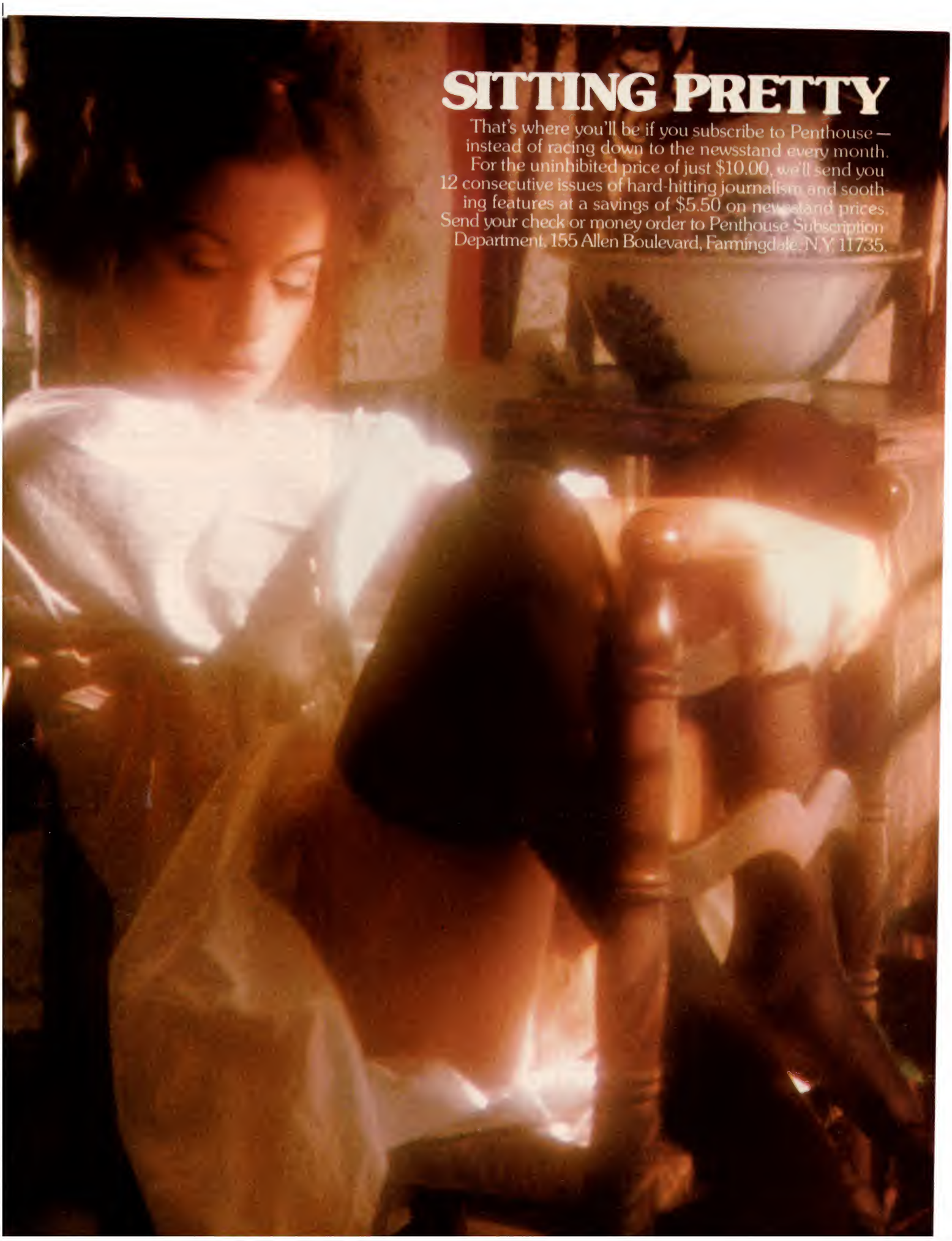
More monopede mania

Being a recent convert to your magazine I find myself still a bit uneasy with some of the preferences expressed by your readers. But the one group with which I am in complete agreement are those you call the "monopede maniacs." My first experience with an amputee was the outgrowth of what was supposed to be a cruel practical joke designed by my floormates my freshman year at college.

My "friends" set up a blind date for me with Brenda. As my friends expected, my first reaction was "mixed" to say the least. But recovering my composure, I avoided adding insult to injury and resolved to make the best of the situation. After a while I felt completely comfortable with her and, for the most part, became oblivious to her disability. I should say that in addition to possessing a keen mind, Brenda also had a cute face and a delicate but ample body.

In assisting her in and out of the car she "accidentally" allowed me several views of her stump and panties, and I found myself quite aroused by what I saw. When I took her home and kissed her good night her stump brushed against my semi-rigid penis, which sent a shiver up my spine. She must have sensed my excitement because she invited me in and no sooner had we settled down and smoked a bit of hashish than I was kissing her and fondling her breasts. However, even after she had reached down to unfasten my pants, I hesitated to put my hand under her dress.

She sensed my uneasiness and guided my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hand to her stump and stroked my palm with its end. This was enough to make me overcome my inhibitions and, after removing her skirt and panties, I was fondling her lips and clitoris. I carried her into the bedroom with her good leg wrapped around my back. She had several orgasms and I came twice before we fell asleep and she woke me the next morning by fellating me. Now we see each other for a weekend every two or three months since she is at another school.—*Mike Booda, New York, N.Y.*

The Arrangement

I've got an unusual arrangement that I doubt you've run into before. It's given me some unusual adventures, and lots of very good fucking! And that, dear sirs, is a very important part of my life. The arrangement is this: A friend of mine is a call girl. Sometimes when I feel horny and want some sex, but have no date lined up, I'll call her and take some of her clients off her hands. She keeps the money, I'm strictly an amateur. She couldn't believe me when I suggested the arrangement, since she regards it as foolish to give it away. But since she gets to keep the cash, how can she complain? And so it goes, with men paying her, and me fucking them. But recently I had a kick I want to tell you about. I got a chance to deflower a male virgin.

He was a college student nearby, and had put aside some money to pay some call girl to do the job on him. Lucky for him he called my friend during her period, and she turned him over to me. Lucky for me too! He was one of the best-looking young men I've ever seen, but not "pretty" in any way. I talked with him over the phone first, and made a date to meet him in a local coffeehouse. My friend went along with me to collect her tariff, but she left as soon as he had given her the envelope with $50. I stayed and tried to calm him down. It was obviously his first time, and he was sweating. I told him we'd better go before he shot off under the table, and he agreed.

I'm attractive, but I've been told that my legs and bust are my best features. So I was wearing a mini and a tight top when I took my coat off. You should have seen his eyes bug whe he saw me. I put the radio on to a local FM station and sat down on the sofa, then slid against him when he sat down next to me. It was obvious I'd have to do most of the work, but that only got me turned on. It was the first time I'd deflowered a young man, and I was almost as nervous as he was! I so much wanted to make it a good experience for him. So I flirted, smiled, allowed him to pet me, and generally eased him into the right mood. When I took my top off and let him stroke me through the material of the bra he began to squirm on the sofa, and I decided that his erection had better be taken care of before he emptied down his slacks. So I led him into the bedroom and stripped down quick, then helped him strip down. Maybe he was inexperienced, but it was a nice erection, and I was moist in no time just playing with it. I kept him from coming by using some tricks I've learned, while he got used to my body. But I was horny too, so after a short while I eased back and tucked him into me. Since it was his first time, I was expecting him to come quick, and it was no surprise. But I kept him in me and began to rub against him and got him hard again in no time. Then I taught him how to move, and how to use his tool, and soon I had him humping me like an expert. He lasted quite a long time beginning with the standard missionary position, then the doggy, and some others I know. Finally, when I felt he was ready to come again, I slipped him back into the standard and let him come.

I want you to know that it was a terrific experience for me! Being the teacher was a big turn-on. I've been around, but that was the first time I'd

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Wind Drift. It's like the sea. It freshens your skin while it stirs the senses.
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I love tobacco. I don't smoke.

Walt Garrison, football and rodeo star.

If I'm a guy who loves tobacco, how come I never take a puff?

Well, because I use "smokeless tobacco."

All it takes is a pinch of "smokeless" in between my cheek and gum. Feels real relaxin' in there. And I get full, rich tobacco pleasure.

Another thing is, "smokeless tobacco" can't tie up my hands. So I can use it no matter what I'm doing.

If you'd like to go "smokeless," here's what you do. Just look for three great brands.

There's Skoal, my favorite, which has a wintergreen taste.

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done that. Afterwards I taught him how to perform cunnilingus, and how to finger me. No need to tell you that I came several times during that evening, and we left the bedcovers in a mess. After, we showered together, and then ate a late supper that I had prepared beforehand. Then I asked him if he'd like some dessert, and when he said yes, I sat down in front of him on the table and spread my legs for him. He seemed to appreciate the joke, and I certainly enjoyed his dessert. After I came again we went to the living room and made use of the sofa for a while. I sucked his cock until it was nice and hard, then we fucked for a long time before he came again.

Naturally we were both exhausted by that time, and after I made the bed we went to sleep in it. But sometime around midnight I woke up and wanted some sex again. I took his cock and squeezed it until it was hard again. Then I sucked it for a while, coming once again, before I lay down next to him and put it into me. All that while he was still asleep! But he awoke when I began to move against him and he did a very good job on me. Finally we dropped off to sleep and stayed asleep until the next morning.

The next morning we screwed again, without coming. But the fun in it doesn't need a climax, and after the night we'd spent, I would have been shocked if he had been able to climax again!

He told me he really liked it, and I think it's good to give a young man a good start. He says he wants to see me next month, and I am looking forward to it.—*Name and address withheld*

Ringing in a new era

Since people write to you about their sexual experiences and you print them in the Forum part of your magazine, I figured that I would tell you about my sexlife. After all, this is the age of open discussion.

When I was eighteen, I went off to college. I was a virgin, and I dreamt about what it was like to have a girl. I masturbated quite a bit though, and that kept me satisfied until I met Cheryl at one of the local bars. She was the girl of my dreams. Light brown hair, firm tits, and legs that any horny male would be proud to have around him.

It took me almost two months to finally get enough nerve to go to bed with her. She was, after all, experienced, and I was a virgin. She coaxed me into bed, and things happened very naturally. She took my cock and sucked it hard.

After about an hour we decided to fuck, which was a culmination of everything, a mental and physical meeting. Just as I climaxed (a climax that blew my head off my shoulders), the phone rang. I didn't bother to answer it at first and it just rang and rang as I licked Cheryl clean.

When I finally got around to answering the phone, it was another girl who was in one of my classes whom I had wanted to talk to for a while.

Well, after that occasion, every time I hear a phone ring, or any other kind of bell go off, I would think back to the time that I had the best fuck in the world, and I would get a hard-on.

That was nine years ago, and now I'm happily married but my wife keeps a beautiful little silver bell with an engraved wood handle on the nightstand, and right before I come, she rings it, which makes my orgasm doubly satisfying.

I, however, have been trained like one of Pavlov's dogs, and I get a very embarrassing hard-on when I hear the phone ring. Please do not publish my name because if certain people hear about my fetish, they might leave their phones off the hook when I'm over for a dinner party.—*Name withheld, Champaign, Ill.*

Hair apparent

I read wtih interest your letter titled *Close Shave* in December *Penthouse*. My wife and I have been

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married for over two years. When we were first married she had long, beautiful hair. One day she complained of the constant care she had to give it and I suggested in jest that she shave it off. She immediately answered she would love to do just that and I should do it for her. I was aroused by her desire too and that evening she watched in a mirror as I took a pair of scissors and cut her hair off to about one-half inch. I then lathered her head and shaved it smooth. Not only was I aroused by this, but so was she, and when her transformation was complete we both made hours of fantastic love together.

For two years now, it has become a weekly ritual for me to shave her head and we both continue to enjoy the sexual excitement it brings. When in public she wears one of her several wigs, but at home she is always bald and if you have never experienced such an erotic sight you should get your woman to try it. I'm glad to see other couples enjoy this different experience and wonder how many of you there are out there.—*K.L., Lakewood, Colo.*

A whole 'nother ballgame

I get my thrills when people throw Ping-Pong balls at my testicles. I pull down my pants and sit in a chair with my legs spread apart. The ting of those Ping-Pong balls turns me on.

I'm trying to go for tennis balls, but I got seriously hurt the first time. After recuperating I tried it again, and it was fantastic. I'm trying for volleyballs now. Later I'll go for basketballs. No footballs or baseballs. Actually I'm not considered normal around this part of town.—*Kevin McGee, Austin, Texas*

The system serves crime

As a federal prosecutor, I found your March article *La Costa* to be accurate, but in no way shocking. My day-to-day duties bring me face to face with unethical, unscrupulous defense attorneys, such as those you mention, and their only thoughts are to delay, cover up, and make as much money as they can. In addition, the amount of graft which permeates our judicial system would—if completely exposed—probably force numerous resignations by judges and congressmen alike. But politics is the name of the game, and it is doubtful if enough media support could be found which would show our criminal system for what it is.

My only complaint with your article is really a suggestion. Instead of directing your investigative efforts against the organized criminals, you should concentrate on a complete overhaul of the judiciary which, at present, only serves as protector and shield for this scum referred to as the Mafia and organized crime. The Mafia and other organized criminals could not possibly operate as freely as they do without "buying" congressmen and judges.

Prosecutors, whose job it is to represent the people, have little opportunity to object with the system, for the right of the government to appeal erroneous rulings is severely limited. Judges in the federal system reign as gods, and the public is stuck with them for life.—*Name and address withheld*

To vote or not to vote

My comments are on the February article *Americans Hate Politicians* by Karl Hess. On the first page of his article he mentions, "I've concluded that almost all Americans now are absolutely convinced that politicians are crooks. . . ." "Almost all," shall we say, represents at least 75 percent (on the low side) and "absolutely" represents a hundred percent (with no exceptions). Now, unless Mr. Hess uses loose journalistic terms, it will be interesting to note what percentage of the American populace votes in the next unpopularity contest of false alternatives—more commonly referred to as the 1975 presidential elections.

Unless my assumption is wrong, I think the vast majority of sheep will go to the polls as they have always done in the past and elect a new wolf of their choice.

And in casting their ballots they feel that they are upholding their moral obligations as free United States citizens. Brainwashing well done. Great! What would you rather have, a broken arm or a broken leg? So rather than abstaining from voting at all—the rational and logical alternative—they vote for the lesser of two evils, hence the term unpopularity contest.

What ever happened to the individual, the innovator, the producer, the entrepreneur! You don't hear from him because he's got better things on his mind, like producing instead of running someone else's life.

Mr. Hess, I don't want you to feel I'm against voting, as you obviously are, because I'm not. It's only within the political framework that I think voting a total, absolute waste. Voting where it counts is not a waste of time, but in your own interest and therefore profitable. I'm referring to the marketplace. If I pay for a service and don't feel as though I received my money's worth, I don't vote there anymore, meaning I don't purchase his services again. On the other hand, if I do receive my money's worth, then I continue to shop (vote) there.

If all people used this basis to do their voting, then the free market would eliminate the incompetent (nonproducer) and sustain the competent (producer) politicians. Then we would have goods and services flourishing to the consumers faster, better, and cheaper.

Mr. Hess, I think you should be prepared for the reality that is forthcoming. Our nation of sheep are like lambs before a hungry wolf and too stupid to be scared. They'll vote just as they have in the past, if for no other reason than the fact that the bars are closed and they have nothing to do. Incidentally, you might ask yourself what possible difference it could make in the outcome of an election if the bars were open.—*Ron Flick, Sherman Oaks, Calif.*

A fillip for Philip

In your February issue *The Paradise Blues Band* by Philip Cioffari is one of the best fiction stories I have ever read. It gives the readers a sense of being there, especially if they are from an East Coast town. Keep up the good work, and let's hear more from Philip Cioffari!—*S.O., Trenton, N.J.*

Viet vets: still not home

I have been going through some of your past issues and find myself rather taken up with your articles concerning the return of Vietnam vets.

I, myself, was there. Though I was actually never assigned to a line unit, I still saw much that sticks with me to this day. The Vietnam War was a totally unwanted war, especially for those who had to fight in it and are still having to live with it both physically and mentally.

My heart is angry and at the same time full of pity for these United States. We, who were in Nam, have a saying that can summarize the whole thing: "The unwilling led by the inexperienced doing the unwanted for the uncaring." As for myself, I'm still with the army. Not because I love it, but because for the time being it's a living.

I would like to close by saying thanks to those people who really did care and showed it. As for those of you who have turned your backs on us, I can only hope and pray that your nights of sleep are haunted by those who died in Vietnam fighting so your pockets might always be bulging with crisp new dollar bills.

My thanks *Penthouse* for listening to all of us that were there.—*Name withheld, H.Q.C.O., U.S.A.G., P.S.F., Calif.*

Re: the mewing and whining of the Viet vets: Boo hoo! They marched off to kill, maim, and torture thousands of men, women, and children (or abet the same) without cause—save blind devotion to the duties of a morally-bankrupt, political establishment.

I applaud (as will history) those young men who stirred the soundly-sleeping conscience of America by protesting, deserting, and evading

"Yes, I know you were out with the boys, that's why the lipstick on your collar worries me."

the draft. Their refusal to be herded to Asia spearheaded the movement which finally led to the country's disengagement from that heinous affair.

Why fight to improve the social and occupational lot of the "universal soldier," while the *true* hero . . . the man of peace . . . is pardoned-with-punishment for protesting the atrocity that is war? Praise Adolf and nail Jesus? Well, we've been here before, haven't we, good Christians?

Kindly withhold my name and address. I am in Canada illegally, and would prefer that my whereabouts remain unknown.—*Name and address withheld*

While reading the December 1974 Forum, I came across a letter from an ex-marine, J. Johnson, of Modesto, Calif. If you print my letter, I sure hope he sees it.

I too served in Vietnam as a hospital corpsman, for four years. I was wounded three times in those four years, and the last time I got hit, it cost me eighteen months of blindness and ten months of lying flat on my back in a VA hospital. I couldn't move my legs. After five operations, and the grace of God, I was able to walk and see again, and they gave me the Navy Cross and my discharge a few months later.

I return home to my wife and four kids in a small town in Ohio, and right away trouble began. I looked everywhere for a job, but there wasn't one to be found. I hitchhiked around to find jobs because I couldn't afford a car. And it's not that I didn't try, because I did. There just wasn't any jobs, or if there was, no one gave me one.

Then I started thinking of going into a barbers' college about forty miles away, so I could learn a good trade. I went to the VA concerning my education benefits, and they told me I would get my first check a month after I started college. The check took four months after starting college, and it was for $157, instead of $300. There was no way I could finish school on $300 or less so I quit and took a gun and stole some money. I was caught and they sent me to prison, where I am now.

J. Johnson, you write and brag about making $1000-a-month while my family starves—not because you tried and I didn't. But because you were *lucky* and I wasn't. I can see you right now with your paid vacations, and your safe, comfortable home.

I will close this by simply saying you had better do some researching of the facts before you open your big, fat mouth again, or you might get a foot in it.—*S.B., Mansfield, Ohio*

Now that the governments in Cambodia and South Vietnam are crumbling, and the politicians in Washington are on the verge of giving them more support, it seems that the years of war were worthless—all the thousands of deaths were worthless. I wonder what vets think of giving aid to Vietnam. Do they think we should get involved in any way with military aid to Indochina again?—*George Sanders, San Francisco, Calif.*

Vidal correction

In the April *Penthouse* interview, I am quoted as saying that Anaïs Nin once made a remark to me about Adlai Stevenson. This is not true. I attributed no such comment to Ms. Nin, who is, in any case, above mere politics and would not know the late governor from the author of *Treasure Island*.—*Gore Vidal, Rome, Italy*

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You've earned your stripe

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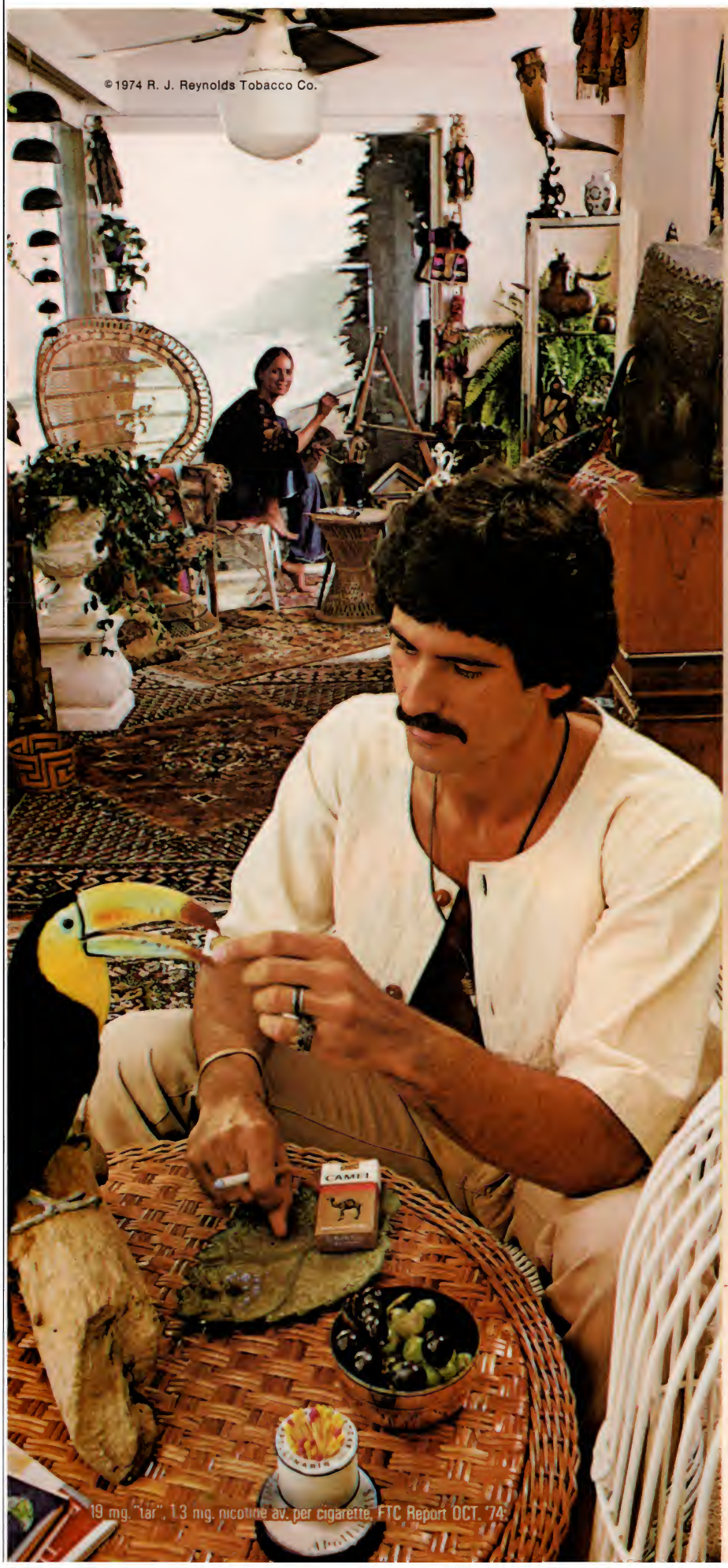

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

SON OF LAW AND ORDER

A lot of people celebrated when Richard Nixon left Washington, D.C. I was one of them, but lately I've come to think my joy was premature. His spirit lives on . . . and not just in the White House.

The legacy of America's thirty-seventh President is sprinkled throughout the Ninety-fourth Congress. Nixon's heritage stretches in the Senate alone from Bayh of Indiana to Eastland of Mississippi, picking up McClellan (Arkansas), Mansfield (Montana), Moss (Utah), Fong (Hawaii), Grissin (Michigan), Hruska (Nebraska), Scott (Pennsylvania), Taft (Ohio), and Towers (Texas). All of these men are sponsors of Senate Bill Number One, and Senate Bill Number One is as close to Richard Nixon as anything this side of San Clemente can get. S1 is filled with what the Committee to Reelect the President called *justice*.

Not on its surface, mind you. Named The Criminal Justice Reform Bill of 1975, the legislation sounds good. That word *reform* gives the package a clean slate and its backers are careful not to mention the original authors. S1 began its legislative life in the Ninety-third Congress as S1400. S1400 was drafted by John Mitchell (guilty, three counts, obstructing justice) and Richard Kleindienst (guilty, one count, misdemeanor lying) but the bill never got very far. Combined with the minority report from the National Commission on Reform of Criminal Laws this time around, Richard Nixon's legal vision has already passed through Senate hearings without raising much of a ripple. And the bill will be coming up for a final vote this fall. The bill's chief advantage is its size. Seven hundred and fifty-three pages in small print is enough paper to make the title, S1, the bill's most widely read feature. It is only when you get deeper into the text, that you hear the faint notes of familiar tunes by Richard Nixon.

For openers, there's that old hit, "Give Those Criminals What They Deserve," featuring Law and Order on the Electric Chair. S1's Chapter 24 nullifies the Supreme Court's Furman vs. Georgia decision, making execution mandatory for certain crimes. To keep the small-timers sweating, the bill goes on to set mandatory minimum sentences, eliminates the opportunity for probation on some offenses, raises the fine on all felonies to $100,000, and gives police officials permission to shoot at any suspect attempting to flee from the scene of an alleged violent crime.

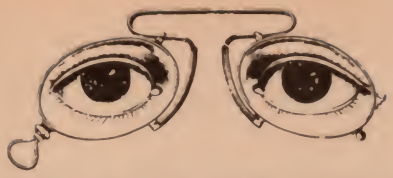
And that's just the beginning. Next comes that traditional Southern folksong, "The Only Good Hole's a Bullet Hole." While providing three-year jail sentences for dispersing pictures of two or more humans involved in copulation, S1 rejects the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws' recommendation to control the sale and possession of handguns. After a number like that, it comes as no surprise when the Senate orchestra strikes up "If We Don't Hear You Doing It, We'll Get You to Do It Ourselves." You remember that tune. Guy Goodwin and the Grand Jury played it all over the country before they broke up. The S1 version allows for forty-eight-hour "emergency" wiretaps without a court order, forces landlords to cooperate with electronic surveillance, permits the attorney general to listen in on anyone whom he believes to be "a danger to the structure" of the government (Chapter 31A), and puts the burden on the defendant to prove entrapment beyond the provision of an "opportunity" or "active inducement" by police agents (Section 551).

S1 has something for everyone in the family. There are even new versions of Lyndon Johnson's inspirational 1968 best-sellers, "Rap Brown's Body" and "Chicago Seven Ragtime Band." These updates hand out three years for the "movement of a person across a state line" in the "course of the planning" of a "riot." A "riot," according to Section 1831, is now "an assemblage of five" which "creates a grave danger" to "property." These are songs that can be sung about anybody—from Progressive Labor to the Pittsburgh Steelers.

Fans of dynamite wartime singles will especially like "We'll Get You Yet, Daniel Ellsberg" and "Don't Step On My Blue Suede Thieu's." Section 1124 makes it a felony for any federal employee to "communicate . . . classified information" to an unauthorized person. Even if the material was "not lawfully subject to classification at the time." Section 1111 hands out twenty to thirty years for doing anything that "damages" or "tampers with" any government facility with intent to "interfere with or obstruct the ability of the U.S. or an associate nation to prepare for or engage in war or defense activities."

The whole collection is definitely big time, but the hottest tune of them all is that old standard, "The San Clemente Stomp." Richard Nixon built his entire career around it, all the way from Alger Hiss to the Plumbers. Section 1103 includes a fifteen-year sentence for "facilitating" an organization that calls for revolutionary action "as speedily as circumstances permit . . . at some future time."

I read in the papers that the former President is making noises about a comeback, and I can see why. Even if Richard Nixon doesn't make it back on the charts, he can retire with satisfaction. Resignation or not, the Senate still sings his tune.—*David Harris*



HAPPENINGS

REVISITING HOLLYWOOD BABYLON

"No, the Sharon Tate murders don't interest me. They lack a certain baroque quality that I want. . . ." says writer/filmmaker Kenneth Anger. "The old Hollywood was already dead—I think the last really old-Hollywood thing that happened was when Lana Turner's daughter stabbed Lana's boyfriend in '58."

As a kid growing up in thirties Hollywood, Kenneth Anger heard a lot of dirt. Anger's grandmother was a wardrobe mistress and used her influence to land Kenneth, age three, the role of the changeling prince in Max Reinhardt's 1935 extravaganza, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "This rite of passage," Anger has stated, "scampering in spangles and plumes through Reinhardt's enchanted wood, remains the shining moment of my childhood." It was an era of manufactured legends, and every silver myth had its soiled lining. Unlike most kids, however, Anger found the seamier gossip to be crucial, and so collected sordid stories, rare stills, and discarded movie memorabilia; he was the ultimate nostalgia buff, long before it was considered fashionable.

Not your average American teenager, Anger began making his own films at seventeen. With his parents gone for a weekend, Anger took an old 16mm camera, some stolen Navy film, and with the help of some sailor pals filmed a celebration of homosexual sadism called *Fireworks*. The year was 1947 and old Hollywood had never seen anything quite like it—on film, at least. *Fireworks* was not publicly shown for seven years. When it was finally pirated into the liberal, hallowed halls of Yale University, two students were expelled and one visiting coed vomited at the film's conclusion. It was not until the liberated sixties that *Fireworks* received widespread recognition as a precursor to the American film avant-garde.

In the grand tradition of many misunderstood artists, Anger took residence in Paris and later Rome where he filmed *Eaux d'Artifice* (1953), wherein a female dwarf in rococo costume wanders through a garden of fountains to the strains of Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*. Anger later returned to California, and with some inheritance money filmed the surrealistic *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome* (1954), long before the country's drug culture had captured the attention of more commercial filmmakers. However, it is *Scorpio Rising* (1963), the document of a motorcyclist's machismo habits, replete with Nazi paraphernalia and black-leather garb set to the syrupy pop music of the day ("Blue Velvet," "My Boyfriend's Back"), that remains Anger's most accessible and certainly his most widely distributed film. Yet, wide distribution for an underground filmmaker rarely results in enough money to finance future projects. Anger's severe money problems have always been complicated by pirated prints. One unfinished film, *Lucifer Rising*, was stolen by convicted killer Bobby Beausoleil of the Manson mob—the ransom was $2,000. Anger couldn't pay, and the film was almost completely destroyed. The film was to have been the culmination of Anger's studies on Aleister Crowley and black magic. The cast included Anton Szandor La Vey (one of the most feared figures in Californian occult circles, and the man who played Satan in *Rosemary's Baby*), a member of the Hell's Angels, San Francisco poetess Leonore Kandel, and Beausoleil as Lucifer. Supposedly, Beausoleil was living on an all-meat diet to prepare himself for the role. As the film neared completion, he argued with Anger about money, and finally left production after stealing Anger's film.

Detroit Annie

Kenneth Anger on Hollywood

In the wake of these events, Anger wrote his obituary: "In Memoriam/Kenneth Anger/Filmmaker/(1947–1967)." Anger explains: ". . . after working two years on a film, scraping money together, trying to get every single shot perfect only to have it stolen, I just wasn't sure if it was worth it anymore. . . ." Apparently the film is buried somewhere in the Mojave Desert where, in Anger's words, ". . . it is turning into Fritos, or something."

Beausoleil had overlooked some film that had been left beneath the splicing table in Anger's studio. Anger later discovered it, and resolved to continue his filmmaking career. What resulted is titled *Invocation of My Demon Brother*, his most radical film to date. The little remaining footage forced him into an economics of necessity, a radicalization of his cutting technique. The film flashes by, the images working on the irrational-within-the viewer, until they accumulate in fear and a curious exhilaration. Anger is presently working on a sequel to *Lucifer Rising*, starring English pop-singer Marianne Faithfull with a rock score by Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin.

Anger's film projects are not his only works

The Rudolph Valentinos in the twenties

to be threatened by theft and piracy. The French edition of his book, *Hollywood Babylon*, was published here in the early sixties in an unauthorized edition with much of the text missing and the remainder badly translated. The original French book was comprised primarily of a series of articles Anger had written for the film periodical, *Cahiers du Cinéma*, in the fifties. The original was printed in a limited edition of 16,000 copies, but the expurgated American version sold nearly 2 million copies and in the late sixties a porno film resulted from the book. Of course, Anger received no royalties.

Something of Anger's unfortunate past with publishing is now being rectified with his authorized American edition of *Hollywood Babylon* (Straight Arrow, $14.95), complete with Anger's own lush illustrations, unexpurgated text, and rare photographs of the most glamorous stars and starlets of the twenties, thirties, and forties. *Hollywood Babylon* is a swan song to a baroque Hollywood which, in Anger's eyes, has vanished entirely.

For all of his close attention to the lives of the stars and star-makers, D.W. Griffith remains the only Hollywood director whose filmwork Anger actually admires. For Anger, Griffith's Babylon, the monstrously lavish set for Belshazzar's Feast in *Intolerance* (1915), marks the apex and imminent decline of Hollywood: "Griffith's Vision of Babylon! . . . a make-believe mirage of Mesopotamia dropped down on the sleepy huddle of mission-style bungalows amid the orange groves that made up 1915 Hollywood, portent of things to come. . . .The shadow of Babylon had fallen over Hollywood a serpent spell in code cuneiform; scandal was waiting, just out of Billy Bitzer's camera range." With the fall from power of Griffith, "the Movie Director as God," the star system was born: "They were the new royalty, the Golden People. Some managed to cope and took it in their stride; some did not." In Anger's eyes, they were the emissaries of decay: "It was an illusion, a tease, a fraud; it was almost as much fun as the 'old-time religion'—without blood on the altars. But the blood would come. . . ." In a dissection of illusion from reality, *Hollywood Babylon* chronicles the decline from Griffith's Babylon to the sixties' *Hollywoodämmerung* of violent deaths and suicides (Monroe, Garland, Mansfield).

Jean Harlow at seventeen

The anecdotes which Anger spent his boyhood acquiring emerge here in full triumph; the myths are relived with a kind of fiendish but affectionate relish, as Anger's penchant for the operatic is in full play.

There are stories of total hearsay which Anger will not retell. "I've heard things about two big film stars having an affair, but, of course, that's just another Hollywood dykestory," said Anger in an interview with *Penthouse*. "Every minority has its myths. I do have some good stories about Brando but they'll have to wait for another edition." What *Hollywood Babylon* does retell are stories such as the Petronian death of actress Lupe Velez, who charged tons of flowers from various Hollywood florists to transform her mansion into a fragrant bier in which to commit suicide, or tales concerning the unconsummated marriages of Rudolph Valentino, or a recounting of the night Clara Bow took on the entire USC football team, including then-unknown John Wayne.

In Anger's attempt to pay tribute to a lost way of life—both glamorous and sordid—he characterizes the volatile climate of the movie industry of the times. Anger firmly gives credit to the multitude of stories concerning those careers ruined by a starlet's refusal to sleep with one of the moguls. Louise Brooks, whose performance in Pabst's silent *Pandora's Box* ranks as one of the great portrayals of amorality, fell from grace precisely for that reason —she failed to put it on the line for Harry Cohn. Other stars made it through a hard day's filming by shooting up heroin. One former Ziegfeld girl enticed her boyfriends into beating her so she could haul them into court for money.

Anger describes his book "as almost a movie." Photographs include one of a seventeen-year-old Jean Harlow in the nude, the car in which Jayne Mansfield was decapitated, Lucky Luciano in his Hollywood takeover days, and a slew of others. The combined effect of text and photo is one of high camp, black humor, and an affectionate nostalgia for the stars who shot junk, shot each other or themselves. These are the people who drove leopard-upholstered Hispano-Suizas, drank themselves to death, and generally followed their appetites wherever they happened to lead. *Hollywood Babylon* is not so much scandal as it is the evocation of peculiarly grandiose lives. Anger's financial plights have obviously made him sensitive to the more bizarre manifestations of American money and power; with this—his only book—he is willing to look unflinchingly at the Hollywood heyday in all their tawdry glory.—*Ken Kelley*

Clara Bow takes USC football team

FILMS

SWEET LIVES

If movies really lived in the ideas that set them going, then Hal Ashby's *Shampoo*, which seems in its own dim way to want to tell us where we were in the late 1960's and how things went wrong, might be as bad as a small but vocal minority of critical detractors have said it is. If it isn't all that bad, if it succeeds even in places where it prepared failure, that may be because experience is never the same as intention. In making a movie, good things come out—not accidents, but incidentals. Which is why *Shampoo*, this particular journey to nowhere, happens to be worth the trouble of taking.

At the very top of the list I'd put the cast. Warren Beatty as George, a straight, superstud, Hollywood hairstylist; Julie Christie as Jackie, the slightly tarnished California angel who might have been his one true love; Goldie Hawn as an aspiring actress full of lust for George; Lee Grant as a rich housewife, also lustful, but older, increasingly insecure, burdened by a nubile daughter (Carrie Fisher) who hates her and a husband (Jack Warden) who wants Jackie almost as much as he wants his public image of wife and daughter and good name. They are all solid professionals. But they have each looked helpless enough in other movies, and they happen to look uncommonly efficient and mostly very attractive here. I think Ashby deserves credit for this, and also Robert Towne, who wrote the film (along with Warren Beatty). Ashby deserves credit for creating a world in which everybody can, for a given amount of screen time, function quite reasonably. Whatever the faults of *Shampoo*, and there are plenty, it never loses its lifelikeness or its dramatic vitality. Moment by moment, in script, in sense of place, and in performance, the film earns its good will and good humor—but not the phony mood of desolation that almost sinks it at the end.

Everything happens in twenty-four hours in Beverly Hills. The day is November 4, 1968, and by the next morning, Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew have been elected to the highest political offices we have up for betrayal. Much of that gets into the movie, as TV blur and radio static, and it provides a major part of the semisatiric weight. But the autumn of '68 also meant a brief national bid for guilt-free sex, and miniskirts, and the kinds of well-supported orgies in upper-bohemia that Goldie and Warren and Julie and Jack can properly illuminate with their glamorous presences.

There are two full-scale parties. The first, a Nixon–Agnew victory spread, features multilevel embarrassments, Julie Christie going down on Warren Beatty under the table, and genuine funniness. The second, a rich private bash with strobe lights and nude bathing and pot and much too much of the Beatles on the hi-fi, is funny too—though it is meant to be more desperate, elegiac, chock-full of the fun and freedom that's about to be lost. It is at this party that, by the light of a well-stocked refrigerator's open door, Jack and Goldie discover Warren and Julie screwing on the game-room floor. A little universe, such as it is, held together by the extracurricular ministrations that George the beautician provides his best and most beautiful customers, finally comes apart at the seams. What follows is a morning after—by any standards the worst part of the movie—when Warren Beatty, like an American cousin to Marcello Mastroianni in *La Dolce Vita*, stands on a little hill in Hollywood and surveys the scene of his personal loss and his universe's ruin.

He doesn't deserve that fate. Unlike Marcello Mastroianni, he's better than everyone else in his movie. Loving women, as he confesses to Goldie Hawn in his only attempt to articulate a credo, was the reason he went to beauty school in the first place. And so he loves them, or at least likes them, or at least likes loving them too well to say no to anybody—and too well to notice that in this movie almost any woman's head can be turned by a flattering new hairdo faster than it can be turned by her hairdresser's sexual endowments. George is great, really *great*—a genius with hairdos and the women he does.

Julie Christie: Life in upper-bohemia

Warren Beatty: On loving women

I suppose the real theme of *Shampoo* is the sapping of vital forces, an inattention to appetite, a decline from the strenuous consolations of George to a teenager's casual "Wanna fuck?" (the voice of the generation gap) on the one hand and the ominous Nixon–Agnew pledge to Bring This Country Together on the other.

But the theme doesn't represent achievement, and *Shampoo*, unfortunately, is a film of small achievements indeed. There are a good many of them, and they are mostly honorable, but they don't add up to the kind of coherent overview that they pretend to. Ashby's talent as a director seems to lean toward slight effects precisely observed. *The Last Detail*, his best film so far, is a collection of such effects applied to a slight and perfectly appropriate vignette. In the large canvas of *Shampoo*, with its parties, its panorama of Los Angeles, its excessive Hollywood interior decor (on at least four different socioeconomic levels), the details all but overwhelm the action. The details are ostensibly to point to the meaning, but they actually cloud the beauty-parlor-to-bedroom farce that should be the soul of such a movie. By trying less, *Shampoo* might have come up with more. As it is, the comedy falls into a tone of unreal bitterness, and, *quite* unfortunately, comic insight becomes no more than a mood of vaguely nostalgic, regretful local color.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

GAUDEAMUS IGNORAMUS

College is a con. In *The Case Against College* (McKay, $9.95), Caroline Bird lays out the numbers to prove that a college education is a lousy investment. That's easy enough, but her book is not simply a *caveat emptor* of college. She also offers sympathetic understanding of the plight of college-age men and women and their hard-pressed parents.

Less specific and useful than her analysis of the diploma syndrome is her survey of alternatives. There's no formula to get started making a living—with or without college. The traditional security routes—civil service, superspecialization, the clergy, or the army—are no longer secure.

Of college-degree holders only "our-son-the-doctor" has much assurance that his work will be related to his specialty. Take sociology, a favorite major in the socially conscious sixties. A list of male sociologists who were gainfully employed a year after graduation from the University of Wisconsin included a legal assistant, a sports editor, a truck unloader, a Peace Corps volunteer, a publications director, and a stockboy—but no sociologist.

What the colleges don't tell in their catalogs—I find them as dazzling as a candy store to a kid—is how easily all the possible jobs in any field are filled. Take a glamor subject like oceanography. A mere 200 oceanographers each year—all with graduate degrees—will be able to handle all the exploring of "inner space" expected to be done in the 1970's.

As Ms. Bird points out after pages of such dismal figures, "Whatever college graduates *want* to do, most of them are going to wind up doing what there *is* to do."

KING CON

In *Vesco* (Praeger, $9.95) Robert A. Hutchison has been able to put together a painstaking picture of the multifarious maneuvers of one of the worst wizards of finance. Because Vesco was too much for even his fellow wizards, they kicked him out of the secret circle into the glare of publicity.

International swindler Robert Lee Vesco got away with some $500 million and a double-barreled load of irony. The first irony was that he looted his millions from the fabulous pile of Bernie Cornfeld. The exquisite part of the irony is that Vesco, who didn't go to jail, can't use his millions to buy the power he always dreamed of. He is barred from the wizards' coven of control. He is sought by more extradition requests from more countries than anyone in history. The U.S. alone holds 336 warrants for his arrest. But remember, $500 million irons out a lot of irony.

How can Vesco get away with it? We can agree with Hutchison that Vesco's career is an eloquent argument for strong international securities' regulations to supplement national laws, which can't contain a jet-age operator. But lack of law explains less than the lust for loot that the whole financial world shares with Vesco.

Bernie Cornfeld built Investors' Overseas Service (IOS) into the largest "offshore" mutual-fund complex—wow, was it complex—by his recognition that even the smallest investor was hooked on this headiest drug of all. Vesco, who grabbed Cornfeld's empire, knew that the more a money-junkie shoots, the easier he is to con with the lure of a really big fix.

Vesco's fatal mistake was to try to hire the Nixon gang to call off the cops. He wasn't first or last to discover that this was the original gang that couldn't shoot straight—that bunch of bumblers didn't know the breach from the muzzle.

HELL IN BLACK AND WHITE

Tom Wicker is a hell of a writer. That is a hell of a way to review his passionate book *A Time to Die* (Quadrangle, $10). But despite the deadly seriousness of its subject, the Attica prison revolt, and Wicker's searching sincerity in reporting it, you can't put the book down without feeling it is a literary *tour de force*. The reason is that Wicker decided to write two books together, one about Attica and one about Tom Wicker.

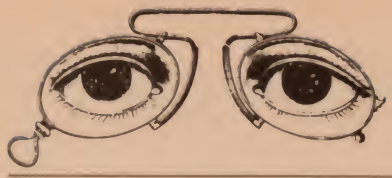
I believe he did this not from egotism, but to perfect the objectivity of his report by revealing every subjective nuance that could have colored his journalism. Wicker, an associate editor of the *New York Times*, is one of the famed journalists of our time, and *A Time to Die* is a triumph of eyewitness reporting.

Wicker, you'll recall, was one of the members of a committee who tried to negotiate a truce with the rebelling prisoners. A white Southerner, he was chosen by the black-led prisoners because of his written compassion for the oppressed. The experience of coming face to face with what he had written proved shattering during the four days of mounting tension that culminated with the fatal shootings of ten hostages and twenty-nine inmates by the state police to end the revolt.

The great value of the book is for liberal white Americans, who have not fully absorbed the intensity of hatreds bred by centuries of racism. It is especially strong medicine for Southern whites. As one who shared very closely Wicker's background, including his years on Southern newspapers, I found myself intensely empathetic with the writer.

But I was also embarrassed—squirming to read of the education of a Southern white in the realities of racism as those realities raged around him. The black experience makes any white American's spiritual odyssey seem merely literary.—*Norman Hoss*

Tom Wicker: Eyewitness reporting from Attica



SOUNDS

The orchestrated funk of Donald Byrd

SUPERMARKET JAZZ

Back in the days when the Beatles and Motown owned the pop charts, jazzmen would openly express their scorn for both rock and soul. "I thought it was sad, uncultured music, nowhere as sophisticated as jazz," recalls trumpet player Freddie Hubbard. True believers in the jazz muse just tightened their belts a notch and went on playing in smoky clubs, recording for a small, hard-core audience. Once in a while a jazz tune would land on the Top 40 chart by fluke, but over the years even the most melodic and "commercial" players were driving Chevies while rock stars zipped by them in chauffeured limousines.

Then along came Miles Davis. His experiments with electric funk from 1972 (*Bitches Brew*) to the present (*Get Up With It*) created a cadre of jazz players fluent in nonjazz technique. Sidemen John McLaughlin, Chick Corea, Billy Cobham, and Wayne Shorter went on to reconcile jazz with rock. And Herbie Hancock—a keyboardist who had first played electric piano on Davis's *Miles in the Sky*—with his own album *Headhunters*, synthesized his way to sales of a million copies, a figure few rockers ever attain.

Suddenly, it looks like the jazzmen's lean years are over. Of the hundred best-selling albums in the country, at least a half-dozen are jazz titles. The impact of jazz is even more dramatic on the soul charts, where as many as a third of the top LP's are by jazz artists. *Crossover* became a popular term in the record industry as rigid stylistic boundaries fell by the wayside. Working at crossover from different directions, Herbie Hancock and Stevie Wonder, the Blackbyrds and Kool and the Gang, Stanley Turrentine and Barry White are fusing comtemporary jazz and R & B into a single, vital, black pop-music idiom.

Jazz purists are always the first to cry "sell-out," but even tolerant jazz buffs have to admit that their favorite players are compromising their music for the sake of mass appeal. While the music industry promotes the recent trend to jazz, what people are actually buying is a product so diluted by heavy strings and a dance beat that the jazz elements have been assimilated into a very commercial pop-music idiom. Take a soulful but technically uninspired sax player like Stanley Turrentine. His *Pieces of Dreams* album (Fantasy) was an instant hit, thanks to its funky Muzak settings à la Barry White, Hollywood strings and all —courtesy of White's own arranger, Gene Page. And what you have is a supposed jazz artist playing Barry King-of-the-Muzak White cocktail music. "I've been out here for twenty-five years," says Turrentine, the man who replaced John Coltrane in Earl Bostic's band in '53. "I just want lots of people to hear my music. I want to make records that will sell—to everybody!"

Veteran horn player Donald Byrd has no patience for critics of *Black Byrd* and *Stepping into Tomorrow* (United Artists), his recent ventures into orchestrated funk—produced by former Jackson Five musical arrangers Larry and Fonce Mizell. "Critics are the worst musical bigots!" exclaims Byrd. " 'What do you call it?' they keep asking. I call it music. By the time they get around to naming it, I'm getting out of it."

Freddie Hubbard had commercial intentions when he recorded *High Energy* (Columbia) and included a pair of Stevie Wonder tunes. The LP sold three times as many copies as Hubbard's previous discs. An acknowledged master of the trumpet solo, Hubbard no longer has qualms about pop music. "Now that I've realized that I can play," he explains, "it doesn't matter too much *what* I play—as long as it's good."

Some jazz enthusiasts question the quality of Hubbard's brand of pop. Often, the thin line between art and commerce gets blurred. Big crossover albums, like *The Baddest Turrentine*, *The Baddest Hubbard*, and Turrentine's *The Sugar Man*, are samplers of the glossy "jazz sound" produced by CTI Records, the most prosperous of the independent jazz labels. Hubbard credits company head Creed Taylor with making him a saleable recording artist, but he finds fault with the lush arrangements he had to play behind. According to Hubbard, "Creed moved the music into supermarket jazz. We just started playing to make money." Not in total disagreement Taylor contends, "I make records because I like to hear artists in a certain way. I'm in business to sell records." Motown's recent agreement to distribute CTI albums attests to Taylor's commercial clout.

The modification of jazz by pop has even made the formerly cherished name "jazz" an obstacle in a jazzman's career—at least those musicians with an eye on the pop charts. After nineteen years as "The Jazz Crusaders," the members of the grits-and-grease acoustic combo decided to add some electricity to their music. They also changed their name to "The Crusaders." Five albums and a few personnel changes later, the jazzless Crusaders are riding high on the charts with *Southern Comfort*. Says drummer Stix Hooper: "By dropping the word *jazz*, even though we're playing some of the same kind of music, we're getting a broader audience." Hooper is pragmatic about abandoning jazz's spontaneous improvisation "which doesn't immediately involve the untrained listener. It just wasn't that happy marriage that happens in music—like rock where you have a beat and you get hit across the head and you get it."

A danceable beat has caught the attention of some jazz musicians trying to garner a new, larger audience through the disco market. Last year's biggest disco hits included Herbie Hancock's "Chameleon" and a rocking tune entitled "The Bottle," by poet Gil Scott-Heron. Sensing a profitable market, record company executives quickly took note. Clive Davis signed Scott-Heron as the first act on his newly formed Arista label. Atlantic Records blitzed the discos with Herbie Mann's peppery, though derivative, "Hijack" on *Discotheque* and sax player Eddie Harris's timely R & B-style vocal, "I Need Some Money."

Disco crossovers have helped to double jazz albums' sales in the last three years. But after watching jazz record sales fluctuate as wildly as the stock market, jazz producer Creed Taylor sounds a cautionary note. "The disco market may already be saturated," he says, even though CTI is releasing a disco anthology. Remember "The Girl From Ipanema"? "There's nothing left of the bossa nova," regrets Taylor. "It was done in by the major labels and Muzak."—*Steve Ditlea*

PUSHING REGGAE

"I am *not* a reggae singer," Johnny Nash stressed. It was last October, and his third album had just been released. That LP, *Celebrate Life*, was to mark his panicked retreat from imported reggae, a Jamaican music style that has stifled his career for the past

three years. When Nash's "Stir It Up" ('71) and "I Can See Clearly Now" ('72) rocketed to the top of the pop charts, a reggae explosion was predicted for the seventies. If anyone made it with reggae, it should have been Nash—he's handsome, lithely built, clean-cut, and the possessor of sugar-coated vocal chords.

But the reggae explosion has fizzled, and by now Nash must have felt the sting of futility. Established stars can still add to their fortunes by incorporating reggae with their pop tunes, such as Paul Simon's "Mother and Child Reunion," Rick Derringer's latest rendition of "Hang on Sloopy," Elton John's remake of "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," Barbra Streisand's "Guave Jelly," and, of course, Eric Clapton's "I Shot the Sheriff" (originally recorded by Bob Marley of the Wailers). But musicians like Clapton point the way to the real practitioners of reggae, and fortunately, the Wailers have two excellent albums—their newest, *Natty Dread*, and the older release, *Burnin'* (Island), which is enjoying new life because of its original version of "I Shot the Sheriff." If anything good can be said about Eric Clapton's rip-off, it is that his version did for reggae what his recordings with Cream once did for the blues.

But Jamaicans, such as Jimmy Cliff or the Wailers, have not been financially successful and neither has Nash. So far, Jimmy Cliff has come the closest and—unlike Nash—he has little fear of reggae since it is his native music. "It's a new decade," insists Cliff, "and in every decade there has to be a change. The only fresh music that's around to make that change is reggae. It's like in 1963 when they had to go to Liverpool."

For Cliff, Jamaica is Liverpool ten years after, and as the British musicians borrowed from fifties American rock 'n' roll, reggae has also evolved in part from certain American influences. "Reggae has its real roots in calypso and Latin rhythms," says Cliff. "But it has flavorings of blues, jazz, and highlife [African popular music]. But it's mainly New Orleans blues—people like Fats Domino, Louis Jordan, and Smiley Lewis. Reggae was called *ska*, *blue beat*, and *rock steady* before people started calling it *reggae*. Maybe somebody just wanted to explain something in the rhythm pattern to another musician, and he'd say, 'Reggae de ting mon,' and that's how the expression came. Nobody knows who it came from first."

Cliff *is* the leading light of the reggae movement, even though the rock press has accused him of watering down his music with strings, horns, and female choruses. But Jimmy Cliff doesn't worry about imitators. "As far as ripping it off is concerned," says Cliff, "it's not an easy thing to do. It took British musicians years to study the blues before they could play it, and then you got the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. It would take them years to study reggae because reggae is much more complicated."

Reggae is marked by a strong emphasis on laconic rhythms, but the rhythm usually puts the emphasis on the wrong beat for R & B-bred Americans. Even though you *can* dance to it, reggae requires a slight adjustment, and black Americans have so far been unwilling to make it.

"American blacks might not be able to identify musically with what I'm doing," says Cliff. "But as for lyrics, I think American blacks can identify with it because we've been going through the same thing in Jamaica that they've been going through here." Even so, most black stations don't play reggae—except on weekends—and so the music has made absolutely no inroads on the black American community, hence no "reggae explosion '75."

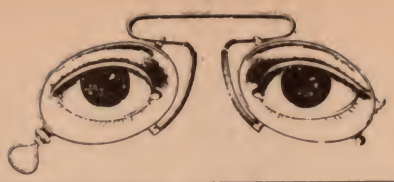
Reggae came into existence in the sixties, shortly after Jamaica was freed from four centuries of colonialism, and it is the prospect of something new and quite uncivilized that has prompted so many rock musicians to go slumming with reggae. So the predicted reggae stampede of just three years ago materialized only as the latest novelty to bolster superstars' careers.

Many musicians see reggae as "political protest." This misconception probably developed from two sources. One source is Bob Marley of the Wailers. Marley is a Rastafarian, a member of a Jamaican rebel sect that lives in the hills to circumnavigate the "evils" of Western civilization. Marley *is* a political writer, as is Cliff, but for each of them there are fifty singers who are interested only in lame imitations of American soul groups.

The other source of the reggae-as-political-protest myth is the film *The Harder They Come*, starring Jimmy Cliff. The film reflects certain levels of lower-class oppression in Jamaica, focusing on the reggae recording industry there. *The Harder They Come* did not do well in its initial release but has since become a mythic rallying point for a small minority of the reggae cult. At Cliff's U.S. concerts he is usually belted by audience requests to sing selections from the sound-track album (Island) rather than cuts from his own LPs *Unlimited* (Warner Brothers) and *Music Maker* (WB). In their own way, the audiences have a point—most of the music from *The Harder They Come* fits the aura of protest that some cultists still associate with reggae.

While people prattle about a reggae explosion, record-buyers are satisfied to get it from Clapton, Derringer, and Streisand—or not at all. Jamaicans can only make music for other Jamaicans, while the eager masses still want to be spoon-fed by novelty-seeking superstars.—*Vernon Gibbs*

Jimmy Cliff on reggae



THE OLD SOFT SELL OF DAVID ESSEX

Marc Bolan's resounding failure to capture an American audience hinted at it, but not until Slade's embarrassing reception did the music business begin to get the message: the eclectic British pop appetite is opposite of that in the States. For all their status as virtual deities on the other side of the Atlantic, top-singles artists such as 10 CC, Sweet, Cockney Rebel, Alvin Stardust, Alex Harvey, and Gary Glitter sound like syncopated gibberish to American ears bred on Chicago, the Allman Brothers, and Bob Dylan.

Will twenty-eight-year-old singer-composer ("Rock On," "Lamplight") and sometime film star (*That'll Be the Day*, *Stardust*) David Essex have the charismatic accessibility to change all that? Essex is currently the biggest sensation to grip Britain since Beatlemania, but he insists there will be no publicity onslaught in this country.

"I've always tried to keep my career as honest and straightforward as possible," says Essex. He speaks with gentle urgency on such matters as stardom. Sequestered in his suite atop London's Grosvenor House Hotel, he is waiting for a lobby full of fans to clear out before he can take his wife, Maureen, and three-year-old daughter, Verity, out for lunch. "They [Columbia Records] wanted to get very heavyweight in America, saying 'Essex is the number-one English superstar!' and all that. But that's not on, you know. I don't blame people for resenting Slade and T. Rex when they went to the States. Record-buyers get hit with too much rubbish as it is. I reckon there's only about three percent of all entertainers—rock 'n' roll or otherwise—who are any good. I'll play in America when I'm wanted."

Signs of an audience are there. Essex's portrayal of suicidal pop-idol Jim MacLaine in *That'll Be the Day* and its sequel, *Stardust*, has received generally favorable reviews. Meanwhile, his second album, *David Essex*, has slowly found its way onto AM and FM stations. "I have no idea what people see in me," David volunteers half-convincingly. "All I do is write songs and record them. I don't see myself as a sex symbol. The important thing is the music. That's all I worry about."

And yet David Essex is far from the sensitive *artiste*, oblivious to the outside world. One question about his career direction, and Essex reveals a well-honed business savvy. "People compare me with David Cassidy because a large part of my audience is young girls. I can't accept that comparison, but I won't put Cassidy down. Cassidy's mistake was when he wasn't strong in the beginning. He didn't hold his ground. I did."

Essex's success-on-his-own-terms history is a story he loves to tell. He began with the Everons, an obscure British blues band. David was their drummer, and by "fluke" he became their lead-singer as well. "A lot of what I've been doing has been fluke," he says.

"Everyone said, 'Well, the band's fairly ordinary, but the boy on drums is quite exceptional.' So, after six months of people saying that the band is rubbish, but the drummer is great, the group crumbled. And I was left there holding the drumsticks."

Essex quickly dropped those drumsticks and won the part of Christ in the English stage production of *Godspell*. "Before long, I started seeing my pictures in the teenybopper magazines. It was great. I loved it. Everybody started pushing me to make a record. 'Just find an old song like "The Twelfth of Never" and put it out. Just like Donny Osmond does. It'll be great.' I resisted and wouldn't make a record until I had some good, original ideas about things like production and material."

Essex: Ready for fame

With the help of collaborator Jeff Wayne, Essex soon came up with "Rock On." Columbia Records, he says, wasn't quite sure about its commercial potential but took a chance —and won. "The point is that I could have had a very successful eighteen months doing 'The Twelfth of Never,' but instead I came out with something quite different. It's the spaces that count in songs like 'Rock On,' 'Street Fight,' and 'Stardust.' There are several levels. A jazz musician might like my work. By the same token, there's a simplicity—perhaps the fourteen-year-olds see that." He pauses a moment, then hits his bottom line. "I know where I'm going. I'm in control."

Essex responds similarly when asked how much of himself he sees in the self-destructive character Jim MacLaine of *Stardust*. "The main difference is that MacLaine was manipulated. He wasn't ready for fame. . . . I was.

"Yeah, the situations are the same between me and MacLaine, but I was playing a different person and trying to keep a little detached. If you're an actor, it's much easier to play Quasimodo rather than a shadow of yourself. I'd really like to play a Douglas Fairbanks role next. You know, where I could come bashing through the window." David flashes the determined grin of a man with a plan. "I'd love that."—*Cameron Crowe*

CURRENT RELEASES

Rock 'n' Roll/John Lennon (Apple SK-2419). The coldhearted will see this album as nostalgia-rock-come-lately. The less-than-cynical will view it as a small masterpiece. It's all old rock 'n' roll, but Lennon's efforts are much greater than a trip down memory lane. Some cuts, such as "You Can't Catch Me," are evidence of his best work to date.

To Be True/Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes (Philly International 33148). With their tailored bankers' suits and gold pendants, this group represents the idol for a new post-depression black affluence. The album exhibits romantic visions of need ("Nobody Can Take Your Place"), fidelity ("To Be True"), wisdom ("Somewhere Down the Line"), and the capriciousness of fate ("Bad Luck" and "Where Are All My Friends?"). They must be masters of fate since "Bad Luck" and "Friends?" are big disco hits, but the remaining cuts are soft and puffy.

Orchestra Luna/Orchestra Luna (Epic KE 33166). This little operetta is thoughtfully wry, as serious comedy and serious music are mixed. Orchestra Luna catches you off guard; you laugh at something that is instantly followed by a piece of moving music that makes you take them "seriously."

Silk Torpedo/Pretty Things (Swan Song SS 8411). These Englishmen are top-notch rockers, but this album suffers from the "one-cut" syndrome. "Maybe You Tried" is hot and driving, with a forceful guitar line on this song of a ripe young person. The Pretty Things are always skilled, but nothing else on the LP comes close to this cut.

A1A/Jimmy Buffett (ABC-Dunhill DSD 50183). Singer/songwriters aren't exactly all the rage these days, but Buffett stands with the best of them. Like Jim Croce, Buffett is sincere, warm, and frequently falls back on his sense of humor. His world is the Florida Keys, and cuts like "Life Is Just a Tire Swing" have a pleasant, simple thrust. But occasionally things get too lazy.—*John Gibson*

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KISSINGER'S SECRET EMPIRE

AMERICA'S VAST "INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY" IS A HIDDEN $25 BILLION NETWORK OF 200,000 SPIES—CONTROLLED BY OUR ROVING SECRETARY OF STATE.

BY TAD SZULC

The United States government today maintains one of the largest, most expensive secret intelligence networks the world has ever known. This network, personally directed by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, stretches around the earth and through the skies above. It costs the American taxpayer some $25 *billion* a year—an expenditure most congressmen don't even know about. It has been responsible, directly or indirectly, for the deaths of many thousands of innocent people. And—most ironically—it poses a great threat to the freedoms of the American people, or, as the administration would put it, to our "national security."

It would not be too difficult to establish a police state in America today—given the 200,000 employees of the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the various military intelligence services and local police departments, and the web of over twenty official agencies—including the Internal Revenue Service—that form what is euphemistically known in Washington as the "Intelligence Community."

Moreover, America's foreign policy (and a significant part of our foreign trade) is almost totally formulated and executed in concert with these agencies. For example, the CIA is invisibly involved in major U.S. government economic negotiations—oil is a case in point—and has

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This is the second article in a series on America's Intelligence Community, including the CIA.

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AMERICAN WHISKEY–A BLEND · 86 PROOF

special "arrangements" with big corporations. All this is especially convenient for Kissinger, who controls the official agencies of the Intelligence Community as well as the State Department. Kissinger's secret practices have included wiretapping his closest aides to insure their *personal* loyalty, and overthrowing "irresponsible" governments, even if they happen to be democratically elected. Kissinger resents having to answer for his actions to anyone, except—possibly—the president. This, then, raises the fundamental question of moral—and probably legal—responsibility on the part of presidents of the United States and their National Security Advisers (this is the post that Kissinger holds along with that of Secretary of State) for the resultant deaths of men in foreign lands.

Typically, Congress is the last to learn of these actions, although Kissinger needs it for the $25 billion a year it gives his intelligence network. But even this huge amount of money (about 8 percent of our overall national budget) is artfully hidden under innocent-sounding line items in the federal budget. It is another of Henry Kissinger's many secrets. The $25 billion figure may sound excessively high—most published estimates have set it at around $10 billion—but in calculating the real total one must take into account the huge sums spent through military appropriations for the Intelligence Community's ever-growing technological requirements. Billions are spent on satellite reconnaissance. (A recent example of the Intelligence Community's expenditures is the nearly $600 million spent, with Kissinger's specific approval, on building and operating a deep-sea salvage ship designed to recover secretly a Soviet submarine that sank in the Pacific in 1968.)

After the publication of disclosures last December that the CIA had been heavily involved in domestic spying activities, President Ford named a "blue-ribbon" panel headed by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller (until recently a presidential adviser on foreign intelligence) to investigate just what the agency had been doing at home. Under a broader mandate, covering overseas intelligence operations as well, special Senate and House committees undertook parallel in-depth investigations of their own. Senator Frank Church of Idaho, chairman of the Senate's Select Committee on Intelligence Activities, summed it all up in these words: "My overriding concern is the growth of Big Brother government in this country, and the implicit threat that this represents to the freedom of the people." And later, when word circulated of possible CIA involvement in assassination plots, Church added, "In the absence of war, no agency of the government can have a license to murder; the president can't be a 'Godfather.'"

There have been many disclosures in recent months about spying by the CIA and the FBI on American citizens suspected—sometimes for grotesque reasons—of ties or involvements with Soviet, Cuban, North Korean, and many other intelligence services. There have been endless well-documented stories of wiretaps, illegal breakins, and the tens of thousands of political files kept, Gestapo-like, on American citizens by the CIA, the FBI, and the Army Counterintelligence Corps.

The CIA has admitted keeping dossiers on New York's Democratic Congresswoman Bella Abzug and three other members of Congress. It refused to name these other congressmen, but *Penthouse* has learned that they are Wisconsin's Senator Joseph McCarthy and Oklahoma's Robert Kerr—both now deceased—and Senator Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota. According to authoritative sources, in the early 1950s the CIA engineered the burglarizing of McCarthy's and Kerr's offices to gain access to their files. The files were photographed on the spot and, presumably, are still kept by the CIA.

In McCarthy's case, the CIA was especially interested in the private sources that fed him the information to conduct his witchhunt. The agency evidently didn't like the idea of Joe McCarthy knowing something that the CIA's chiefs didn't know.

Senator Kerr was in his time one of the most powerful and influential politicians in the U.S. The CIA was hungry for secret political knowledge. Furthermore, Kerr, a millionaire, was highly active in worldwide oil operations, particularly in the Middle East. Oil intelligence was as crucial to the CIA twenty years ago as it is today.

The CIA reportedly began its dossier on Senator Humphrey just before he became vice president in 1965. *Penthouse* sources were unable to say either why the CIA kept a file on Humphrey or what it contained, except that the agency evidently wanted to have as much confidential material as possible on the man who held our second-highest elective office.

The disclosure that the CIA, which is legally only supposed to operate overseas, has been spying on Americans and their elected representatives is obviously disquieting. However, the public testimony of CIA Director William E. Colby before Congress raises more questions than it answers, and it serves to cast doubt on all his denials of illegal CIA activity.

Let's look at the record: On January 15, 1975, Colby denied that the CIA engaged in "surveillance, technical or otherwise," on members of Congress. On February 20 he testified that "over the past eight years, our counterintelligence program holdings have included files on four members of Congress." On March 5, Mrs. Abzug made public contents of her CIA file, which went back to the 1950s—thus contradicting Colby's claim that such surveillance went back only eight years. Moreover, on March 5, Colby testified that Mrs. Abzug was one of four members of Congress on whom files were kept as part of the agency's operations against Vietnam war protesters. He also said that one of the other congressmen was no longer alive.

Innumerable questions are raised by this testimony. Three of the more obvious are: How many members of Congress have been spied upon by the CIA since it was established in 1947? Colby testified that files were kept on four members of Congress "over the past eight years." But at least three of the congressmen we know of (McCarthy, Kerr, and Abzug) have or had files going back to the 1950s. Secondly, are the four people we know of Vietnam war protesters? And thirdly, Colby said that *one* of the congressmen was dead—but we know of two who are deceased. The questions can go on and on. Ron Ziegler clearly has to take a backseat to Colby as the master of the "inoperative" statement.

Since Watergate, Americans have learned of the Nixon plan for a massive domestic intelligence apparatus—the nearest thing we've ever had in the U.S. to a blueprint for a police state. But, as is clear from the above testimony by Colby, the Intelligence Community has not reformed since Nixon left the White House. Here is some more of what *Penthouse* has learned of the "Community's" more recent activities:

- Despite the outcry over its intervention in Chile, the CIA was involved early in 1975 in an attempt to overthrow the government of the Malagasy Republic (the Indian Ocean island once known as Madagascar). Colonel Richard Ratsimandrava, who had served as president of the Malagasy Republic for only six days, was killed on February 11 by members of the Mobile Police Group, a special police unit, in a crisis that—even from the CIA's viewpoint—had gotten out of hand. Ratsimandrava had replaced General Gabriel Ramanantsoa as a result of a coup carried out by the special police. However, Ratsimandrava was apparently unacceptable to the Mobile Police Group, which is known to have CIA ties. American interest in Malagasy lay chiefly in the securing of military facilities at the former French naval base at Diego-Suarez to fit into the broader scheme of new U.S. bases in the Indian Ocean, most importantly at the entrance to the oil-rich Persian Gulf. This was the second known U.S. attempt to obtain base rights from a reluctant Malagasy government. In January 1972 the American ambassador to Malagasy, Anthony D. Marshall, a career CIA officer elevated to ambassador by Nixon in 1969, was asked to leave amidst charges that he was directing a plot against the government. However, the government fell anyway four months later. Marshall, whose CIA cover was never blown publicly, is now ambassador to Trinidad and Tobago, a strategic Caribbean nation.
- In both 1974 and 1975 the CIA was also deeply engaged in covert operations in Portugal, where the world's oldest dictatorship had just been thrown out of power. There are reasons to believe that the CIA was in close touch with the military group of General António de Spínola, who led an abortive coup against the provisional government on March 11. The actual extent of direct CIA involvement is still unclear, but it is known that the coup failed because the plotters'

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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THE VIETNAM VETERAN

Getting to Vietnam was a lot easier than getting back. Of the men who made the trip, 55,000 never returned and over 350,000 came back wounded. Here are the stories of four men for whom the war never ends.

BODY COUNT

By David Harris

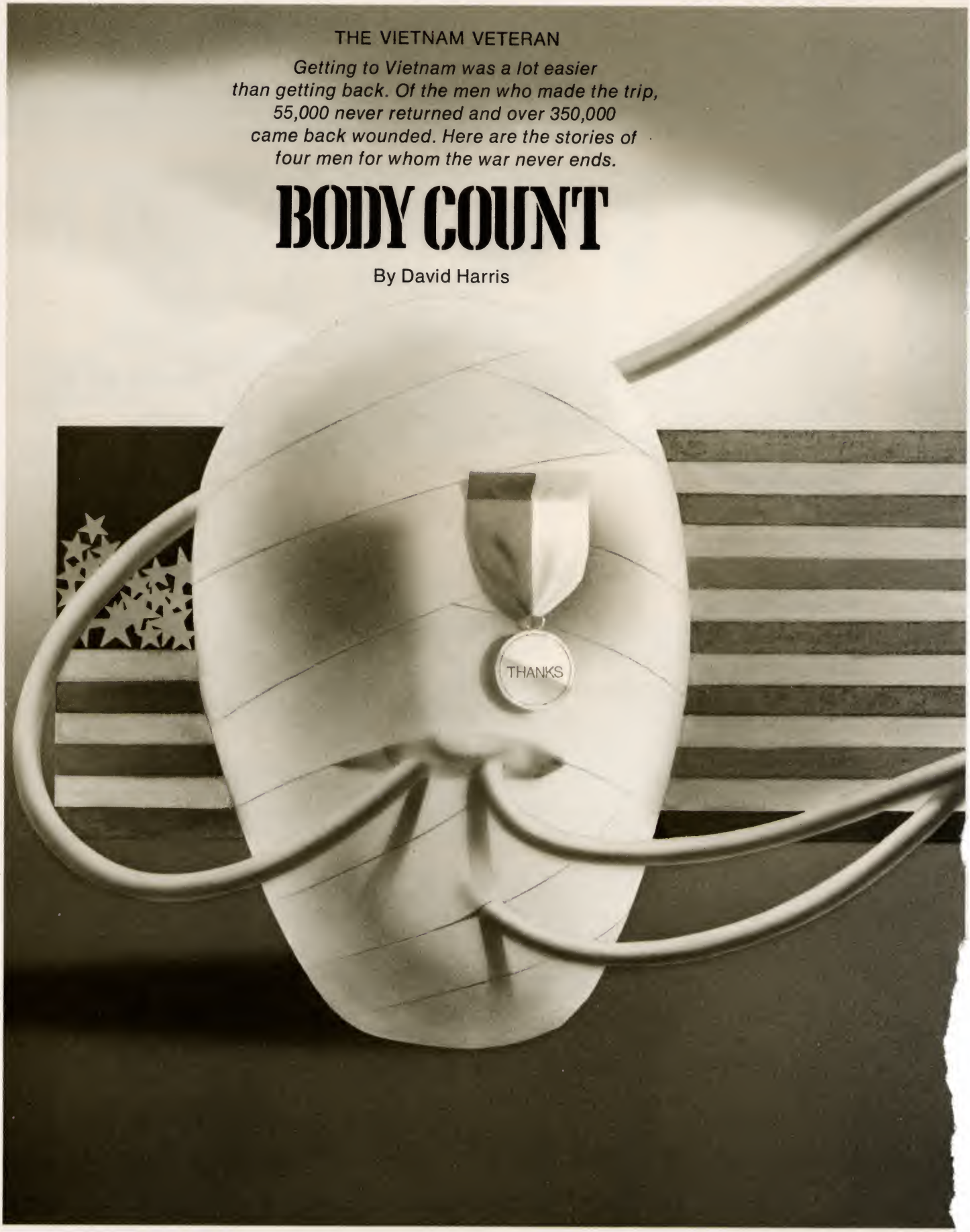

Illustration by Dennis Luczak

Bob Sampson came within three days of walking home. Sampson was a "green beanie," a jungle thug from the Fifth Special Forces, trained to be something between boy scout and Attila the Hun. He was attached to the Seventy-fifth Ranger Regiment. The beanies helped the Army of the Republic of Vietnam troops watch over the Mekong Delta south and east of Saigon. Sampson, an E-5, spent two tours in Nam leading six-man teams around Cong turf in search of information. Long on experience, Bob Sampson turned up short on luck. On January 1, 1970, the captain took him aside and told him that this next mission would be his last. Only two days later Sampson learned the captain was all too accurate.

Sampson's reconnaissance team was set up in what the army manual calls a "day halt position"—rifles spread in a defensive perimeter facing the surrounding jungle vines and triple-canopy plant life. Two days before, the team spotted a North Vietnamese army division in the neighborhood. The team leader was worried. Sampson sensed safety in motion. He gave the order to mount up, and raised to a crouch, trying to hunch his pack onto his shoulders. When he did, his future was sealed. A North Vietnamese soldier stood in the chest-high grass only ten feet away, and laced Sampson with AK-47 fire. Two of the bullets whined through Sampson's left leg. A third hit his hip. Bob Sampson toppled into the muck, and the rest of the afternoon swarmed with automatic-weapons fire.

The bullets that entered just above his knee did the job on Robert Sampson. Right away he knew he'd have to change his plans for the future. Sampson figured on attending commercial pilots school after his discharge, but he immediately knew there wasn't much flying to look forward to. The rounds pulverized five inches of his femur. Shivering on the floor of a Huey hut, headed for Saigon, Sampson thought he wouldn't have his leg much longer, but the doctors proved him wrong. He regained consciousness in intensive care, and his leg was still attached. Sampson wanted to thank the surgeon personally.

The doctor was making his rounds through the ward, bed by bed, checking charts and adjusting tubes. When he reached Sampson's bed, the E-5 interrupted his progress.

"Hey, Doc," Sampson offered, "I want you to know that I really appreciate you saving my leg."

The doctor was blunt in return. "I didn't save your leg," he answered. "I just didn't cut it off."

When the surgeon turned back to his charts, Sampson's smile drifted off his face. For a brief moment he believed the road to recovery was a short one.

It wasn't. The Nam hospital disappeared in the dust of a taxiing C-47 and was replaced by another hospital in Japan. After two more sessions on the operating table to have bone splinters removed and tattered muscles snipped, Sampson was shipped to San Francisco's Letterman Hospital. It was January and he was still flat on his back. The army doctors wanted to operate as soon as they could, but changed their minds about it each week. When March rolled around, Sampson was still waiting. He felt worse and worse while he waited—lying in bed watching juice ooze out of his knee. And the doctors' visits didn't help—especially the first visit in March.

This doctor was new. He looked at Sampson's charts, at Sampson's X-rays, and at Sampson's leg. His head was shaking the whole time. "You know," he said, "if I'd been your doctor in Vietnam, I'd have taken your leg off there. By all rights, you shouldn't even have it."

None of the surgeons wanted the responsibility of cutting Sampson's leg off, but they didn't mind experimenting with it. He got all the benefits of ultramodern medicine. The doctors tried bone transplants, nerve transplants, and bone grafts. During the next year Sampson underwent surgery seven times . . . for as long as eight hours at a shot. That makes for a lot of painful days and weeks for anybody—but Bob Sampson suffered doubly. He would have felt it was worth something if his condition changed. It didn't. By January 1, 1971, Bob Sampson still had his leg, still couldn't walk on it, still had an open wound, and had added a marrow infection. Called osteomyelitis, the disease is frequently caused by short bursts of gunfire followed by long surgical histories.

Finally, his condition stabilized. Sampson was released from Letterman Hospital on crutches and told the next step was called wait-and-see-what-the-leg-does-next. Maybe some of that stuff they'd sewn in his leg would work. Meanwhile, Sampson was discharged and given a choice of benefits. Either military or Veterans Administration payments were available—but not both. The army rated Sampson's leg 80 percent disabled and offered him 80 percent of his E-5's pay a month. The VA's figures amounted to more cash, so Sampson signed on with the civilians. After his first visit to the VA, Bob began to have doubts about his choice.

He went down to San Francisco's Ft. Miley VA in response to a request that he appear for an examination. Robert Sampson reported to the VA precisely on time. Three and a half hours later, a nurse told him he could see the doctor. His doctor was a general surgeon who didn't know his ass from a hole in the ground about orthopedics and was honest about it. He said the best thing for Sampson was to make another appointment and see one of the guys who worked on bones. Sampson did, waited three and a half more hours, and passed his examination with flying colors. The knee was hard to ignore. When the doctor pulled out the gauze, he saw all the way down to the bone through a wound the size of a silver dollar.

"You're one-hundred percent," the surgeon gravely announced.

That approval was good for eight months —but not longer. In late 1971, Bob Sampson got a card telling him to come in for a revaluation to see if anything had changed. The new examination came at the wrong time. Bob Sampson was going to Chicago to get married; he wasn't about to postpone his trip. On the back of the VA's card, a printed section announced that anyone who found it impossible to make his appointment had only to fill out the card and send it back. Sampson did as directed and left town.

When he got back, Bob wasn't feeling nearly so easy about his leg. It hurt like a motherfucker and oozed. When he called the VA asking to see a doctor, they told him his appointment was being rescheduled as he'd requested on the card. There was no chance of seeing the surgeons before then. Sick of waiting, the retired E-5 used the hospital privileges available to all "disabled" veterans. He checked back into Letterman and let the doctors there have another look. They said his leg was seriously infected.

While the doctors were deciding what to do, Bob Sampson's wife brought over another card from the VA announcing his new appointment. Sampson filled it out and forgot about it. He had other things on his mind.

The doctors believed experimental therapy on the bone marrow would be helpful, and so sent Bob Sampson to the Long Beach Naval Hospital where he spent a few months in and out of decompression chambers. Unfortunately, the osteomyelitis wasn't affected by any of the new techniques. Bob Sampson was tired of hospitals but he was even more tired of those damn messages from the VA. His wife called him to say the VA cut Sampson's benefits to 60 percent.

"What the fuck?"

"The letter says it's because you missed your last appointment," his wife explained.

Four months later, Bob got everything straightened out with the Veterans Administration. In the meantime, he and his wife went from living on $495 a month to $179. The whole mess forced Sampson to make one of the most important decisions of his life. He told the surgeons back in San Francisco to cut the son of a bitch off. Two days later, he was walking on a plastic leg, feeling like they'd cut the load off his back.

Things are a lot easier now. Sampson has a job at the San Francisco State Veterans Center. He wears a leg that straps on to the end of the stump halfway between the knee and the hip. And except for his monthly check, he stays clear of the VA. If he didn't, he knows what would happen. "I'd go to the VA hospital," he explains, "and I'd say 'I got a problem with my leg.' They'd say, 'Make an appointment for three weeks from now.' In three weeks, I'd go out there and sit for hours. By that time, the damn leg'd fall apart. What I do instead is go on out to Letterman. They'll take care of it right while I wait. It's the same way with all the amputees."

The specific department Sampson visits at Letterman is prosthetics. Sergeant Anderson, who is in charge of the seven-man shop, has been building legs for eleven years. The laminated-foam limbs are custom built and each is equipped with a hydraulic knee. The artificial leg is not the same as the one Bob Sampson had, but it does the job—and that's all he wants now. The shop is assembling a new model for Sampson so he can play golf. The one he has folds up halfway through his swing.

Gunny Musgrave was a long time "in country," too. The grunts called him Gunny because of his gunnery-sergeant rating. He'd been with the First Battalion, Ninth Marines, fighting out of Con Thien just south of the DMZ for eleven months, nine days, when he received what the telegram to his parents called "wounds in the face, chest, and back." After eleven months, seventeen days in Indochina, John David Musgrave, 2294574, 19 years old, was on his way back to the States in a hospital transport.

Gunny was wounded on Operation Kentucky, during which the 1,000-marine base was surrounded by 35,000 NVA regulars. The papers back home called Operation Kentucky "The Alamo." Attempting to break out of the trap, Musgrave's Delta Company was sent north from Camp Carroll to meet with another company in a pincers movement. The two groups never met. A thousand meters out, three NVA stood up, popped at Delta Company, and then took off.

Gunny's platoon was led by a first-mission lieutenant fresh from OCS. The lieutenant reported the gooks to the captain and the captain said, "Bring me their bodies." Gunny and the grunts warned the lieutenant of a trap, but he wouldn't listen. The Third Platoon went off into the deep grass. After a while, the grunts saw moving figures all around them. They noticed the men were wearing steel pots and marine flak-vests. The men shouted, "Don't shoot. We're marines." It was Halloween and the disguised NVA called "trick or treat."

Lenny Blair got hit first, and then all hell broke loose. Within the first minute, both corpsmen were dead. Gunny decided to help Blair. That was his mistake. Five meters short of the wounded marine, Gunnery Sergeant Musgrave got caught in a spurt from a machine gun. The round hit his chin and ricocheted through the lip of his helmet. Gunny was out cold and B.J. Forbes, his best friend in the platoon, came running. Forbes picked Musgrave up and so did the machine gun. A second burst blew Gunny out of his buddy's arms. It smashed Gunny's chest and blew most of Forbes's head away.

The platoon finally got Musgrave and Blair to the medevac choppers. The grunts never abandon their wounded, no matter how badly they're injured. And Gunny was bad. Even if he didn't trust his own judgment, the conversation he overheard at the landing zone confirmed it.

The company's executive officer was talking to a corpsman on the other side of Gunny's litter. The two spoke as though the gunnery sergeant wasn't there.

"Looks like Musgrave bought it this time," the exec said.

The corpsman looked up. "It's either through the lungs, or heart . . . or both," he answered. Gunny wasn't even tagged for evacuation. The ground crew figured he'd be dead before he got to a hospital.

Gunny swears he would have been dead if it weren't for the chopper's gunner. As the copter struggled out of Con Thien—bullets shaking the tail and blowing holes in the belly—the man on the belt-fed M-60 fired with one hand and held on to Gunny with the other. Every time Musgrave started to fade out, the gunner gave him a hard shake and brought him back. Gunny was still breathing when they landed at Dong Ha.

The doctor there took one look and said, "There's nothing we can do for this kid. What's his religion?" Gunny whispered, "Methodist." The doctor cut a hole in his side, then inserted a tube into his chest to drain the hemorrhage. The orderly hooked blood up and called a chaplain. After the chaplain finished praying, the surgeon came back. He leaned down by Gunny's ear.

"We're going to take you to Phu Bai," he said. "They can do more for you there."

Phu Bai was just a short flight away and when Musgrave arrived, he was all set to call it quits. Fortunately, the Dong Ha doctors were right . . . the doctors at Phu Bai were able to do more for him. After eight days in intensive care he went home. John Musgrave wasn't the same as when he'd arrived in Vietnam, but at least he was alive. The machine-gun burst had shot away most of his chest muscles, two of his ribs were blown to splinters, and his left lung had been reduced to a thin, pink liquid that ran out of him through pipes into a jar kept beside his bed. A bullet was still lodged against

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

PET PLAY-OFF

EACH YEAR IT BECOMES OUR DELIGHTFUL DUTY TO SELECT THE ONE SPECIAL PET WHO PERSONIFIES ALL THOSE PRIME QUALITIES THAT GREAT MEN HAVE ALWAYS ATTRIBUTED TO GREATER WOMEN. THE PLAY-OFF, INCORPORATING THIS ANNUM'S QUARTET OF SEMI FINALISTS, WAS CREATED TO GIVE THE READER A LAST CHANCE TO NOMINATE HIS OWN CHOICE FOR THE RICHEST PRIZE IN BEAUTY. MISS AVRIL LUND *(PICTURED ABOVE)*, LAST YEAR'S PREEMINENT PET OF PETS, RECEIVED WELL OVER $40,000 WORTH OF CASH AND GIFTS WHEN A GRATEFUL READERSHIP VOTED HER INTO THE *PENTHOUSE* HALL OF FAME. THIS YEAR, AVRIL SURRENDERS HER CROWN TO ONE OF THE FULSOME FOURSOME DEPICTED OVERLEAF. YOU, THE READER, ARE INVITED TO PARTICIPATE ALONG WITH THE EDITORS OF *PENTHOUSE* BY MAILING THE NAME OF YOUR CANDIDATE TO OUR NEW YORK OR LONDON OFFICE AND MARKING THE ENVELOPE OR POSTCARD, *PET OF THE YEAR*. THE RESULTS OF THE PLAY-OFF, ALONG WITH AN ALL-NEW PICTORIAL REAPPRAISAL OF THE CHOSEN LADY, WILL APPEAR IN AN AUTUMN ISSUE.

FRANCIS CANNON
October 1973

Growing up in Yorkshire, twenty-year-old Francis was weaned on a heady mixture of strict British behavior and complete intellectual freedom—a blend that resulted in her confirmed credo, "the only permanent thing in life is change." For Francis the major change began at sixteen when she lost her virginity. Since then, she's established her independence—personally and financially—by modeling and acting, crafts in which her superb 38-23-35 configuration has brought more than a modicum of success. But she's in no rush. "Speed is *not* of the essence," says Francis. "If you accept that, you're going to discover exactly what's right for you." We leave the exact translation of that statement up to you.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

ANNEKA DE LORENZO
September 1973

Born and bred in St. Paul, Minnesota, Anneka left home at fifteen and headed for California with an older lover—into a brand-new scene where, she found, she could accomplish "anything I set my mind to." At twenty-two, she knows precisely where she's at, where she wants to go, and how to get there. And she doesn't rely on her cosmetic muscle—a solid 36-22-35½—to help her along the way. "But I hang on to my dreams and fantasies, especially in the realm of sex. Strong men—real men with masculine charisma, not boys with pretty faces—turn me on. I know that I can be dominated by men like that." George C. Scott, move over.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

DEBBIE GRIFFIN
November 1973

An amateur archaeologist whose own earthy contours follow a shapely 36-24-36 perimeter, Debbie's a digger who's followed the fossil trail all the way from her native California to the Yucatan Peninsula. She also digs men—with that special *savoir faire* born of travel and experience. At twenty-three, she knows what she likes. "The British are tactful, polished, and charming," she says, "but Latins are *lousy* lovers." And in America, she avers, the feast is in the East. Marriage? "Living together is fashionable these days, and I agree with that. I want to make pretty damn sure that I've got the right guy before I make any commitment. Meanwhile..."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

BARBIE LEWIS
July 1974

Sun, sand, earth, and water are the basic ingredients of life for twenty-four-year-old ex-schoolteacher Barbie, whose affair with water began as a child in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. A champion swimmer in school, she cherished hopes of making the U.S. Olympic team, but settled for a blue ribbon in making love in the water—"Now *that's* a fantastic experience." And for all the power packed into her 37-25-37 frame, she prefers the role of a romantic. "To me, the worst thing in life is letting sex become ordinary," says Barbie. "I dig guys who come up with something new—and then go just that extra length farther." Barbie, you may remember, was fired from her teaching job at a Greendale, Wisconsin, school as a direct result of her centerfold appearance. Now we know lots of guys who'd go to any length to get into the swim with her.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE BROOKS

FLUXONOMY: KEY TO WORLD SURVIVAL?

By Gerald Sussman

On the morning of July 20, 1972, Dr. Henry Barton, a senior research chemist of the Consolidated Viscose Corporation in Plainfield, New Jersey, arrived at his office at 6:00 A.M., two hours earlier than usual. He was disturbed about a formula for a new high-impact plastic destined for automobile dashboards that he had mixed the day before. It was based on a molecular equation he now realized was wrong. This mistake could lead to endless hours of wasted time for his assistants and he was anxious to correct it. But that morning, instead of liquid plastic in his beaker, he found a small object resembling a mandarin orange. Not only did it look like a mandarin orange, but it also smelled like a mandarin orange, and—at least according to Barton—it *tasted* like a mandarin orange. No one had touched his formula. It was not a practical joke. The liquid plastic had changed into a different entity.

In plastics research, chemical aberrations are common. Barton's associates often discover strange new materials with bizarre properties. Most of them are absolutely useless and become inside jokes in the chemist's fraternity. But Barton was fascinated by this mysterious mandarin orange. He related the incident to his friend, the noted microphysicist I. A. Muriaki of Columbia University; and Muriaki later mentioned it casually to Dr. Sandor Pirogy, a nuclear chemist from the University of Melbourne who was attending a conference with Muriaki in Nairobi, Kenya. By one of those telepathic coincidences that occur frequently in the scientific world, Pirogy was doing work in liquid plastics similar to Barton's and had made a similar accidental discovery. He immediately called Barton from Nairobi.

"The phone rang at three in the morning and I thought, 'It's either a wrong number or my mother is dying,' " said Barton. "But someone with a thick Hungarian accent—claiming to be from Melbourne, Australia, and calling from Africa—talked nonstop about how *he* had accidentally mixed the wrong formula for liquid plastic and came up with something remarkably like a baked Rome apple. He was trying to explain to me the cause for this radical transformation. You see, Pirogy had already worked out the basics of his fluxonomy theory and he was so excited to find confirmation of it that he wanted to discuss the entire theory over the telephone. I kept reminding him that his call was costing about fifty dollars a minute, but he kept babbling on."

Finally Barton got the essence of Pirogy's ideas and became just as excited—in his own quiet way. Pirogy contended that there are two completely different kinds of molecules in every element. There are normal molecular structures and also another type that is more difficult to find because its molecules do not belong *intrinsically* to an element but, rather, wander around the element in

The development of cars made of wool is now possible. The wool is refluxed from old 3-D movie glasses and has the wiry quality of Bulgarian suits.

random patterns. The Hungarian managed to isolate some of these molecules into their clusters, which he called GM (gypsy molecule) clusters. Pirogy discovered that when certain elements are combined and then subjected to intense bombardments of energy, the GM clusters break apart and re-form into different sets of molecules, resulting in a totally different entity. This process turned the liquid plastics Barton and Pirogy had mixed into mandarin oranges and baked apples.

Theoretically, every set of molecules can be rearranged. Pirogy called this process fluxonomy, the science of flux, of continuous flow and change. GM clusters are the agents of the change; Pirogy called their conversion into new molecular structures a reflux action. He also discovered that some elements have more active GM clusters than others and will reflux more easily—hence these elements with very active GM clusters are extremely conducive to fluxonomic change.

Pirogy and Barton had a chance to meet in the fall of 1972 when Pirogy became Visiting Professor of Nuclear Chemistry at Stanford University. With what he called his Hungarian peasant cunning, Pirogy wangled a six-week guest lectureship for Barton, and during this time the two compared notes and worked out a refined version of the fluxonomy theory.

"We were about as alike in our methods as that baked apple and that mandarin orange," Barton recalled. "When Sandor is involved in thinking out a theory he's like a sleepwalking bull in a china shop. He waves his arms a lot when he talks and knocks over chemical formulas that took weeks to develop. I only put up with it because he's a genius."

Together they made an ideal team. Barton was the brilliant, methodical scientist. He had the talent for collecting and evaluating data. Pirogy, on the other hand, was the theorist. He built the dazzling equations based on Barton's data. It wasn't long before their fluxonomy theory got its first practical application.

By 1973 the shortages of food, natural resources, and other essential materials grew to be a problem of worldwide proportions. The more enlightened leaders of business and industry realized that they had to look further than conventional scientific research if they were to develop new foods, resources, and materials—and maintain ecological probity. In the late spring of that year a gigantic company I shall call the Chemtron Corporation (they do not wish to be identified by their real name) decided to make a large investment in the new science of fluxonomy. They were so impressed with the potential of the Pirogy–Barton experiments that they built a huge laboratory and technical complex for the two scientists, designating the men project directors of their new fluxonomy division.

It was about a year after their appointments that I began to read a great deal about fluxonomy in the newspapers: scientists in the U.S.S.R., West Germany, France, Israel, Japan, and Canada were reported to be working on fluxonomy projects. Our government urged the Chemtron Corporation to organize an international fluxonomic conference—both as a shrewd public relations move and a genuine effort to pool fluxonomic knowledge. The FRED Talks (Fluxonomic Research and Educational Development) which took place in November 1974, in The Hague, resulted in the formation of an international organization dedicated to fluxonomy. The organization would compare research, coordinate fluxonomic programs, and distribute new fluxonomic products to needy people everywhere.

With some of the secrecy removed, I discovered that I had some friends who had worked with Pirogy and Barton at Stanford and now were working with them at Chemtron. I used my influence to get me an introduction to the two scientists, and they agreed to show me some of their experiments at Chemtron's well-hidden laboratories in the mountains near Idalia, Colorado.

My first day at Chemtron was occupied with the customarily elaborate security procedures—interviews, fingerprinting, interrogation, mysterious injections, branding of my wrist with an ID number (temporary), and a complete physical given to me by a Filipino and a computer. The next morning I was invited to see one of Pirogy's and Barton's most important experiments, the refluxing of synthetic fabrics into meat.

"Synthetic materials have a larger concentration of GM clusters than natural materials," said Pirogy, as he led me through a storehouse that must have contained every polyester fabric ever made.

"We know we get a very active mix with synthetics," he said. "They give off 'good vibes,' as the kids would say. In this experiment, our Dacron, Orlon, Trevira, or Fortrel is converted into liquid form and mixed with various chemicals, stabilizers, dyes, and bulking materials. The most important step, however, is finding a catalyst to cause the chemical reaction that will create a product out of the fabrics that looks, feels, and tastes like meat."

Pirogy ran his fingers through a small mound of black powder.

"This could be the new black gold, even more valuable than oil," he said. "This is the catalyst that changes the liquid fabric into meat. You'll never guess what it is."

"All I can tell is that it's black powder. I give up," I said.

"An old Jerry Vale record," said Pirogy.

"You mean old Jerry Vale records make meat?"

"No, no—not just Jerry Vale. It could be any popular record. We discovered that if popular records are crushed into powder and combined with our liquid synthetics, they somehow do the trick. Records have the right GM clusters to change everything around.

"It's difficult for the layman to grasp all the physical and chemical actions that take place, but essentially, this is what happens: We combine the correct amounts of liquid Dacron with the correct amounts of crushed vinyl—the Jerry Vale record for example—add our other chemicals, and colors and such, and run a very high electrical current through the formula. The electrical charge activates the GM clusters—the random, wandering molecules in the Dacron and the Vale record. The clusters combine and form an entirely new molecular structure. In this case it's a solid, and the solid is meat."

One of the most remarkable discoveries the two scientists have made is that specific crushed records mixed with specific liquid fabrics always produce a specific meat. Some singers and groups combined with Arnel produce spareribs, others mixed with Trevira emerge as london broil—and so on. According to Pirogy, vibrations buried in the crushed record vinyl, which are activated by the electrical charge, determine the type of meat that is produced.

> A powdered Aretha Franklin disc mixed with liquid Qiana could be our next sirloin steak.

A battery of computers is programmed to give them every possible combination of pop records and synthetic fabrics available. "It could take ten years or ten minutes," said Pirogy. "You can never tell when we'll strike. A hunk of powdered Aretha Franklin mixed with liquid Qiana could be our next sirloin steak."

I walked through enormous rooms that looked like updated versions of Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory, whose white-coated technicians were mixing strange-colored liquids and sending electrical currents through them. This was where the miniformulas were mixed and developed. If the results looked promising, the formulas would be sent to the big mixing stations out in the Colorado desert, where fluxonomic products were mass-produced.

"We're still trying to find the right combination for a good hamburger," said Barton. "We've tried hundreds of combinations—Lawrence Welk with Kodel, Led Zeppelin with Trevira, McCartney with Orlon. We've had multiple combinations. No luck . . . so far. As a matter of fact, you're just in time to try our newest effort."

We were presented with three hamburgers, done to our specifications. Mine was medium rare—charred on the outside and pink on the inside. It looked delicious. I tried a small piece.

"It has a butterscotch taste," I said, as I chewed slowly. "Now I'm getting something else, like Greek olives. But I'm not tasting hamburger. Also, it's awfully cold for a freshly cooked hamburger."

"We do have temperature problems with our food," said Barton. "For some reason all our hamburgers come out ready to eat, but cold. Their new molecular structures can't withstand high temperatures, so we can't warm them up."

The hamburger certainly looked good. I tried another piece. It still didn't taste like beef. I was getting something like pork.

"If it tastes like anything, it tastes like pork . . . with a kind of sweet aftertaste," I said.

They shook their heads sadly. "You're eating a combination of Johnny Cash and Arnel," said Barton. "I don't know why we keep trying Johnny Cash for hamburger. He always turns porky."

"The extra sweetness comes from an antidote we have to put in all our foods to counteract any toxins that might show up," said Pirogy.

"So far, most of our meats have tasted like pork," said Barton. "We made a great Italian pork sausage last week, and you'll never guess who's in it. You'd think it would be someone like Sinatra, Dean Martin, Louis Prima, right? We played a hunch and scored on the first try with Barbra Streisand. She makes a terrific sausage—hot or sweet."

I sampled some of the other meats. The Italian sausage wasn't bad, but I had to spit out a lot of little pits, which may have been vinyl particles that didn't mix properly. There was a pork chop that was actually vibrating and emitting low hum. Barton slapped the chop smartly and it stopped making noise. It tasted quite pleasant, no worse than airline meat. A club steak they produced tasted like a popsicle stick—they were definitely having hard luck with beef.

One of the more ambitious projects at the Chemtron Corporation is the development of cars made of wool. The wool is refluxed from 3-D movie glasses and concrete, and has a tough, wiry quality similar to the fabric still used for suits and coats in Russia and Bulgaria.

My hosts led me to the automobile testing grounds where the cars were undergoing safety tests. A manikin was placed in the

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"I want romantic love, complete
with candlight, flowers, soft music
and all the so-called passé
things that love used to mean."

WENDY

"Too many people feel they are wasting their time if they don't make it the first night. No wonder they're bored. They don't give things a chance to grow."

MATINÉE IDYLL

Native New Englanders are famed for their peculiar Yankee shrewdness and a forthright, no-nonsense outlook on life—and twenty-one-year-old Wendy Blodgett is no exception. Those harsh Vermont winters seem to have combined with an indomitable Aries character to produce a young women of singular determination and ambition. Wendy's entire life is based on a single desire: to become a successful actress—and she will let nothing and no one stand in the way of her objective.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

In a very real sense, she's been a trouper since early childhood. Her father was a civil engineer, a profession that demanded continual traveling from project to project, and Wendy remembers her youth as a checkerboard succession of tank towns and boarding schools. In those days, she spent endless hours fantasizing about becoming a celebrated actress with pink-painted cheeks and long encrusted eyelashes—dreams that spilled over into her habit of writing and acting out little plays for other neighborhood children. From the very beginning, Wendy recalls, her life was a kind of continuous road show. She remembers bursting into song and dance whenever the action of one of her plays dragged and admits that nothing offstage has given her deeper satisfaction—at least not in the professional sense.

But at twenty-one she's discovering that it's one thing to ad-lib and quite another to merchandise that God-given talent. "I'm only just beginning to find out how much inner drive, discipline, and will power you need to bring your interests and ability to

fruition," she says. "You really must have definite ideas on where you're going and how you're going to get there—putting all of your energy into constructive action and not letting *anything* stand in the way. That's no easy feat for a newcomer in a tough, competitive business."

There are only two things that might come close to distracting Wendy from her otherwise single-minded involvement with acting. The first is sex; the second is health—and she has a tendency to combine both into a single function. "As an actress," she explains, "my body is my instrument, so naturally I want to keep it in the best possible working order. Eating natural food, exercising, getting out into the fresh air and sunshine are only a part of the process. Lovemaking is just as important. Part of being healthy is having a good sex life, isn't it?"

Indeed it is, and Wendy considers herself a thoroughly sexual creature, with no lack of creativity in that department. In fact, she attributes much of her con-

siderable energy for work to her erotic interests. But when it comes to the question of making a choice between a man and her career at this stage in her life, Wendy doesn't hesitate for an instant. "I couldn't have anything to do with a man—I mean, other than a brief affair—if he didn't realize that he'd have to take second place to my work. So long as my career needs my full attention, I just can't divide my energy between them. But I'd certainly live with a man...or marry him...if he could really understand how deep-seated my aspirations are—a man who would help me build stature as both an actress and a woman."

Blunt? Down-to-earth? Certainly, but Wendy often voices what others only think. She's equally frank about nudity. "The main purpose of clothing," she says, "is to make us forget our sexual parts. But it actually does the exact opposite. A scrap of clothing intended to cover an intimate part of the body immediately becomes an eye-catcher. That's good theater. After all, wearing costumes—or almost wearing them—is one of the prime tools of acting. If legislated modesty serves no other purpose, it does make us acutely aware of ourselves—which, of course, is completely contrary to what it's intended to do."

And while she espouses contemporary attitudes about much of what makes up modern living, she holds a little something in reserve when it comes to her personal relationships. "I like the kind of sex that's involved with love and commitment and romance. One of the troubles with the world is that there is no time for these things, no time for leisurely relationships or elaborate courtships any more. Too many people feel they are wasting their time if they don't make it the first night. No wonder they're bored! They don't give things a chance to grow.

"When you get right down to it, I want romantic love, complete with candlelight, flowers, soft music, and all the so-called passé things that love used to mean. I want tenderness and respect from my lover, not just a casual good-bye."

When you get right down to it, Wendy, we'd be glad to provide all the romance you need, complete with candlelight, flowers, and soft music.

MISS WENDY BLODGETT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

FLUXONOMY:

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driver's seat of a woolen car and strapped into a seat belt. The car was then sent crashing into a steel fence. At ten miles per hour, the car was scratched and the passenger was unharmed. At twenty miles per hour the front end was wrinkled and the passenger received the equivalent of minor injuries. At forty miles per hour the car's front end was flattened and the passenger was knocked unconscious. But since the car had no glass or metal parts the manikin's injury equivalency was still quite low.

"Two wool cars hitting each other at high speeds will result in some injury to the passengers," said Pirogy, "but it will be like two football players hitting each other—most of the time they'll just get the wind knocked out of them. In a few minutes they'll be fine. Actually, wearing football uniforms and padding while driving our wool cars is not a bad idea. It would reduce injuries even more. There is no doubt in my mind that wool cars will be the safest on the road. And if they get wrinkled or dirty, just send them to the dry cleaner and they will come out as good as new."

Despite all the shortages we have in this country, we somehow manage to create a tremendous surplus of many other materials. The two scientists were greatly concerned about the shocking excess of hamburger and hot dog buns.

"We produce more hamburger buns in one day than Detroit produces cars in an entire year," said Barton. "By the end of a production year we have enough extra buns to fill every football field in America and have plenty left over for Australia and New Zealand."

"Most of our extra buns are destroyed, instead of being refluxed into a useful product," said Pirogy. "Henry and I are determined to develop these excess buns into something the world needs desperately —thermometers."

"What kind of thermometers do you mean?" I asked.

"Oral thermometers. There's a terrible shortage of these thermometers all over the world. Do you know that millions of poor people, especially children, live with a fever for days, weeks—and don't know it? They have no way of taking their temperatures. And when they finally sense something is wrong, it's usually too late. They get weak, contract a disease, and die. All because they lacked a simple tool that could have warned them of danger."

Pirogy has been criticized for putting all his fluxonomic eggs in one basket; trying to get thermometers solely out of hamburger and hot dog buns, rather than testing other materials as well. While everyone agrees that it's a fine and noble idea to reflux surplus buns, the project has become increasingly costly and time-consuming. So far the buns have not produced the right formula to become thermometers. His critics feel that Pirogy is so affected by the moral outrage of bun waste that he's blinded himself to the idea of using other more promising fluxonomic materials.

When I brought this up he answered with a shrug and the look of a man who knows he is right and will someday be vindicated. He shares the anxiety and concern of those who want to get fever thermometers to as many people as possible in the shortest time. But he stubbornly refuses to sacrifice his vision of accomplishing it through the refluxing of the hated buns.

One of the great rewards of fluxonomic research is that any formula has the potential to become an entirely new molecular structure. You never know when a routine experiment might produce an important product. One such pleasant surprise was Pirogy's and Barton's tote bag experiment.

"Although it's not as bad as the excess hamburger buns situation, there is a tremendous surplus of tote bags in this country," said Barton. "Every person I know has at least five or six tote bags, when one or two is all anyone really needs. I was curious to see what I would get if I broke down the GM clusters of a tote bag, added Twinkie filling as the catalyst, and bombarded the whole thing with radio waves. In exactly twenty minutes that formula turned into a beautiful white wicker chair. You could have knocked me over with a feather. It couldn't have worked better if I had planned it. Here we are, stuck with all those tote bags, flight bags, shopping bags. We have all these bags we don't need plus zillions of tons of Twinkie filling—and hardly any white wicker furniture at all.

> "There was no doubt that fluxonomy would revitalize the world economy."

"I think white wicker furniture is one of the things this country needs right now. It stands for something. To me it represents a way of life that's almost gone. White wicker chairs on the front porch—remember? Warm summer evenings . . . sipping lemonade with your girl and listening to the radio . . . sitting on one of those pretty, but sturdy, wicker chairs. It was an honest piece of furniture and I guess it reminds me of the old-fashioned values—honesty, friendship, simple ways to have fun. Maybe we can bring back some of those values with the wicker furniture we're refluxing. God knows we could use them."

In another factorylike room—a labyrinth of pipes and heating devices—I saw yards and yards of electrical extension cord being fed into strange machines. Evidently, the complex molecular structure of the cord was changed here because at the other end of the assembly line was row after row of lobster forks.

Pirogy explained that the energy crisis had created a tremendous surplus of extension cords. People weren't using as much electricity these days, so they weren't buying many cords. He and Barton had discovered that extension cords mixed with Super-8 color film produced perfect lobster forks. According to Pirogy, lobster forks are in very short supply. "They'll come in handy, especially since we're now refluxing a nice little lobster out of used light bulbs and TV antennas," he said.

This project was modest compared to what I'd seen all day. But I thought for a moment—if you added up all these modest fluxonomic projects the amount of productive, meaningful work involved would be tremendous—a whole new system of production would be developed. The refluxing of extension cords into lobster forks was a perfect example of how one modest project would soon result in thousands of others. The surplus extension cords helped create the lobster forks. The lobster forks created a need for lobsters, which in turn were created from other surplus materials. The chain reaction becomes larger and larger. Eventually every material would be refluxed into something equally important and every business and industry would be working at peak efficiency.

There would be full employment, an unimpeded process of supply and demand, and no shortages. There was no doubt in my mind that fluxonomy would someday revitalize the world economy, making it healthy, dynamic, and free.

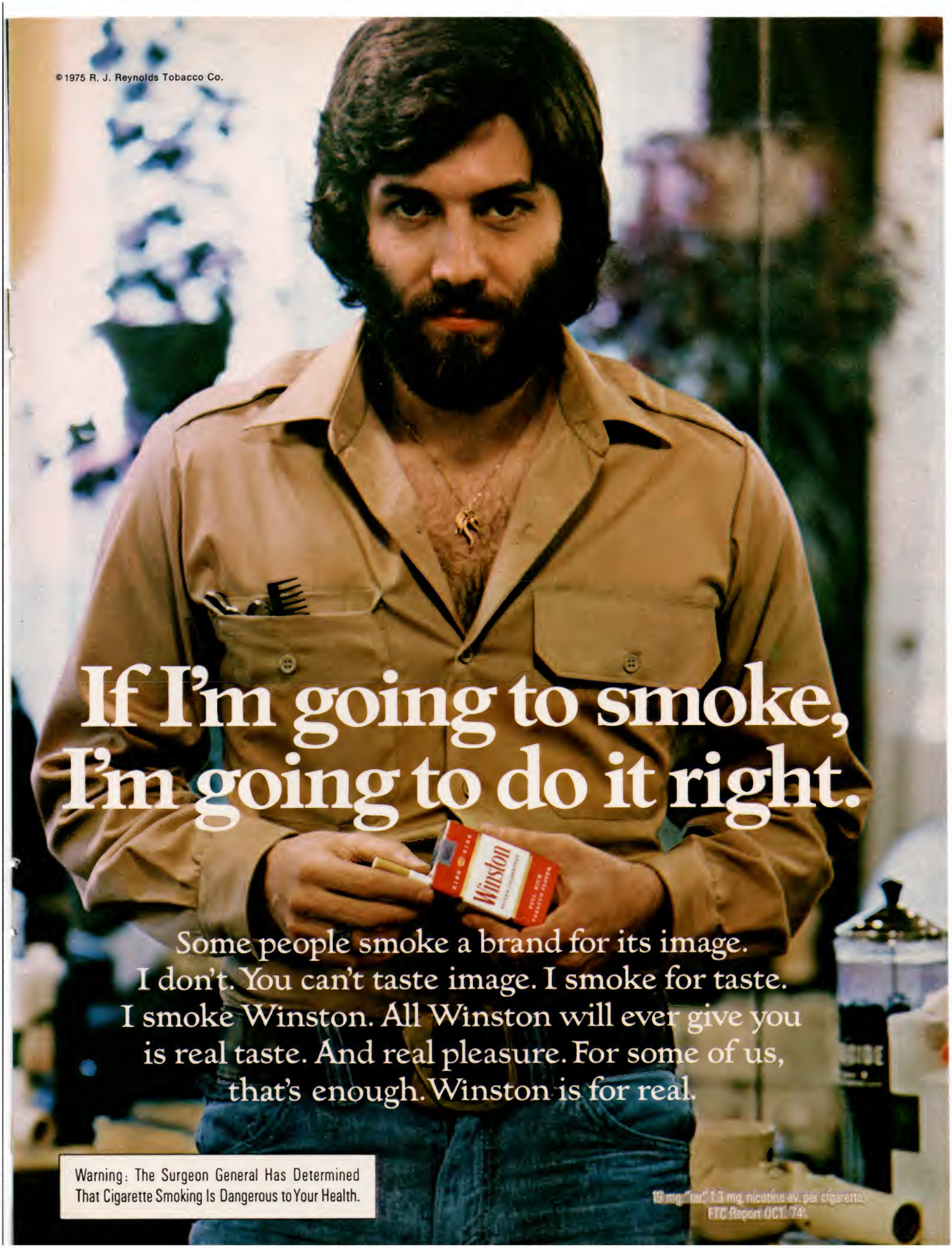
My reverie was interrupted when Pirogy and Barton asked me to taste their lobster. For a moment I thought of all the foods I tasted that day—the vanilla-fudge ice cream refluxed from orthopedic shoes that tasted like scallions; the baked potato that came from typewriter ribbons and tasted like envelope glue. I had been overly critical of small, unimportant things like taste and texture. And I was missing the most important point of all about their project. These guys could be the key to world survival for God's sake!

"How's the lobster?" asked Pirogy.

"It's not bad," I said.

"The truth now—do you really like it?" asked Barton.

"It's absolutely the greatest lobster I've ever tasted," I said.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19 mg "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

WAYLON JENNINGS

By Terry Guerin

The average country-and-western act books between two and three hundred dates a year, usually one- or two-nighters, often fifty to a hundred miles apart. An act may travel 250,000 miles a year to bring their music to Van Leer, Kentucky; Berkeley Springs, West Virginia; Pahokie, Florida; and hundreds of other wide spots in the road where everyday dudes and gals enjoy live C & W within the limits of Christian propriety, and buy it on records like it was the way to salvation. The vehicle that made this ever-proliferating musical commerce possible is the intercity bus, gutted and restored for performers to live in.

The great aluminum intercity bus is a highly efficient species, and it's bred for safety. The most recent period for which data are available (1971–73) saw a total of 24 fatalities resulting from accidents involving intercity carriers, as compared with 105,800 for automobile travelers, 35 for railroad passengers, and 316 for travelers on domestic scheduled airlines. The standard GM diesel used in most American buses emits far fewer air pollutants than does the automobile engine. And, perhaps most importantly, bus travel between cities is cheaper than any other mode of transportation except walking.

There are an estimated 150 forty-foot intercity carriers operating out of Nashville; they have been customized at costs ranging from $80,000 to over $150,000. Though they vary in workmanship, color combinations, and extras, all are decorated inside with Naugahyde, Formica, deep-pile nylon shag, and cut crushed velvet. The top big-bus customizer in Nashville is Milo Liggett, a friendly, towheaded thirty-five-year-old south Texan. Eight years ago, ex-sideman Liggett constructed his first interior for his then employer and companion, Sonny James.

"Back then," Milo recalls, "we didn't do much but put bunks in for the guys and make sure there was a table to play cards. The boys are making a little more money these days and have bigger ideas." He pauses, then says shyly, "Hell, I'd put in the Carson City Golden Nugget, with French bidets and Spanish arches, if they got the money and I got the green light."

A few years ago, Tammy Wynette and George Jones, a married couple with an eight-thousand-dollar-a-night country act, pulled into Milo Liggett's Loch Raven Interiors and ordered a Spanish motif for their Belgian-made Silver Eagle bus. Several months later, Raven delivered a Liggett showpiece with foam-padded-velvet interior walls; two arched doorways; wrought-iron rails; an overstuffed red-velvet vibrating chair; a rear stateroom with full-length mirrors; and a Spanish coat of arms mounted on a bulkhead faced with patchwork lambskin. The Joneses tossed their Stetsons in the air for joy, and Milo Liggett became a bus-world celebrity.

But recently—although he has two thirds of the fanciest numbers in town to his credit—Liggett looked with some longing at Waylon Jennings's customized six-wheeler. "Wish I'd done that," he said softly. "That one and Jeannie C. Riley's. Jeannie C's was built by Gerald Howell, here in the city. It's the softest. Got two baths; it's all lime, rust, mediterranean blue, and champagne. It's got eight full-length closets, about four thousand feet of wiring, and a shower. It's as pretty as a little girl's bedroom, real bright." He turned to the Jennings bus: "Better go see that one."

Waylon "God Damn" Jennings boards the massive forty-foot Silver Eagle idling in the gravel driveway of his graceful wood-and-glass house in the dressed-up Nashville suburb of Old Hickory. It is ten o'clock on a Saturday evening in early April. Cicadas in the trees next door give out a steady drone that competes with the exhaust noise of the strapping class-A carrier. Light from a single bulb over the front door of the house is reflected from the coach's stainless-steel bumpers and painted breastwell. The Telecaster cowboy, Mr. Jennings himself, is wearing a tie-dyed, pale-citron Western jacket and pants suit that he pulled from a rack the last time he

Illustration by David Wilcox. Letterforms by Gerard Huerta

More luxurious than jets, 150 class-A diesel buses carry the stars of country music out of Nashville in quadraphonic style.

hit downtown Vegas. He carries on half a yard of shirts, coats, and pants and then disappears through the hardwood-paneled door marked *Private* that separates the galley from the aft two-thirds of the bus. Waylon's '53 Fender Telecaster electric guitar is loaded in the underfloor baggage compartment with the rest of the band's instruments, amps, docking cords, tuners, connectors, and monitors. The Greek driver, Chuck Maniates, closes and latches the access doors and this bus is ready to boogie down.

The Waylon Jennings road band is supposed to do two shows the following night in downtown Minneapolis—900 miles away. The schedule, allowing time for any minor mishap, will get the group into the downtown Holiday Inn hours before it has to think about setting up.

Cradled in the lap of luxury, the group breaks into various modes of distraction the moment the bus hits the road. Drummer Ritchie Albright, after ten years the longest-term Waylor of anybody, and a winsome roadie named Three Dollar open a game of spades and a case of Strohl's at a collapsible table between two high-backed booth seats in the galley. The eight-by-twelve galley is the first room behind the driver's cabin. It contains a mounted color television set and eight thousand dollars' worth of stereo equipment. There is also an eating area with a small refrigerator, table space for four and seating space for twelve, and a private waiting room to use before shows when outside facilities aren't available.

The bus turns on to the Interstate heading north from Nashville. Spread around the lounge, separated from the driver by two banks of cardinal crushed-velvet curtains, are four musicians, one roadie, one disc jockey/raconteur, and one interloper. The soft partition shields the driver from reflected windshield glare and walls off sight lines from the lounge to out there.

Waylon has had too much out-there. Complaining of an earache and bronchial congestion, he reappears in the lounge and huddles with road manager Johnna Yurcik on the bolted-down five-foot divan covered in white, gold, and black plaid cut velvet. Talk is of humidifiers. It will be forty-eight hours, a half carton of Marlboro Lights, and two live performances later before the bus will stop between Minneapolis and Cleveland to bring on a humidifier and a tub of Vicks Vaporub. The star of this progressive country show has a delightfully short attention span when it comes to himself.

The high-backed, double-width booth seats dominate this forward room. The four booths are of uniform construction and design, seamless and sectionless. Frames are of oak plywood with solid braces inside. The sides and tops of the booths are covered with a heavy-grade, Formica-like black surfacing called Shellrock, with a hard, durable veneer. The rest is Uniroyal's "English Pub" ebony Naugahyde. Touted as looking like candlelit leather, it is a vinyl-coated fabric that can be made to look like anything—wood, wool, silk brocade, or a batik cotton print. The Naugahyde seat backs are button-tufted and piped in gold velvet. Because of these ersatz country-Spanish pieces, the galley is ink-dark and cement-heavy. It is a fine room for an outlaw band from the experiential badlands.

Ralph Mooney, a middle-aged, globular, bloodshot, pedal-steel player who they say backed Merle Haggard and, before him, Buck Owens with the best steel sounds ever heard, sits wedded to the April issue of *True Detective* under the beam of a reading light mounted overhead on a foot-wide valance covered in gold cut velvet. He is benign in thick horn-rimmed reading glasses; his shoes are off. Across from him in the forward curb-side booth, bass player Duke Goff, in a hyacinth Joe Cocker T-shirt and UFO belled jeans, sips beer and chatters with rhythm guitarist Larry about the methodology of oral sex with diesel sniffers (C & W groupies), the fine head achieved from a case of beer, and the new harp player from Austin, Roger Crabtree. Crabtree is sleeping in one of seven six-foot-three-inch bunk beds in the dormitory and dressing room behind the lounge. Duke is a hippified half-Cherokee, with ruddy-clay skin and long, black, brittle-looking hair.

Waylon Arnold Jennings, thirty-five, born in the west Texas cottonpatch of Littlefield, relaxes in his paneled suite in the rear of the bus. It is 3 A.M. The rest of the band is either cutting figures out in the lounge or asleep in their bunks; Waylon grips a cigarette in his teeth behind the closed doors of his private room.

"Ten years ago, we started off with a Cadillac, a station wagon, and a trailer," he says. "Traveled that way for quite a while. I bought a bus, I dunno what it was, an overhauled thing, y'know, with gasoline motors, not supposed to be run on the road, for weekends basically. That wore out and I got a Cad limousine and station wagon, and then I had this horse trailer that was cut down, lowered, y'know? Ran that way for quite a while, then I got a camper. Then, after that, we got an old Bluebird. We painted it black, black bumpers, blackwalls; collected a lot of heat, y'know? I didn't care, I didn't expect to have it as long as I did. I had it for four or five years. We called it Black Maria. But it was a gasoline-motor thing and we threw about six motors in it. We put about seven hundred thousand miles on the thing. . . . Nope, hold it, back up, more'n that, over a million easy. We do about two hundred fifty thousand a year. We take depreciation on these things. Like on this new one, we can depreciate it all away in about five years. Total nut on this here thing is about a hundred and thirty thousand dollars."

Waylon Jennings's twisted hill-country-cowboy persona was the axis of a fine film called *Payday* that came and went three years ago. Rip Torn played a cranked-up, flipped-out cowboy singer on the back roads of success, speedballing it towards Asylum Avenue.

"Lot of the things that was done in that movie was me, like shooting guns out of the backseats of cars, which was pretty dumb. Y'know, *squirrelly*, I guess you'd call it. You lose perspective with all the miles, can't see it'd hurt shooting at the side of the road. Wouldn't do it normally. Y'know, we drove that limousine a few miles . . . real squirrelly we was back then. I don't know how many miles we put on it. Looked brand-new when I finally sold it, but seemed like when you pulled it in off the road, right there at the last, it just kind of leaned over on its side and started panting."

Ditto Mr. Jennings. Manager Johnna Yurcik claims, "Waylon is Waylon come mud, blood, shit, or flood"; but there was a time, coming off the road two years ago after being thrown out of Canada for Albright's fistwork and his own nasty characterization of the Queen, when Waylon decided he had had it. Seven years on the road; eleven top-ten C & W albums, four of them on the charts at the same time; attendance records all over the Southwest—and yet the bottom line showed that one of the hardest-working, best-loved singers in all the world was $250,000 in debt. "That's two hundred fifty *thousand*," puts in Waylon.

Neil Reshen, his New York manager, whose other clients include Miles Davis and Willie Nelson, knows a thing or two about self-imploded artistic careers. "The debt was more like four hundred thousand," says Neil. "Everybody had a piece of him eighteen different ways. There were states he couldn't go into—alimony suits by three ex-wives saw to that. He owed one agent fifty grand. He owed another forty-five to RCA—the label he'd been enriching for seven years. He was playing three hundred dates a year, a thousand a pop, and coming off the road further in debt."

So how did this leather-and-sex, part-Comanche singing hero get to thinking about bankrolling a $130,000 Belgian-made, centrally heated and air-conditioned customized intercity bus?

"We turned it around," says manager Neil. "We upgraded his bookings so that now he's getting at least twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars a night. We renegotiated his contract with RCA. We settled his alimony suits. And then we needed this bus. There weren't many banks around that wanted to help. In fact, there were none. We looked around. Meanwhile, we get this call one morning from Jackson, Mississippi, saying, 'Your bird's on the water.' See, we had gone ahead and ordered a Silver Eagle and here it was getting off a boat in Jackson, without tires. So my assistant went down and bought seven old bus tires and hired a driver to take the thing to Eagle Bus Sales in Dallas.

"Now we really needed a bank. Well, we found this bank president in Norwalk, Ohio, who thinks Waylon Jennings is the greatest thing to come down the pike, has all his records, and would be *honored* to put up the fifty grand. Jack, the bank man, sent a draft for fifty thousand to Eagle Bus Sales in Dallas. Waylon flew to Ohio to sign the papers

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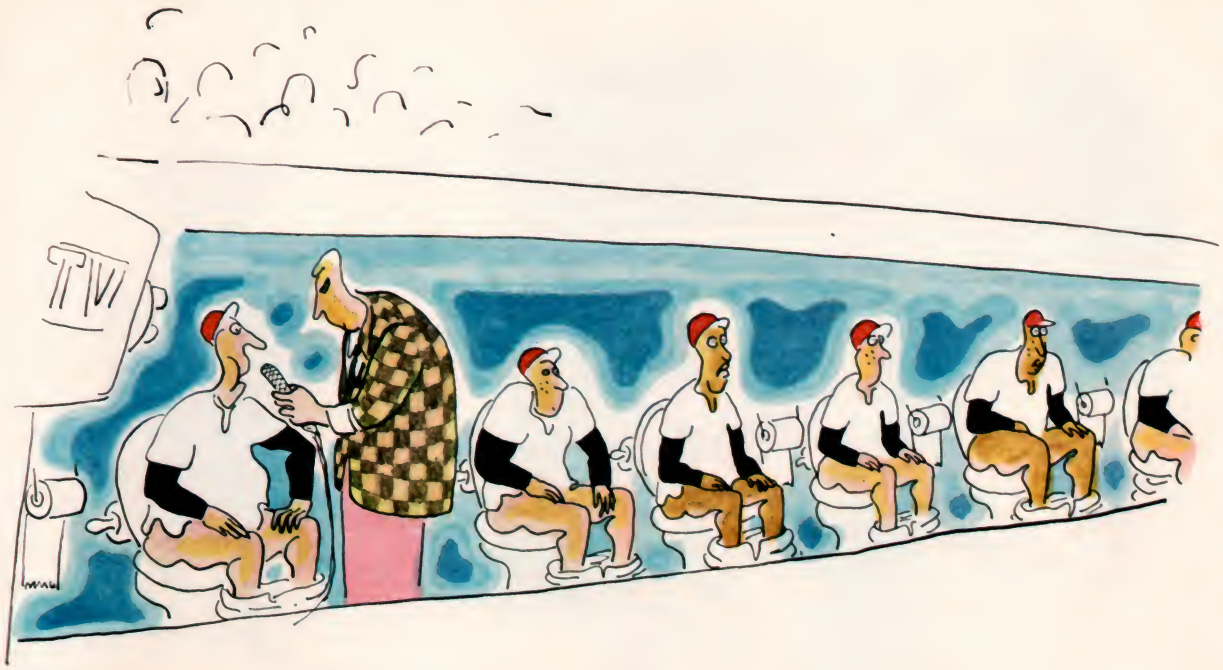
THE ODD BALL GAME

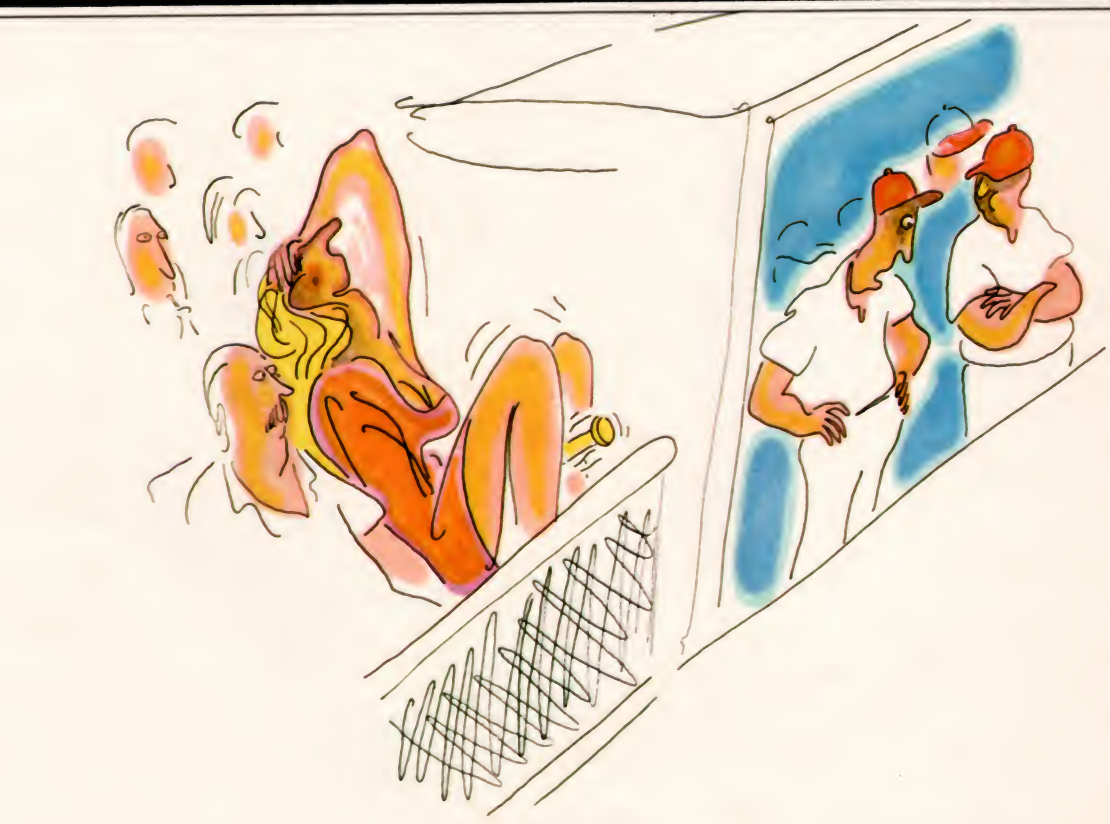
BY BILL LEE

There are several ways of looking at a ball game—through a glass (darkly), from the bleachers (brightly), through a tube (tightly), or in this case, through the savage eyes (impolitely) of cartoonist Bill Lee. And just to shake up those cynics who claim the ol' diamond is losing its luster, Lee reveals a few X-rated facets that the spectator very rarely sees. Ball, after all, is the name of the game.



"Yes, Howard, we are a young team and as you can see, we're just a little bit nervous about these playoff games."

"I don't like the looks of that new bat boy."



"Hey, somebody stole my bat."

JOHN SCHLESINGER

A candid conversation
with the director of *Day of the Locust*
and *Midnight Cowboy*.

John Schlesinger is a forty-nine-year-old, balding, sharp-eyed film director, who made stars of Julie Christie and Jon Voight, who won an Oscar for *Midnight Cowboy* and who has now completed his most challenging film, *The Day of the Locust* (produced by Paramount in conjunction with *Penthouse*). It's based on Nathanael West's much admired novel about Hollywood in the 1930's and stars Donald Sutherland and Karen Black.

Schlesinger (pronounced with a hard "g") doesn't make safe movies—he makes films about life as it is, and consequently his people are as mixed up as the rest of us. A boy may love a woman *and* a man (*Sunday, Bloody Sunday*); a boy may make love to a girl and get paid for it (*Midnight Cowboy*); or a girl may get everything she ever wanted and regret it (*Darling*).

Schlesinger's career has been full of both highs and lows. In 1963 he attracted attention with *Billy Liar*, which made a star of Julie Christie, and he used her again in *Darling* for which she won an Academy Award. In 1965 he made *Far from the Madding Crowd*, again with Julie and no less than *three* leading men—Terence Stamp, Peter Finch, and Alan Bates. "That one taught me to stay away from classics," Schlesinger says, "at least from nineteenth-century classics."

In 1969 he made his first picture in America, *Midnight Cowboy*. It won three Oscars—for best director, best screenplay, and best picture. He then returned to England to make *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* with Glenda Jackson and Peter Finch. It was a tremendous critical success but the crowds stayed away. And now Schlesinger is back in America with *Locust*. More precisely he is back in Los Angeles, a city whose crazy quilt of wildly colored lifestyles had fascinated him when he first saw it in 1967. When he later read *The Day of the Locust*, he knew that Nathanael West was describing just what he himself had originally felt about the place.

Locust is a lovely layer cake with a poisonous center. It is a wild mélange of aspiring starlets sucking sodas in Schwab's Drugstore; of derelicts who used to be movie extras and who have never quite given up the dream that someday they'll make it big; and of glittering, beautiful people who attend opulent premieres where ragged crowds of hungry Depression victims gather to cheer and adore them. This whole unreal world—as Schlesinger translates it into film—collapses and consumes itself in a movie within a movie where all realities become blurred.

John Schlesinger grew up in England at Hampstead. As a boy he was a good magician and enjoyed theatricals, but he thought that he most wanted to be an architect. He served in the British army, first as a draftsman and later as a magician in an entertainment unit.

After the war he attended Oxford, was active in dramatics, and toured America with an experimental theater group. An interest in photography led him into BBC documentaries and a Golden Lion award at the 1961 Venice Film Festival, which in turn gave him the opportunity to direct *A Kind of Loving*, the first of his seven pictures.

Schlesinger does considerable stage directing for the Royal Shakespeare Company in London and in Stratford, and he is also an associate director of the British National Theatre. His one excursion into musical theater was a 1973 London show about Queen Victoria called *I and Albert*.

Schlesinger is an unassuming man. He avoids Hollywood parties and doesn't believe it pays to make those "easy" contacts while half-drunk. When he does attend a social gathering, he is affable and observant, drinking very little and smoking not at all. He's a bachelor and apparently enjoys it.

This exclusive *Penthouse* interview was conducted in Hollywood by Ken Kelley.

Penthouse: How did you become a film director?

Schlesinger: Ever since I was a child I've been interested in the theater. Probably more than in movies. I was interested in putting on shows at home—getting out the dust sheets, rigging them up as curtains, and putting on homemade plays with my brother and sisters. Every family occasion was celebrated with a kind of "family show." Later, when I went into the army, I got into an entertainment unit as a magician and played in sketches and things like that. From there I went to Oxford and got interested in acting. I never really thought seriously about directing in the theater. I wanted to direct film first.

Penthouse: When did you start making films and where did you get the money?

Schlesinger: Back in about 1948 I made a couple of amateur 16mm films. We just sort of begged, borrowed, and . . . well, not *quite* stole. But we got it. My family is middle class and fairly comfortably off, and my grandmother had money. She was a great encouragement to me. I used to go and say, "Hey! listen, I want some film stock," and I would get it. I just bought the raw stock and I already had a camera. I persuaded a local wood mill to build the sets for nothing. We got costumes from some terrible tacky rental place for very little money, and people slept on the floor and borrowed caravans. Some farmer lent us a jeep and we got black-market petrol.

The film was called *Black Legend*. It's about a seventeenth-century murder and a hanging. It was enormous fun. It was just all innocence-at-large. We couldn't afford a sound track, so we had a couple of discs—a couple of record players and synchronized music and a little bit of commentary and very few effects.

Then I left the University and became a character actor. But I also worked as a director. I made a small documentary film about Hyde Park, called *Sunday in the Park*. The BBC used it. Then I started doing things for a magazine-type TV program that had interviews and little films and things. And so it went.

Penthouse: Of all the movies you've directed, has *Day of the Locust* been the most difficult?

Schlesinger: Every movie always seems the most difficult while you're doing it. I suppose the problem with *Locust* is that it's a classic piece of writing. It's about Hollywood—and yet not *just* about Hollywood. It has wonderful character observation and character writing. But one of our problems was to try and give it some kind of dramatic shape—though I'm not really very interested in plots, per se. I don't think plots in films are really necessary, though obviously plots can help an audience.

Penthouse: Alfred Hitchcock once said that the best movies are made from second-rate novels because they give the director a chance to add his own creative input.

Schlesinger: But you also have less to live up to. I'm conscious that in *Day of the Locust* I've got a classic—some people don't regard it as a *major* classic, but certainly a classic—to live up to. We're going to be judged on that.

Penthouse: How long did you spend shooting *Locust*?

Schlesinger: It took us about twenty-one weeks to shoot, which is long. It was logistically tough—there were some very big sequences. And we also had some accidents; people got ill, and we were laid off for days at a time.

Penthouse: Didn't some people die during the shooting?

Schlesinger: We had three people die. Betty Field died just before she was to come out here. And then Paul Hartman died after the first day's rehearsal. It was tragic, because he'd done all the makeup tests and we'd spent a long time deciding on him. He was so thrilled at playing the old comedian, who dies in the picture. Hartman's death was a terrible blow to us because the first week's rehearsal, which should have been exciting and creative, was largely spent in trying to recast his part. Our set dresser died, too, but we had known that he was very sick.

Penthouse: How big a role did you play in the casting?

Schlesinger: The job of a director—at least in my terms—is to be concerned with everything from the very start to the final projection of the film. And fortunately with *Day of the Locust*, I worked with a very good partner, my friend and creative producer Jerry Hellman. He really associated himself with the project—not just always looking over my shoulder and saying, "Is that commercial?" or "Is that going to cost too much?" My criterion is always what's best for the film, and it's also Jerry's. So the casting was long and involved.

I've always gone on the theory that casting is like chemistry, it's a game of balance. Donald Sutherland is known for a certain kind of part from *M.A.S.H.* and *Klute*, but I don't think anybody realizes what an abso-

lutely incredible actor he is. He is playing a character role in *Locust*, which is good chemistry. I think it's going to take the audience by surprise.

Penthouse: Is there any advantage in casting a brand-new actor in a leading role?

Schlesinger: Yes, like the cowboy who traveled to New York in *Midnight Cowboy*. People could live the experience through Jon Voight, a fresh personality and fresh face. It would have been quite wrong for us to cast a well-known actor as a hustler on Forty-second Street. It would have been far less believable.

Penthouse: What about Bill Atherton, whom you cast in *Day of the Locust*?

Schlesinger: Bill Atherton walked into our office in New York during the first week of casting. This was long before we knew whether we were really going to get the film financed and off the ground. He was immediately arresting. I saw him in the part of Tod because he was kind of raw and slightly hostile and surprising . . . not "actorish." He just made me sit up and pay attention. I think he's been absolutely the right choice. That doesn't mean we didn't have moments when we were all questioning things.

Penthouse: *Day of the Locust* is being compared to the old Cecil B. De Mille productions.

Schlesinger: That's nonsense. It's got big sequences, yes—it's got *three* big sequences. But it certainly isn't a De Mille production.

Penthouse: Was De Mille an influence on your career?

Schlesinger: No. The directors that I most admire are those who make very humanistic films, whether they're flawed or not. The films of Fellini are always immensely interesting and inspiring to me, as are those of Kurosawa, Satyajit Ray, Truffaut. . . .

Penthouse: Bergman?

Schlesinger: Less so. I admire his films from a distance, so to speak. I find them cold. I do think he's an incredible filmmaker and, incidentally, a remarkable stage director in the production of *Hedda Gabler* he did for the National Theater in London.

Penthouse: A piece by critic Pauline Kael in the *New Yorker* said that *Locust* was going to be another Hollywood bloodbath, rather than the satirical statement Nathanael West intended.

Schlesinger: I take great issue with that. Obviously she hadn't seen the film.

Penthouse: Why do you think she said it?

Schlesinger: I think she's made up her mind about *Locust*.

Penthouse: Why?

Schlesinger: I don't know why. But quite a number of people seem to have done so. Perhaps because it's such an extraordinary film. I think it's a miracle that we've been able to make it. It's a film that's absolutely different from anything else that's ever been made in Hollywood. And I had the opportunity to do it without any kind of pressure from Paramount.

Penthouse: Did you encounter front-office interference in your previous films?

Schlesinger: Yes. Sometimes *after* a film's completed, the studio will suddenly take it away from you and try and cut it. But if you fight hard enough, you get it back. It's really a battle making any movie. It was difficult to make *Midnight Cowboy* . . . and it was difficult to make *Darling*.

Penthouse: Do you like *Darling*?

Schlesinger: Do I like it now? Not very much. I think it's a little too fashionable. I think it's too pleased with itself as a piece of moviemaking. I loved it at the time—but too much I think now. Of course, I think Julie Christie is extraordinary in it, and Dirk Bogarde is also very good. Actually, it's a film that appealed to Americans very much more than to the English. I got crucified by the critics in England, but got the New York Critics Award here.

Penthouse: Was *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*

well-received in Britain?

Schlesinger: It was well-received in London, but outside London you can forget almost any movie unless it's *really* popular. I knew what I wanted to do in *Bloody Sunday*, and I have no regrets about it whatsoever. We knew it was risky at that time.

Penthouse: Chiefly because of the theme of bisexuality?

Schlesinger: Well, yes. I think it frightened many people and just didn't interest many others. I think it was a specialized film for a certain kind of big-city audience.

Penthouse: It got terrific reviews. . . .

Schlesinger: Listen, reviews are ego trips. You've got to try and be bigger than the reviews, and it's a problem sometimes. We all want to be loved, and I think in the American theater this is a disaster. They're trying to lick it by taking big and expensive shows out on the road and saying, "Fuck the *New York Times*." It's crazy to have a play depend on one man's opinion. Fortunately, I don't think the *New York Times* can make or break a film.

Penthouse: Does Clive Barnes make or break plays?

Schlesinger: Well, I think Clive Barnes is able to make or break a play that opens first on Broadway. I don't think he sets out to do it, but the position of the *New York Times* drama critic is just too powerful—whoever's in it. American theater audiences have to be told what to like too much.

Penthouse: Tell us about making commercials for TV. Did you make many?

Schlesinger: Yes, everything from cornflakes, "the sunshine breakfast," to Polar Mint, "the mint with the hole."

Penthouse: Do you still do commercials?

Schlesinger: As a matter of fact, yes, I do occasionally. You can earn quite good money, and you have the chance to try out new cameramen without too much anxiety. I've worked with a couple of good commercial cameramen who've later done feature films for me. Both Nick Roeg, who is a director in his own right, and Billy Williams, who shot *Bloody Sunday* for me . . . I met both of them on commercials. And Adam Hollander who shot *Midnight Cowboy* had done nothing *but* commercials. I think that was what sold him to us—a reel of commercials.

We're not as snobbish about commercials as the American directors. If it hadn't been for commercials I don't think Dick Lester, who did the Beatles films and *Three Musketeers*, would have survived. It really kept him sane through a really bad patch. And Lindsay Anderson and Karel Reisz also do commercials.

Penthouse: Was finding work a problem after *Sunday Bloody Sunday*?

Schlesinger: Yes. I had a very bad year—the worst. We had a wonderful script in *Hadrian VII*—it was so much better than the play. But we started to get the thumbs-down treatment on that and I knew the year was going to be a disaster. I chose a lot of silly things, and had a rebound love affair . . . jumped into things I shouldn't have.

Penthouse: Like what?

Schlesinger: Like a theater musical called *I and Albert*. It was an agonizing experience, and I know I don't have to ever do that again. It was written by Americans and tried out in England. Actually, I think directing a musical is really a choreographer's job. If I were doing it today, I would know what I want from it—as I think I know what I want from most things I'm working on—but, of course, I'm not doing it.

Penthouse: You're quite a perfectionist, aren't you? There are many stories about the troubles you've had at press previews, for instance. . . .

Schlesinger: Well, going to the cinema today is becoming a *special* thing for people—like going to the theater. It's not an everyday thing, like television. So you have to be very careful. For example, when we were showing *Midnight Cowboy* to the press for the first time—in a theater which I think no

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Photographs by Mary Ellen Mark / Lee Gross Assoc.

The Friends

They had known each other for a year before they decided to share a place. Then for nine months the two friends went through the usual difficulties of adjustment before reaching that ideal balance between solitude and intimacy which makes living together possible—and sometimes, indeed, a pleasure.

"I don't know how it happened, really," said one, remembering the first night they made love. "We were discussing the old saw 'A friend in need is a friend indeed,' and I kept thinking it meant 'friend in deed' and going on about how randy I was and how I could certainly use a friend at that very moment and...well, we were naked, the way we often are around the apartment, and sitting very close. Suddenly my breath was heavy and my chest on fire, and without thinking I reached out and she sighed and just sort of melted into my arms."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

"I don't know how long I'd looked at her body, wanting to touch her," the other put in. "We even used to shower together at times and I'd wash her body—but never consciously picture making love to her. I guess my head was filled with all kinds of prejudices. That night, though, as soon as we started kissing, I forgot all about being the same sex and just accepted the fact that I was making love to someone very dear to me."

Their affinity is total—with no part of each other's bodies left untouched, by fingers, by mouths, by eyes. They are complete, but not closed. Since that first night, they have been together more than a few times in the past year and a half. They still have lovers who know about their relationship, and sometimes the two of them share a single man.

"I have a fantasy about two men who have a thing between them like we do," one said. "How beautiful it would be if someday we would meet them—if four people could become as close as two."

SCHLESINGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

longer exists on Broadway—the Astor—we ran into real restrictive practices. The curtains and the lights couldn't be controlled from the projection box, where they should be worked. There was a stagehand pulling the curtains and trying to control the lights from another area. We also found that the print looked very dark, and we subsequently discovered that this particular theater ran films at half-cock so they could save juice and therefore save money.

The only thing one can do about such things is to go on fighting and complaining. I've stormed out of more cinemas than restaurants—and at other people's films, too, not just at my own. I've run up to projection boxes and projection managers and said, "What the fuck do you think you're doing? I paid my three dollars and I want to see the film properly."

Penthouse: Is it true that you once vacuumed a screen?

Schlesinger: Yes, at a small theater in New York. It had a really filthy screen, and nobody bothered to clean it. So I said, "If *you* won't clean it, I'll get a ladder and bucket and water and do it myself." But I think that most directors would have done the same. For instance, Stanley Kubrick's an incredibly knowledgeable technician and he's an absolute demon about the style of his projection all over the world. I think the standards of film exhibition are very low. Going to the cinema in England is absolute torture.

Penthouse: It's worse than here?

Schlesinger: Well, at least in America you know approximately what time a film is going to start. One of the reasons that the cinema has died in England is the way things are advertised. For instance, in my small town there is only one cinema, and the marquee simply says, "for what's on at this theater, check your local paper." Now, that's no way to get people in.

But it's not just in England. There are simply too many committees of people running *Hollywood* now—accountants, ex-agents. Some of them more courageous than others, but many are just frightened little men, looking backwards at what *was* successful.

Nobody knows what the public wants anymore. But they don't want *just* escapism. I think that one of the things that has happened in the last twenty years is that people have come face to face with a different kind of truth. They don't want something that is just a balm to apply to life. In the thirties during the Depression—that was the heyday of the movies—people just wanted to escape. Now people are much more prepared for truth.

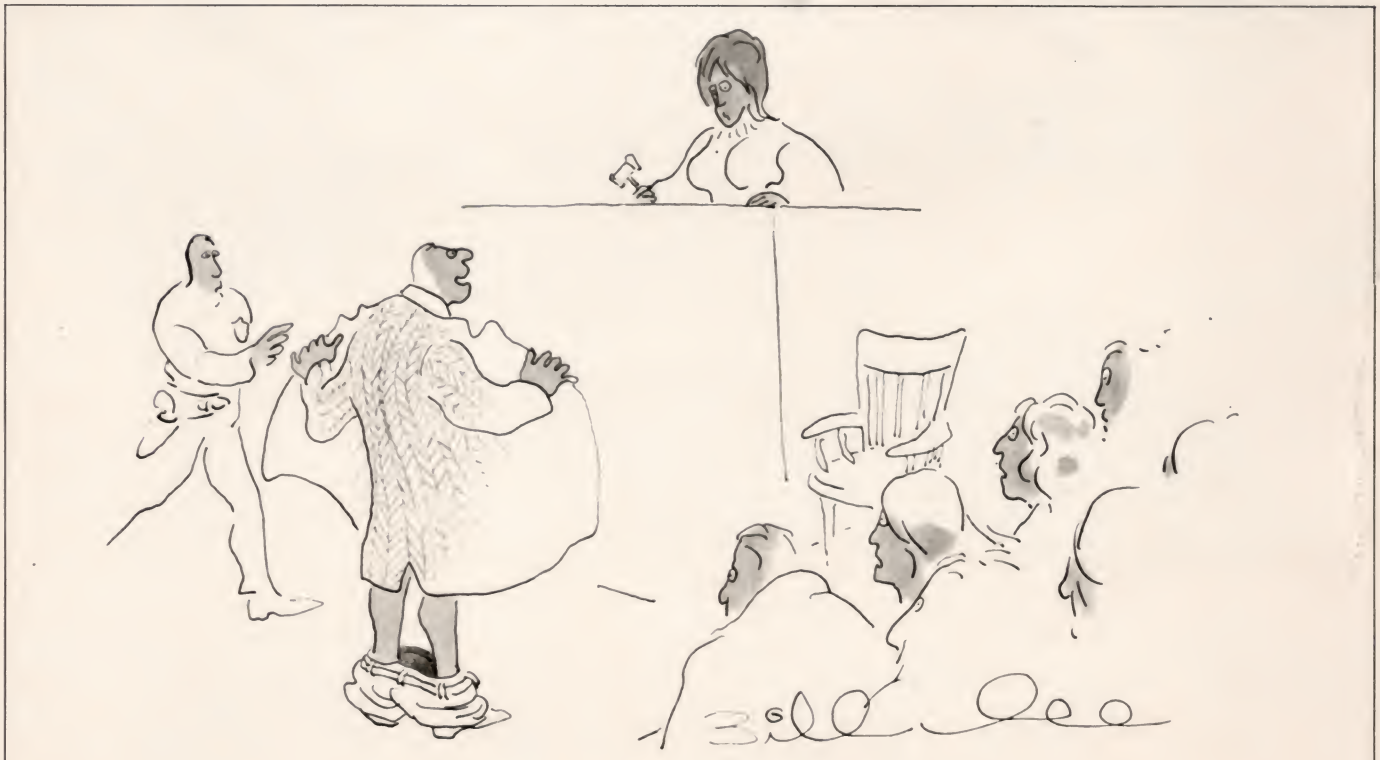
Penthouse: Do you think that bad advertising is part of the reason for the big Hollywood movie companies having undergone such a decline?

Schlesinger: Yes, as I was saying, the pop world has taken over from the movie world in terms of splendor. In the record industry, also, the standard of advertisement and cover design is incredibly high and imaginative. The cinema simply hasn't caught up. I went to a party last week given by a well-known pop star for his manager's birthday. One of the presents was a horse, which was brought into the restaurant, and it shat all over the floor and was taken out again. Another present was a yacht, and a framed photograph of it—enormously blown up—was brought in, with a telegram from the shipbuilder saying, "Welcome, this is where it's berthed." I imagine that something like this might have happened in the old days in Hollywood. It wouldn't happen now.

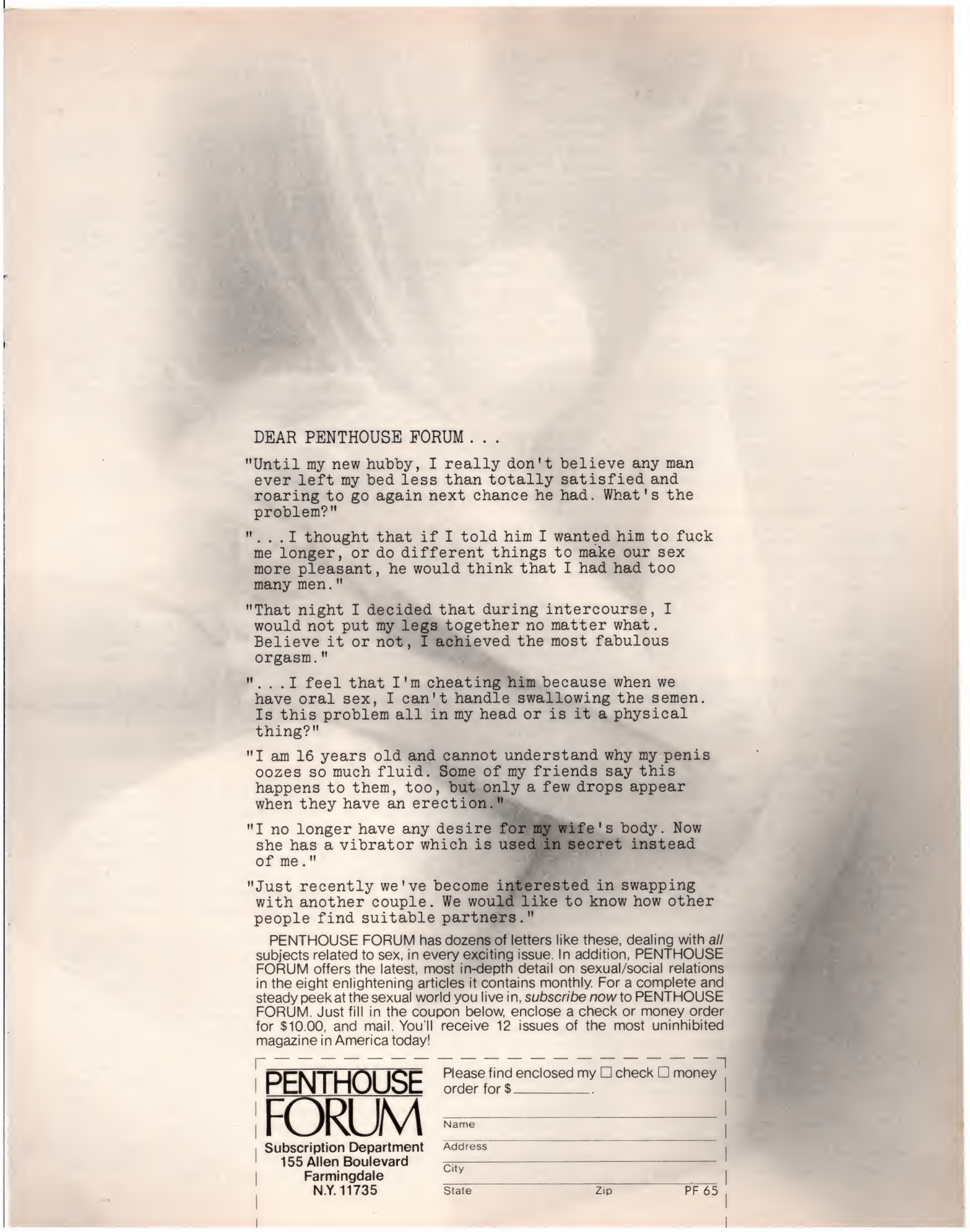
Penthouse: That's part of what you deal with in *Day of the Locust*—in the violence of the big premiere scenes in the film.

Schlesinger: Yes, but that's not what the premiere in *Locust* is really about. I think that people's violence toward their idols exists in different strata of life. Look at the terrible violence breaking out among spectators at football games. They like it. I mean, the people want to rip the clothes off pop stars partly because they want to get near and partly because they want to destroy. I don't think that's changed. If anything, it's worse.

Then, too, the fact that television brings experience straight into the home gives people the sense that they own whatever they see. Television is capable of bringing really incredible experiences into the home with incredible immediacy, but at the same time you have to be selective if you don't want to be totally numbed. You don't have to *feel* anything special about what you see—that is one of the great problems civilization faces. The public personality of a star becomes everybody's property—you see them say, "Hi, Johnny" to Johnny Carson, treating him as if he were an old friend. I rather like the idea of stars going around in closed cars with tinted windows. And pop



"Your honor, I request permission to approach the bench."



DEAR PENTHOUSE FORUM . . .

"Until my new hubby, I really don't believe any man ever left my bed less than totally satisfied and roaring to go again next chance he had. What's the problem?"

"...I thought that if I told him I wanted him to fuck me longer, or do different things to make our sex more pleasant, he would think that I had had too many men."

"That night I decided that during intercourse, I would not put my legs together no matter what. Believe it or not, I achieved the most fabulous orgasm."

"...I feel that I'm cheating him because when we have oral sex, I can't handle swallowing the semen. Is this problem all in my head or is it a physical thing?"

"I am 16 years old and cannot understand why my penis oozes so much fluid. Some of my friends say this happens to them, too, but only a few drops appear when they have an erection."

"I no longer have any desire for my wife's body. Now she has a vibrator which is used in secret instead of me."

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stars are certainly doing that again.

Penthouse: What do you think of Alice Cooper, theatrically?

Schlesinger: When I saw him, the performance was not going very well. But I think he's a very interesting man. He wants to be an actor, and he might become a rather good one. He wants to be taken seriously.

Penthouse: Don't you think he's one of the people who've combined all kinds of theater and put it into a pop context?

Schlesinger: It's a kind of Theater of the Absurd—put it that way to give it a title.

Penthouse: What about violence in films?

Schlesinger: I deplore violence for its own sake. I loathe the films of Sam Peckinpah, because it seems to me that they are fascistic and people ride off—even if they've all been killed, they ride off as ghosts—saying, "Weren't those great days, fellows?" I *hate* those films!

Penthouse: Doesn't *Locust* end with an incredibly violent, cataclysmic sequence?

Schlesinger: But it's not gratuitous. I hope it will repel people and horrify them because, really, what the end is meant to say is, "This is where we were all heading—this is where we *are* all heading." That's why I think *Day of the Locust* is timely.

Penthouse: There are rumors that you are going to direct an opera.

Schlesinger: I've been asked. But I think the practicalities are very tricky. A director runs into a lot of opposition in the opera house—still, I love it because it's a totally theatrical form. I can wallow in music and silly stories and people singing for hours on end even though they're supposed to be dying.

Penthouse: What do you plan to do after you return to England?

Schlesinger: Well, first of all, I'm doing Shaw's *Heartbreak House*. I've joined England's National Theatre as an associate.

Penthouse: Would you rather direct films or plays?

Schlesinger: I doubt if you can compare them. I'm comparatively inexperienced in the theater and would like to be better at it. I think it's a purer way of working with actors. In movies you have to get a performance straightaway. It's like having opening night in the theater every day. In a play, you make discoveries along with the actors as you rehearse, so that what you're doing is preparing a solid ground on which they can then give repeated performances.

At the National Theatre it will be nice to be just a part of a team. I'm not in charge—I don't want that kind of responsibility. I'm merely a member of a group of people, most of whom can very probably direct theater better than I can. But none of them can direct films better than I.

But to get back to your question, I think that in a film a director has more control. In the theater, it's the actors and the stage management who really control the show once you've opened.

Penthouse: Would you like to do comedy someday—perhaps something similar to Mel Brooks?

Schlesinger: I don't think I'd be any good at slapstick. I think I'd be good at *observed* comedy—something much closer to life.

Penthouse: What do you think of pornographic movies?

Schlesinger: On the whole, pornography doesn't turn me on. I don't find close-ups of vaginas and cocks and assholes terribly interesting. Pornography is only interesting when you see it all in long shot with the alarm clock and the tile on the floor and all that kind of thing. Once it is analyzed, it looks like a surgical operation.

Penthouse: Are pornographic movies as successful in England as they are here?

Schlesinger: I don't think the English are quite so turned on by that kind of thing. They're much more turned on by a kind of vulgarity. In one small village I visited once, they played a game called "Going Down the River," which consisted of singing "Going down the river on a Sunday afternoon" while a man and a woman would sit on the floor "rowing." She'd throw up her skirts so he could peer up them. This was on a Saturday night and involved just ordinary people in an ordinary pub. Extraordinary!

I rather like all that. Drag is also very big in England. In the most ordinary working-class areas you'll find that they often have a pub with a drag act.

Penthouse: Many critics have said that there are no good parts for women in films anymore. Instead, there are films like those with Robert Redford and Paul Newman—without any real female roles at all. Do you agree with them?

Schlesinger: Yes. Women have had a raw deal. In films they were kind of glamorized and idealized for a period. But now the romance has gone.

Penthouse: Why is that, do you think?

Schlesinger: Well, today women are saying, "We're going to be independent—and fuck you." And men are saying, "Fuck you, too"—which in a way is basically what they were always saying. I wonder whether most people today don't simply feel, "All right, let's stay segregated." But you also have to remember that historically the majority of good parts in Shakespeare, say, were for men.

Penthouse: Are women easier to direct?

Schlesinger: Yes, much easier—and more receptive.

Penthouse: Who's been the most fun of all the women you've directed?

Schlesinger: Well, I'm particularly attracted, personally, to Julie Christie. And Karen Black is extraordinary to work with—highly talented. If there's ever a lot of trouble in terms of getting a performance, it usually comes from men. I can't quite tell you why.

Penthouse: What do you do when you're not making movies or directing plays?

Schlesinger: I love lying in the sun and gardening and going to really fascinating places. I have a place I go to in the country where I grow a lot of things. And I cook—I'm a good cook. I have a partnership in a restaurant. A friend of mine and I were in school together and we started a restaurant twelve years ago. It was very successful and we built up three restaurants from it. We still own one. It's another kind of theatrical presentation, by the way.

Penthouse: How do you like American food?

Schlesinger: I love it. I love Disneyland food—and there are one or two hamburger joints I also like very much. I like *good* food, too.

Penthouse: What's the major difference you've found between America and Britain?

Schlesinger: One of the things I like about America is that, in a sense, everybody started from scratch. So there is a possibility and an opportunity. Of course, there's a lot of catching up to be done for the blacks. But there's the energy to *get* something done.

I think the English have a very, very serious problem—apathy and a terrible lack of energy, a terrible negative feeling. It certainly isn't Britain's finest hour. I think we've all turned in on ourselves and there is an enormous amount of resentment. It's not so much that the "have-nots" want what the "haves" have—they simply don't want the "haves" to have it.

I suppose one of the basic differences is that the American worker aspires to becoming a manager.

Penthouse: But not in England?

Schlesinger: Not at all. They don't aspire to it. They still feel there is a kind of division, they want to have a say on the board of directors, but they don't really want to be part of it.

Now, it's also one of our strengths that we can be failures and not be criticized for it. Life is less competitive in England. But I don't feel very typically English. I have much too much mixed blood.

I'm very, very fond of England. My roots are in England. . . . I don't think I could possibly retire there at the moment, but that's where I think I shall end.

Penthouse: Do you consider yourself political?

Schlesinger: No. I'm not political. For years I've been a kind of woolly-minded liberal—always finding that something one believed in has already been proved wrong. If one said, "I won't go to Greece because of the colonels"—well then one ended up in Spain. I wouldn't buy a certain car because it was German, and then I suddenly discover I own a German camera. Where do you draw the line?

So I'm really not political and I don't do political things. The things I'm really interested in doing are mostly concerned with people and people's feelings for one another. I try to make the audience go through something outside their own experience. I've been quoted as saying I prefer doing films about failure rather than about success—which is silly. I'm just interested in dealing with people—not with romantic heroes who don't really exist—just plain, unglamorized people, blemishes and all. Making people actually *feel* in a world where feeling is at a premium is something I am committed to. Perhaps that replaces political commitment.

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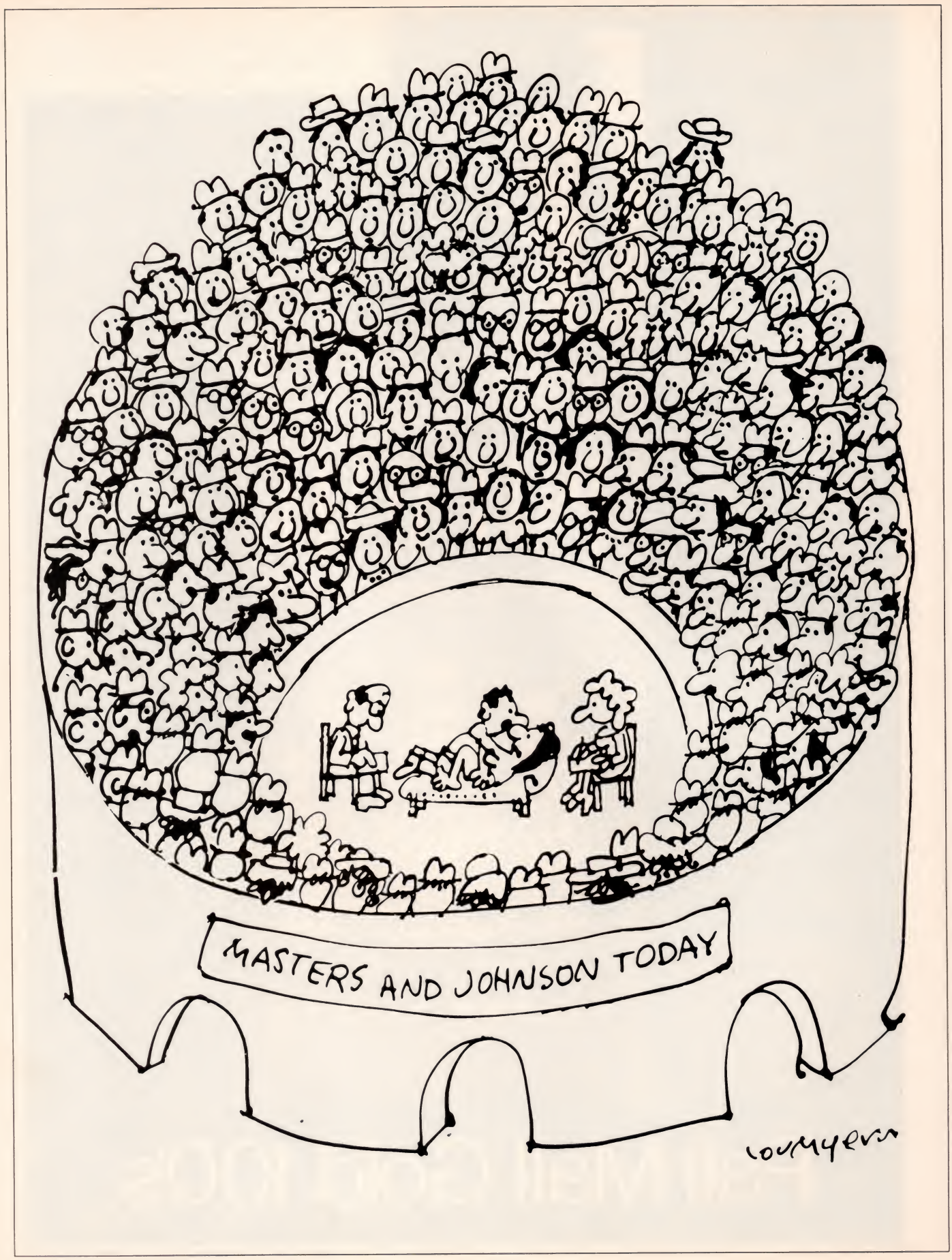
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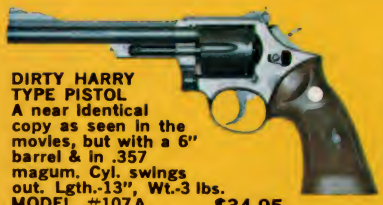

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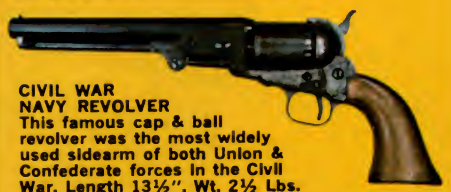

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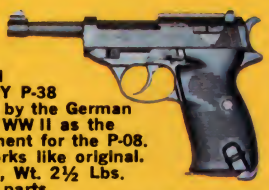

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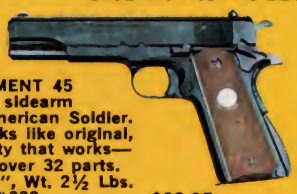

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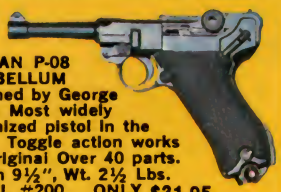

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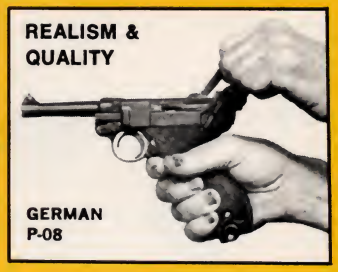

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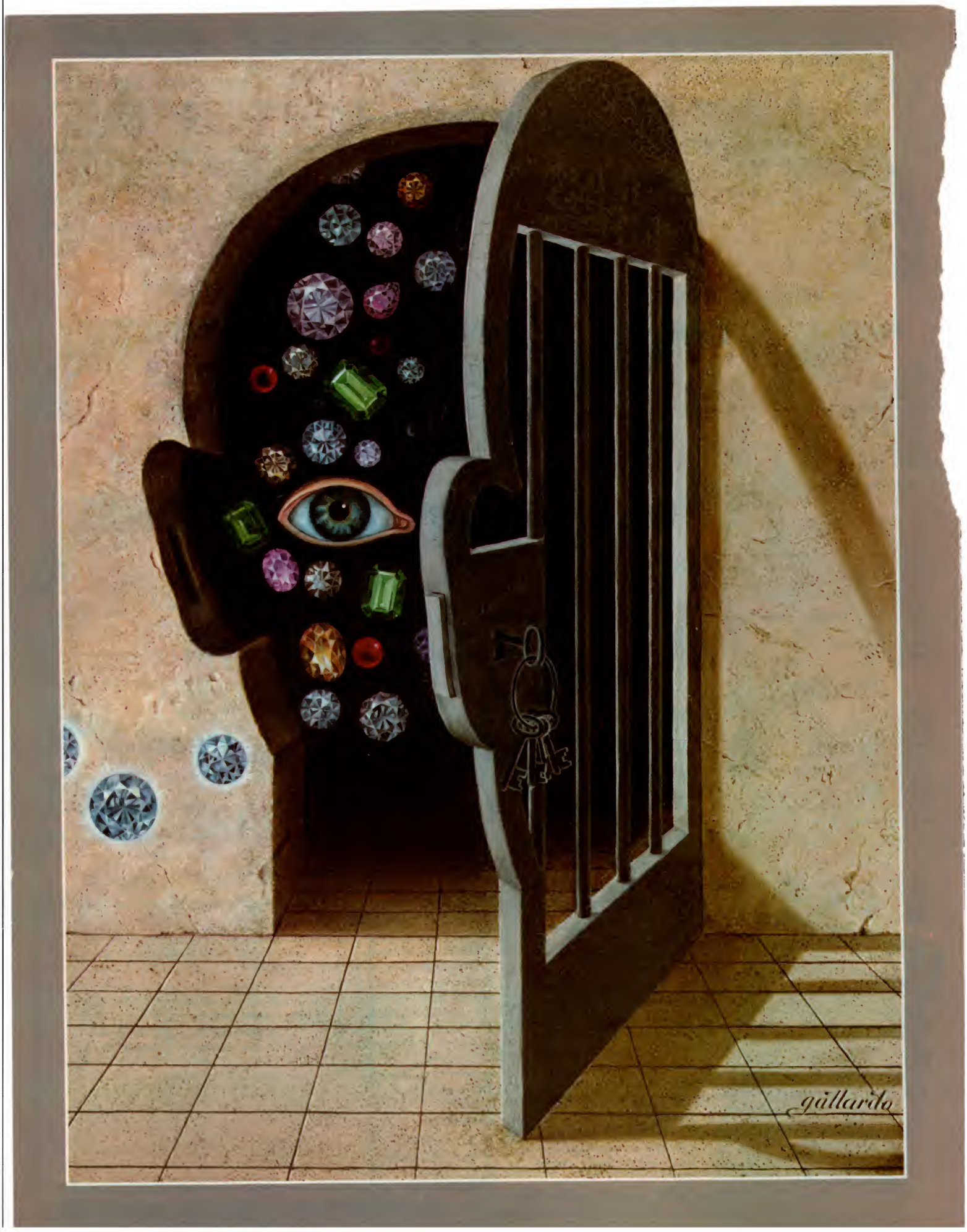
gallardo

SETUP

In which a talented jewel thief is turned in to the Chicago Police by his Mafia employers.

By Frank Hohimer

Since the reign of Al Capone, the Chicago police department has not exactly been famous for its integrity. Countless charges of corruption have come from journalists and official investigating committees. In this exclusive article for Penthouse, *however, the information comes from a man connected intimately with corruption, a convicted criminal—Frank Hohimer.*

Hohimer, currently serving a prison term, was one of the most successful burglars in America. Between 1965 and 1967 he was the star of a Mafia-directed ring of thieves who, by official estimates, stole more than $3 million from homes of wealthy Americans. He was highly successful. But since Hohimer's relationship to the mob remained that of an individual contractor to a conglomerate, he was also highly expendable. When he grew tired of stealing, his employers grew tired of Hohimer and decided to have him eliminated. What follows is Hohimer's own account of his carefully planned retirement from organized crime. But curiously enough, the strongest resistance to his retirement came from a special branch of the Chicago police, the Chicago Intelligence Unit. Their objections weren't surprising to Hohimer since he had paid an agent of the C.I.U. $15,000 for the privilege of committing larceny without police harassment. Because Hohimer believed there was an intimate relationship between the C.I.U. and the Mafia, he wasn't shocked when the C.I.U. tried to kill him. The murder attempt on Hohimer was one of the classic scenarios of professional crime—"the setup."

The Feds and the C.I.U. were both on my trail, especially the C.I.U., which has the top cops on the Chicago police force—the ones that solve all the big crimes. Since I was one of "the outfit's" best burglars, and since they had me making scores at least once a week, it got very hot for me in Chicago. But the C.I.U. never bothered me. I had pictures of every damn C.I.U. agent in the whole city.

Some of the C.I.U. agents were always hanging around the F & Z lounge (a bar I owned in Chicago), trying to buy some diamonds from me, trying to make friends. They had a code name for me by then: "The Fox." They were losing plenty of sleep trying to keep up with me, but they couldn't bust me—they were going crazy.

The Feds were working on me too, but they wouldn't make their move until they had me boxed in legally. Which is the difference between the real pros and the Chicago police force amateurs. The C.I.U. used every trick in the book, but I outclassed them. I'd slip away from them, score, and they'd read about the job in the newspaper.

As if I didn't have enough heat Leo Rugendorf, my boss and my connection to the mob, was really on my ass. He would always say, "Shut up. You talk too much; you're going to get pinched. Every cop in the city is onto you and you're bound to get caught." He didn't want to lose me—I was too good a thing. But do you suppose he'd let me lay low and cool off? No way!

One day I went to his house and he told me he had another job for me. "Here it is," he said. "The guy you're going to rob is an oil millionaire in Indianapolis." "Okay," I said. "But the C.I.U. is really after me. If we make this score, we don't bring it back into the city. Someone picks it up outside the city limits." He agreed, and we established the four pickup points at truck stops on each side of the town.

The next day I put an empty suitcase in my Cadillac and then picked up Barry. While the C.I.U. was watching us, Leo's man Tony got the attaché case containing our burglar tools and left it in the trunk of his car on Division Street. With the C.I.U. right behind me, I drove to a wrecking yard owned by the outfit on the South Side. I found an empty attaché case and put it in the trunk of my car. Then we drove over to the Lyons ballroom, parked the car, talked to the Greek who ran the joint, walked across the street to the Pick and Chick, a local restaurant, went out the back door, through a couple of yards, then picked up Tony's car, drove to the Loop, rented a car from Hertz, and were on our way. The C.I.U. was still watching my car in front of the Lyons ballroom. I guess those conscientious cops didn't want anybody to steal it.

Barry and I drove straight to Indianapolis where we checked into a motel, stashed the rented car, and picked up Leo Rugendorf's new Lincoln. Then we cruised through the neighborhood where the score was, came back to the motel, and grabbed some sleep.

When we woke I opened the attaché case and dumped everything on the bed: two .45 automatics with extra clips, a .38 revolver, a tranquilizer gun, six penlights, a butane torch, an ice pick, a butcher knife, a glass cutter, four rolls of tape, several different gauges of plastic pieces, twenty different lock picks, a pair of bolt cutters, and wire cutters. We also had three ski masks and three pairs of gloves.

After sorting out our equipment we drove out to the neighborhood, parked the Lincoln, and walked to the score. The estate was fenced in. A huge Doberman patrolled the yard—he didn't bark but he wasn't about to let us over the fence. I shot him with the tranquilizer gun, and in a few minutes he was asleep. When we got over the fence, I dragged the dog to the garage and locked him in a car.

I used the butcher knife to cut some panels out of a sliding door, and we entered a bedroom in the house. Barry waited at the entrance while I walked over to the bed. An elderly man was snoring. First I put my hand under the pillow, and then I checked the nightstand for a gun. Nothing. I walked into the next bedroom where a really beautiful blond was sleeping in the nude. She was wearing a ring—a four-carat marquis diamond. I looked through the rest of the house. Nobody was there but those two people.

I went back into the blond's bedroom, took off my glove, and put the penlight in my mouth. Placing my hand over hers, I applied a steady pressure to the ring, but it was too tight to slip off easily. She woke up. I shined the penlight on her face and told her we were only after jewelry and money. She didn't scream or even seem too frightened.

I handed her a robe, and we went into the other bedroom to wake up the old guy. We had to shake him since he was hard of hearing. After we had rounded up all the jewelry, I told the blond we had to tie her up. She asked to talk with me for a minute first. "Why not? It's your home," I said. We went back into her bedroom. She sat down on the bed and asked me point-blank what I would charge to kill her husband. I asked her what it would be worth. She didn't know because she'd never done anything like this before. "Would ten thousand be correct?" she questioned. "What about thirty thousand?" I asked. She agreed to this and we were in business. "Do you have the money here in the house?" "No." "How about a down payment?" "I have no money here. I can go to the bank tomorrow and get it." "Great."

I was leafing through a phone book while we talked. I happened to see the F.B.I.'s number and quickly closed the book. "Honey," I said, "I'll tell you how we're going to work this so we can both be safe. Do you have a pencil handy?" She started to open a drawer but I stopped her. I wasn't about to let that bitch stick her hand in no drawer. She was one cold-blooded motherfucker.

I gave her a pencil and the phone number. "Now you call this number three days from today," I explained. "When I answer the phone I'll say 'F.B.I.' That way you can be sure you're talking to me. You tell me exactly what you want so I'll be sure it's you." She wrote all my instructions down. I tied her ass up good with tape. She requested that I take off my mask. "Honey, you can see my face when I pick up the money," I said.

When we got back to our car, I told Barry what the broad had said. He wouldn't believe me. To this day he thinks I was bullshitting him. Now, I've broken into a lot of homes, but I've never had a request like that. I wonder if she ever made that phone call.

On our way back to Indianapolis we threw out the black suits we wore into the house. I parked the Lincoln two blocks from the bus station, walked in, put the attaché case in a locker, pulled out the key, and put the Lincoln back in storage. Then I called Leo, said "Skyway," and hung up. Now he knew I was coming back to Chicago and he would have his people at the truck stops.

When I walked into the truck stop I saw Natalie, one of Leo's "collectors," sitting at the counter. I had the locker key in my mouth all the way from Indianapolis—if I was stopped I could always swallow it. I sat down at the counter next to her, ordered a cup of coffee, picked up a napkin, wiped my mouth, put the key in the napkin, and put it down. When I glanced back down the key was gone. My job was done; the rest was up to her.

Three days later I went over to Leo's and picked up a $20,000 payoff for my score. I put the money in the glove compartment of my car. As I was driving home, a C.I.U. agent stopped me only a block from my house.

This agent walked up to the car and got in. He told me flat out that he wanted $15,000 or he'd hang the Indianapolis robbery on me.

I thought a moment and said, "Listen, if I give you fifteen grand I don't want any more harassment from any of you bastards. As far as I'm concerned you can jam that Indianapolis score right up your ass. You could never prove it." He knew I was telling the truth. "And, by the way, what makes you think I have or can get that kind of money?" He told me that he knew I was a jewel thief and had been making some good scores for a long time.

I thought this over for a while and then made my decision. "Look," I told him, "I'm giving you the fifteen grand. But if I ever get busted by the C.I.U., you are the first bastard I blow the whistle on." I pulled the twenty grand out of the glove compartment. The son of a bitch wanted the whole bundle. I counted out five grand for myself and gave him the rest. He took it and split.

Now the only way he could have known I had the money at that time was if Rugendorf had called him as soon as he paid me. Rugendorf had always been cozy with the C.I.U. They had my phone tapped, so they knew who was turning me on to scores and getting the jewelry.

But did Rugendorf ever get picked up and questioned? No way. I don't think the C.I.U. has ever pinched anyone in the outfit. And even if they have, you can damn well make book that nobody has ever done any time in the joint because of it.

Seeing the setup as I did, I told Rugendorf that I was getting too hot, that I had to quit stealing. He blew up, threatened to kill me, to kill my wife as well, promised to run me through the meat grinder at the packing plant. And I knew the bastard would do it, too. I knew then that the only way I could get out of the outfit and out of Rugendorf's control was to get a lot of heat on me without going to prison. I set out to do just that.

I started telling everybody in the F & Z that I was a jewel thief. I became chummy with the C.I.U. and the regular Chicago police. Of course, I never let them close enough to pinch me in the middle of a burglary. I just made sure every cop in town knew who and what I was.

Rugendorf ordered me to work the Chicago area again. The target was in the Lincolnwood section. I said, "Man, the minute one diamond is missing they're going to know it's me. There'll be so much heat in the city I won't be able to breathe. Look what happened when Mrs. Armour got taken for three hundred grand in jewels. She didn't bother calling the police. She just called the governor, and *he* called the police!"

But secretly I was glad the outfit wanted me to pull a job in Chicago; I would blow this job and let it fall right in Rugendorf's lap.

The score was the home of a wealthy Jewish woman who lived about three blocks from Leo's house. Her husband owned a big drugstore, and she was always decked out in at least $100,000 worth of diamonds. I told Leo how I was going to work it. "I'll pick up the tools, and come over and pick up the '64 Caddy from your house."

The greedy bastard went for the setup. He didn't know he was going to get this job dumped on top of him.

We knew these people didn't come home until about one o'clock, so Barry and I caught the local bus out to Lincolnwood about ten o'clock. I wanted to get in the neighborhood and get set up.

The people came home at one o'clock sharp. As soon as they went in the house I told Barry to go in. He said, "No, let's wait till all the lights are out." I said, "Now." He wanted to cut the phone wires. I said, "No, someone may call." I couldn't tell him I was going to blow the score. If I wanted to make that score I could have cut the phone wires and just kicked the door in. There would have been nothing they could have done about it, they would have been trapped in the house. I made so goddamn much noise on the back door I thought they were deaf.

Finally the guy entered the kitchen and saw us both standing in the doorway. We were dressed in black with ski masks. He started screaming. His wife came in the kitchen, saw us, and both of them screamed. Barry started to kick the door in. I pushed him out of the way. Even after they saw us, we still could have scored. We could have kicked the door in and grabbed them before they got to a phone. But I told Barry, "Okay, let's get out of here. We blew this one."

We strolled over to Leo's. I didn't bother waking him up, but just slipped the lock on his back door, set the case with all of the tools on his kitchen table, locked the door, and went to the garage.

I got in the '64 Caddy and reached up over the sunvisor to get the keys. Barry said, "What the hell are you doing? This whole neighborhood is busy with cops. We can't drive out of here." I said, "Do as you like—I'm leaving. Besides what can they do to us? We're clean." I liked Barry. I wanted him to take the pinch; I figured it might save him.

I drove around the block once and told Barry I was trying to decide whether to go to Chicago or Evanston. He just thought I'd gone nuts. It was almost a disappointment to me when we got stopped since we were damn near out of there before a squad car pulled us over and made the pinch.

Barry had no ID, and I had only a driver's license issued to someone named Donald Wilkey. When we got to the police station they tried to ask some questions. I said, "Officer, you will get no answers. My name is on my driver's license along with my address. Now either book me or turn me loose." Barry gave them a phony name and they put us in their lockup.

Then they brought us out and put us in a lineup with three or four other guys. The people we had tried to rob came in and identified us immediately. Of course, there was no way they could really identify us since we had worn ski masks. The cops had told them what numbers in the lineup we

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XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

It is sincerely hoped that your vast knowledge of human feelings and emotions can help me solve certain stumbling blocks.

The circumstances are as follows: I am thirty, attractive, single, and possess the normal desires that every woman has, but unfortunately I'm totally inexperienced in the ways of lovemaking. I would love to be part of the present sex scene, but am afraid to jump on the bandwagon. I'm even more afraid to let anyone know that I am, in fact, a virgin. Don't get me wrong; I'm not out to just get laid, as the affair must have common interest on both sides. The particular guy that I'm hot for—I've known him for about a year—seems very open-minded, and he just might reciprocate if offered the suggestion. My question is: how do I tastefully announce my desire to have sexual intercourse without conveying the idea that I'm a slutty nympho? My man and I see each other daily, and at times we talk casually about our personal lives. I never thought that I would ever reveal so much to a man as I have to this guy. I really wish to open myself up to him totally.

The fact that he's married and a father is of no consequence. It's not a husband I want; I just need love and companionship. I live with my parents, so it's not that I desire a father-figure, or anything like that. I became almost uncontrollably aroused when we had a private lunch in my office last week. You see, we were discussing the question of living together without marital ties. The thought of such a thing gave me such a sexual rush that I had to stop eating because I just couldn't swallow. I then made up my mind to hold down my sexual feelings no longer. I started to talk, only to find myself speechless because of the instant turn-on a few seconds earlier. As my voice returned, I then decided to risk everything, and so I started to say softly: "John, would you please fuck me this weekend?" But just as I started the sentence, my phone rang and I was rudely interrupted; I never got to the word fuck.

After finishing the call, I just didn't know how to react, as I was not sure if he had heard what I really had said. I just couldn't repeat myself.

But that afternoon, however, he called me and stated some company business. Prior to hanging up, he dropped a hint that he did, in fact, get the message. He said: "Well, I just hope I can finish my work before Friday. I have to concentrate on something for the weekend that I've been hoping to do for a long time!" He then hung up. The next morning he was waiting for me near my office. As I hung my coat up, he neared me and greeted me with his usual smile. He walked into my office with me and watched me remove my boots. He then walked over to the window to gain full view of my feet, legs, and short skirt. I got another sexual rush, and just sat there for his viewing, not hurrying to take my shoes from my handbag. He smiled and said, "Here, I'll get them for you." He took my shoes from the bag, knelt in front of me and put them on my feet. I could easily see that he had a big erection. Xaviera, I almost came right there, even though I've never had intercourse in my life. As he put my foot into each shoe, I unconsciously rose each knee so as to show off my undergarments. I can't wait for him to propose an affair, and I'm afraid he won't since I've never discussed my sexual desires with him. How do I let him know that I'm ready—more than ready—for him?

Also, do I tell him that I'm a virgin? Should I be 100 percent passive? Should I wear office clothing, or should I begin wearing more erotic outfits? Xaviera, what do I do?—H.B.

You must be one of the horniest virgins around. I have no idea how you've managed to keep your hymen intact, as you obviously would like to have your cherry popped. Be yourself, but this time give yourself to the fullest. Obviously, you've done enough prick-teasing till now. No matter what undergarments you wear, this man should simply rip them off your body—you certainly need that kind of treatment to lose your virginity. If not, you will have to be the aggres-

sor and fuck him. Never be completely passive. If you follow that line of thinking, you will end up a one-hundred-year-old virgin.

Obviously, more suggestive clothes than your usual office garb would help him get excited, but don't overdo it. Judging from your letter, you have enough style and class not to overdo anything. Obviously, sexual indulgence is not your problem.

HOLED UP ON THE NINTH GREEN

My husband and I went to the drive-in movie recently. We didn't really get into the film, since we were too busy with each other.

We didn't screw at the drive-in because it was too hot and humid in the car. On our way home, we passed a golf course—it was about midnight—and stopped there. We went to the ninth green, as there's an embankment there blocking the view from the road. It was all such a turn-on to get naked on the soft green grass. It was great to know that we were screwing away on a golf hole we'd played so many times before.

When we finished fucking, we got dressed to leave. By the parking lot there's this enormous oak tree, and as we approached it, I decided to climb it. Jim didn't hesitate to follow. As we joked around, he started fondling me—so we screwed in the oak tree!

When Jim and I played golf the next weekend, I kept reminding him of our night of sex at that very same golf course. As we approached the ninth hole, he got this tremendous hard-on and we both cracked up. He said it was his favorite hole, and we damn near rolled on the ground. Our golf scores improved immensely.—D.W.

Your sex life seems to be above par, too. Try repeating the experience some other day in some other hole.

FANTASY RAPE

My most prominent and recurrent sexual fantasy involves rape. The kind of rape I fantasize, however, is not the clothes-tearing, broad-bruising kind of rape that lunatics are given life sentences for. My fantasy rape usually takes place in a secluded woods. I'm driving along at night and see this young girl with a nice little ass. I stop the car and ask if she'd like a ride. If she says no, I haul her into the car anyway. I then drive to a secluded spot and proceed to fuck her in various positions—including a hearty fuck in the asshole. Sometimes I use a camera to preserve these gorgeous memories.

These are only my dreams, and I have never made them into reality. However, these fantasies are so enjoyable to me that I'm afraid I might eventually rape some girl. Can you offer advice on a more socially and sexually accepted way to realize my fantasies? In reality I have a very fine sex life—perhaps too good—and so I need to fantasize about forbidden acts?—David

How can a sex life be "too good"? Impossible! Could it be that you feel guilty about your sexual activities—the real ones—and so need to fantasize about rape?

Anybody's fantasy life can be as kinky as he wants. If you know that rape is illegal you are obviously normal.

I just completed a rape symposium on television with a group of psychiatrists and social workers. Judging from the responses on this symposium and the letters I have received from various women, many women also fantasize about rape. In most female rape fantasies, however, the woman dreams of rape by the ideal man, not some horrible nitwit who attacks her in some woods. Unfortunately, real rape is very traumatic.

In order to release some of the anxieties you have concerning these fantasies, you might try acting them out with a knowledgeable girl friend. With her full consent, you might try staging one of your fantasies. It will either enhance your sex life or diminish the forbidden appeal of this rape fantasy.

WELL-HUNG AND HANGING

The locker room has long made it apparent that size is not one of my cock's strong points—I manage to muster less than six inches when suitably excited. What my member lacks, however, is more than compensated for by my dangling accessories. You see, my balls hang down about eight inches on a warm day, making the wearing of shorts a rather interesting spectacle.

While I've heard that many women find a large cock exciting, I have never heard any consensus on my strong points. Admittedly, they don't play the central role, but I find the flopping of my balls against a girl's buttocks

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rather interesting. Is this sensation lost on my partner? I also find the kneading of my balls during intercourse to be a real turn-on. Have you found this to be common?—J.M.

I thoroughly enjoy a good firm set of big balls. A six-inch centerpiece is not bad, though not what you might call giant size. I particularly like big balls when I'm performing 69; it's so nice to fondle and suck those big testicles.

It is rather common that men like to have their balls fondled, kissed, and sucked. On many occasions I have been asked to put a string, rubberband, or rawhide around a man's testicles so as to prevent premature ejaculation. In some cases I have even dripped some warm candlewax on a man's balls. Other times I have gently paddled my steel hairbrush against a guy's nuts.

Your balls will tend to hang lower in warm weather. If you want them to be hard and jumpy—for me, nothing is worse than a droopy set of balls—try putting a bag of ice cubes around them.

CAUTION: SWALLOWING SPERM ISN'T FOR EVERYONE

In a back issue of Penthouse, *a female correspondent complained to you about swallowing her lover's semen. She wrote that it caused her to have acute nausea and diarrhea. You advised her to see a doctor since there was nothing in semen that would cause such an aversion. I believe that the young lady is simply very sensitive to a hormone called prostaglandin, which is normally present in semen. Prostaglandin is a well-known cause of secretion of fluid by the gastrointestinal tract and could certainly produce the symptoms your reader described. Prostaglandin also causes contraction of muscles in the uterus, and I am told that semen collected from the Masai tribe members is drunk by their women to induce labor when pregnancy is overdue.*

Your suggestion to this woman not to swallow her lover's semen will solve the problem, unless something else is turning her stomach. As a gastrointestinal researcher, I would be curious to know whether others have had similar symptoms after swallowing semen.—R.D.A., MD

Thanks for the information. I've never studied gastrointestinal research, but if you would like to get together for a semen seminar, I'd be happy to arrange the details.

DOWNING COME

I am seventeen and consider myself to be normal in most respects. However, when I last had intercourse with my girl friend, I had this terrible urge to consume the secretions left in my prophylactic. Although it was against my better judgment, I downed all the come. Am I strange?—K.Y.

I don't think you are strange. As a matter of fact, I have known many men who swallowed their own come. They usually perform this trick by sucking their own semen out of the girl's vagina after ejaculation.

You obviously have a heavy oral fixation, and there is nothing wrong with this.

In my opinion there are more girls who get off on their own vaginal lubrication than there are men who swallow their own come. While masturbating, many women wet their fingers with their own saliva for lubrication purposes. As a result they quite often get a good taste of their own secretions. To some women this is a great turn-on, to others it is just a matter of getting the job done.

PUCKER SUCKER

For years now I have wanted to give my man a blow job that would blow his mind. I really want to taste his juices! The problem is that I really don't know how to perform this sexual activity. Every time I go down on him, it seems that the teeth near the back of my mouth scrape his penis. Understandably, this really turns him off. He is rather large, but I'm sure it can be done with just a little training. Please, can you tell me what I'm doing wrong? I want my next blow job to be one for the books.—R.P.

Put your lips around your teeth before inserting his penis into your mouth. If he is too big to insert all the way, just concentrate on the head of his penis—that's the most sensitive part of the cock anyway. If you still manage to hurt him, pucker your lips and touch his cock just with your lips as you make circling moves around his cock with the tip of your tongue. Also, use his penis as a flute and work on it sideways, or flick your tongue around the outside of his cock.

AGAINST SANITIZED SEX

Not too long ago my girl friend and I were drinking beer. I suggested that we urinate on each other. We did, and it was fun once we started. It seemed that we were both more inhibited than I thought as it took quite an effort to pee on each other.

What sanitary precautions should be taken? Is this practice harmful?—Wes

A few months ago I would have been appalled at the suggestion of peeing as an erotic activity. I've really changed my mind.

I met a good-looking chick in a bar, and after getting fairly well smashed we landed up at her place. We ran out of hard liquor so we had to turn to beer. This meant repeated trips to the bathroom for both of us. At one point, we both had to pee at the same time. Since we couldn't use the toilet at the same time, she suggested that we get in the bathtub. She undressed and told me to do the same. Instead of squatting, she lay down and asked me to "give her a shower." I figured, "what the hell," so I peed on her. She spread her legs and opened her cunt with her fingers and asked me to aim in the crack. She seemed to get a tremendous bang out of it. Then she said it was my turn. I lay down and she squatted over me, peeing a powerful hot stream all over my cock and balls. I got a real kick out of it. I was so turned on that I jerked myself off while she watched.

We then loaded up with some more beer and repeated this little episode. Surprisingly, I found nothing revolting about this activity. Since then, we have had many mutual peeing sessions. Simply by peeing on my cock and balls, she has made me come—without my jerking off. I also can make her come the same way.

Perhaps, like many people, you feel this kind of thing is too far out—as I used to think. Before you knock it, try it.—L.L.

There is nothing uncommon about two normal people peeing on each other. This is called "urolagnia." Animals often do it: hedgehogs prepare for copulation by urinating on each other. When a female mammal is in heat, her urine contains a maximum concentration of female hormones (estrogen). This may be one reason why many males take pleasure in sniffing a female's urine. Some men enjoy watching a woman urinate while squatting, as it is a distinctive sign of her sex. Some urolagnists receive ineffable masochistic pleasure from being sprayed with urine, or even drinking it. Some men may be urolagnists without even knowing it: the smell of urine may be one element of the pleasure they find in cunnilingus.

Urolagnia is more rare in women. I myself say, however, that there have been times that I have truly enjoyed taking off my bikini on a beach and peeing in front of four horny men. As they masturbate, I quite often shoot a little urine on their cocks. On occasion I have enjoyed a shot of urine against my clitoris.

I doubt whether pee can be harmful, at least if you don't drink it.

A TOILET WIDOW

My husband never spends any time with me. When he comes home from work, he goes right to the bathroom and doesn't come out until he is called for supper. What am I going to do with this toilet freak? Is this usual for a healthy male? You see, we have only been married two weeks.—T.W.

For being married only two weeks, your husband sure is housebroken. Do you keep all kinds of exciting reading material in the bathroom, or is he just trying to hide from you? Why not just join him in the toilet? Tell him to shit or to get off the pot.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN

At my age I shouldn't need any advice. I am fifty-six years old and my wife is fifty. I want a little pussy at least every other night, and she thinks this is too much. When she does get it, though, she really goes wild.

She says she should like to eat me, but doesn't know how to go about it. I would also like to eat her, but just don't know what to do. When I see her cunt I go mad!—Desperate

Go and get it! You both want to get down to the nitty-gritty of oral sex. You need not clinically discuss this with her. Just turn her around so that she faces your cock and you face her cunt, and then eat.

COUPLES ERUPTION

This month Penthouse *brings you another installment of Couples, a searching series of interviews that attempts to uncover the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship. As analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist, these interviews provide a rare insight into man-woman relations. We invite couples who wish to be interviewed (and whose anonymity will be guaranteed) to write in confidence to The Editor, Couples,* Penthouse *Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.*

Jim M., 26, 5'9", 155 lbs. Brown hair and blue eyes. Jim is an assistant editor with a national magazine.
Laurie R., 22, 5'3", 105 lbs. Blond hair and brown eyes. Laurie is a junior editor with a public relations firm.

JIM'S STORY:

"I guess you could say that the problem I have with Laurie started long before I met her. I was always afraid that if I got deeply involved with a beautiful girl—as Laurie is—I might not be able to hold on to her. Some guy would come along who was simply better in the sack than I was, bigger, and with more staying power. Losing a woman this way is a sickening thought.

"Because of this fear, I have always made it with unattractive girls, ones whom those studs I was afraid of wouldn't be interested in. But I convinced myself that someday I would make it with a beautiful, sexy girl. Then, six months ago, I celebrated (if that's the right word) my twenty-sixth birthday. And suddenly, alone in a bar at three in the morning and halfway through my fifth Scotch, I realized that I was not getting any younger, and that I was really bullshitting myself. I was never going to get really involved with anyone.

"That realization didn't go away the next day. In fact, it started to hang over my life like a cloud, so I started hitting the booze. And the best place to hit the booze if you're an editor is at press conferences. It's free. So I made the rounds at every press conference there was.

"The weirdest screw that I've ever pulled off was on an airplane on my way to one of those conventions. All the action stayed pretty oral. After all, how much can you get away with on an airplane? Sure, there's the movie *Emmanuelle* where some girl gets it on a plane while everyone else in the coach *seems* to be sleeping, but believe me, it's not quite *that* easy—even a blow job is pretty difficult under such circumstances. But this one was pretty available—well, at least the girl was. I was traveling from an L.A. convention to my company's home office in Chicago. The guy sitting next to me on the plane asked if I wanted a blow job. Of course, I said, 'No thank you,' but politely so as not to upset the guy. He kind of laughed, saying, 'No, not from me. There's a girl sitting on the other side of me—she's in the rest room right now—who's into anything, anything you want. She gave me a good blow before the plane even got off the ground.'

"The guy's crotch was covered with one of those skimpy blankets the airlines give you to protect you from their air-conditioning systems. Who'd ever think that someone would be using those things to hide such activities from a kindly stewardess!

"'She'll do anything you like,' the guy continued. 'She's higher than a kite. She said something about flying over the Pacific on some champagne flight. Believe me, she's totally fucked. Anything you want.' So he slides over to the aisle seat, leaving the middle seat empty. I was expecting some kind of a degenerate to take the seat, when this really young, kind of awkward, but very pretty girl sat beside me. The guy I'd been talking to whispered something to her and she laughed a little, looked at me, and grabbed another blanket to cover her hand while she proceeded to undo my fly and jerk me off. Meanwhile, the other guy opened his newspaper to cover what we were doing.

"I kind of slouched down into the seat when this girl started to pull down my trousers! It felt strange enough that some stranger was giving me a hand job on a plane, but this girl wanted more room or something, and so she lowered my pants until they were practically around my knees! Of course, I tried to fight it, but she just laughed. So I finally had to go along with her to avoid attracting attention. She *was* pretty drunk. She then put her mouth over my cock, the blanket over her head, and proceeded to suck me dry. I have to say it was a good job. With one hand kind of tickling my thighs, she glided her lips up and down my cock in rapid succession. Just when I thought I was about to come, she'd stop pumping my cock and go for the balls, taking one of them in her mouth and letting it slip out. Then she'd take in the other one. I was about ready to come when I saw one of the stewardesses bringing our trays for lunch. The girl was playing with my balls again—I guess this was her technique for prolonging the action—when I had to push her away. At first, she seemed kind of upset, and then she saw the steward-

Illustrations By Danny Maffia/Letterforms By Tom Carnase

ess. She went into a fit of laughter, drunker than hell. My cock was up in the air when the other guy in our row threw his newspaper over my lap. The stewardess placed our trays before us, smiled demurely, and went on to the next seat. She said nothing. Over a hot roast beef sandwich, the girl proceeded to jerk me off. When we got off the plane, she introduced me to her husband and asked if I'd like to join them for dinner that night. But threesomes with married people aren't my thing. I prefer the singles scene.

"Three weeks after I started drenching myself in liquor I met Laurie at one of these conferences, where she was one of the PR people. She was seated next to me at the luncheon which followed some heavy boozing on my part that morning.

"At first, I went into my usual act reserved for beautiful girls, acting like I wasn't interested in her at all. But then, at one point, my mind went back to that gruesome night in the bar and I asked her if she wanted to go out. I was euphoric, but scared, when she said yes.

"Our relationship deepened rather rapidly. We had the same sense of humor, the same interests, pretty much the same attitudes about things. But sexually, we were nowhere. I didn't know where to begin.

"But Laurie sensed, knew, my reluctance and she brought me out of it by doing little things. Unexpected funny cards in the mail, middle-of-the-night calls telling me she loved me, and a constant stream of 'I love you.' A shower of love and affection.

"The first night we made it we were in her apartment in the Village. When she peeled out of the dungarees and sweater she was wearing, I'm sure any other guy in the world would have yelped for joy. She has, quite simply, a perfect body—perhaps a trifle heavy in the behind, but I like that.

"So what did I do? Nothing. I couldn't get it up. She had climbed into the bed, me beside her, and I couldn't get it up! To begin with, my prick is not big. Now, it seemed like a child's, ridiculously inadequate to satisfy this gorgeous hunk of woman next to me.

"But Laurie saved the day. First, she simply hugged me, and started to writhe all over me. Then, with expert hands, she kneaded every square inch of my body except my cock and balls. After twenty minutes or so of this, I started to feel aroused, and she started to lick my lower abdomen, slowly working down to my balls.

"When she got there, she suddenly started licking them feverishly and, just as quickly, had her mouth on my cock, which was now half-hard. She made loud sucking sounds that really turned me on. I had never gotten blown before like that. Soon, my prick was fully erect and she was sucking so hard that I thought she would suck my intestines up through the shaft.

"At the peak of this, I suddenly got this tremendous desire to eat her. 'You can't,' she said. 'I'm having my period.' I said, 'All the better.'

"I started to put my face in between her legs and she said, 'No, not like that.' Then, knowing exactly what she was doing, she told me to lie flat on the bed. I did, and she put both pillows under my head. Then she stood up on the bed and slowly lowered herself onto my face. We stayed that way for an hour. Dracula would have been in heaven! I know I was, and so was Laurie. The end of the night was almost anticlimactic: We fucked.

"A week after that first night, I moved in with her (I had been living with my parents), and from then on I went simply wild. Laurie was someone I had been dreaming about all my life, and now I had her and she was open to try anything I wished.

"We screwed and sucked each other every single night for weeks, and on a number of occasions I met her in a motel in midtown during lunch hour—and I mean lunch *hour*.

"When we weren't making love, we were

just enjoying one another. Taking long walks in the park, seeing the latest movies. Rapping. Living. For the first time in my life I felt this terrible tension that had always been coiled inside me loosening. I felt *relaxed*. I got along better with my co-workers, with bus drivers, waitresses, even my parents. I was on a soft high that no drug could ever create.

"At one point, it occurred to me that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with Laurie, that I wanted to marry her. And that's when the old fear, the fear of some stud taking her away from me, returned.

"I started to review exactly what we had done sexually, and a pattern started to emerge: Laurie was tremendously experienced sexually, and perhaps innately promiscuous.

"Casually, at first, I started to question her about her past experiences. She readily admitted that she had been making it since she was sixteen. Each day, I got more persistent in my questioning. Finally, one evening, I asked her the real question—or, to put it another way, I told her my fear—how could I be sure some stud wouldn't take her away from me later? At first, she laughed, then got angry, then serious. 'Because I love you, that's why.' For the moment I believed her.

"The next day, though, I found that I still didn't trust her. I needed proof. And that's when I got the idea to hire a male prostitute—a professional woman-fucker—to screw her, with me watching. If she didn't react with pleasure, then I'd know that she'd always be mine.

"That night I told her my idea and she slapped me in the face and left the apartment. But after a while she returned and we started to talk about it. Slowly I convinced her to go through with it.

"The next night I went down to Forty-second Street in the Times Square area. It wasn't hard to make a deal. I found a handsome guy named Danny who looked clean-cut and, at least from the bulge in his dungarees, as if he was hung like a donkey. I paid him twenty-five dollars on deposit and promised twenty-five dollars more after.

"When we got back to the apartment, Laurie was ready in more ways than one. She was in a negligee and I could smell booze on her breath.

"We all went into the bedroom. Laurie lay on the bed, and I sat on a chair watching. Danny was a man of few words and lots of action. He stripped off his clothes immediately. He had a fairly nice build, but his cock was something else. A huge uncircumcised thing. I looked at Laurie, who couldn't take her eyes off it, and saw fear in her eyes. I was ready to call the whole thing off. But I had to know.

"For perhaps thirty seconds, maybe a minute, Danny milked his thing down, like a craftsman readying a tool for use, until it was half-hard. Then he walked over to Laurie and told her to get off the bed and kneel on the floor. She did, and he immediately stuck the thing in her mouth. No preliminaries, no foreplay. Nothing.

"He stood there and pumped slowly. As he did, he started to get bigger and bigger, and I wondered how Laurie could possibly keep her mouth around it.

"When it was fully erect, he told Laurie to get on the bed. She did, and he climbed on after her. Then he pulled the negligee up over her waist, roughly spread her thighs apart, and entered her all at once. She cried out in pain. But I was glad to see she wasn't reacting with enjoyment.

"For perhaps five minutes, this Danny guy just pumped away with no reaction from her. Then, I saw it. Her head started to move from side to side, and then she began to moan. After another few minutes, she started to pump along with him, and she then did something she had never done with me: She wrapped her legs around his torso. At this point I know I should have stopped it. I was in agony. I had seen what her reaction to a stud would be. But I didn't want to stop it. I

had to admit I found it exciting to watch.

"She got her rocks off, if I could judge by the way she shuddered and moaned, five times. Old Danny didn't come once. After a half hour of screwing—about double what my maximum is at one time—he withdrew and told her to kneel on the floor again. She did and he shoved his thing in her mouth again. I think at this point she would have done absolutely anything for him, because she grabbed it with both hands and started to milk it with her mouth. Within minutes he came and she swallowed it all.

"When he had been paid off and left, Laurie and I had a terrific argument that ended with both of us in tears. I asked her if she enjoyed it more with him than with me. She said, 'No, not really.' But I had seen her writhing in ecstasy, and she doesn't actually like screwing with me that much. With him she was in heaven. As honest as she's always been, I can't believe her.

"Perhaps I'm being unfair, or something is going on in my head that I don't know about. Whatever, I want to get to the bottom of it. I still love Laurie, but since that night a cloud has been hanging over our relationship. I don't know where it's going to end up. I hope you can help."

LAURIE'S STORY:

"I'm sure Jim has told you about his little test. He's been preoccupied with it ever since. I don't know why Jim won't believe me about this incident. It just doesn't make sense. In the first place, he should believe me now because I've always been honest with him. That honesty is the cornerstone of our relationship. No matter how difficult, we decided we were going to lay everything on the line. And I did. I told him a lot of things, but the most painful was my insecurity about losing him. You know what that can mean—the other person can manipulate you pretty well once he knows what makes you tick. Of course, he seemed to understand exactly what I needed from him.

"Another thing that should make him believe me is the kind of sex I like. I don't particularly like conventional, missionary-position screwing. In fact, I don't particularly enjoy screwing at all; that is, as opposed to other things. What I really enjoy is having him eat me, and I told him this.

"The reason I enjoy sex with Jim so much more is that with him I always have the upper hand. I sometimes think my desire to dominate in bed comes from the first time I had sex, with a guy named Bob. We both knew we'd be screwing over the weekend, so it wasn't really rape the first time (even though I was sixteen and he was five years older). However, it turned out to be much rougher than I expected.

"He drove me to his family's cabin for the big event. I expected him to kiss and pet me before we made love but there were no preliminaries. Instead, he started throwing off his clothes, pulling at mine, and pushed me on the bed. Then he climbed on top of me and just pushed in and out of me for five or ten minutes.

"It wasn't *that* terrible, but it wasn't so great either. Our lovemaking didn't improve much with practice, and I often wondered what was wrong with me—why wasn't I enjoying it more? It never really occurred to me that Bob was just a lousy lover, and didn't care how I felt. I was either too naïve or too foolish to leave him, but he finally dropped me for another woman.

"That was about the time I entered college, and things picked up both sexually and socially. However, I still found it less exciting with men who were rough, though I could still reach a climax more often than not. But they just couldn't compare with the boyfriends who were gentler, who caressed me at moments when they weren't necessarily getting their rocks off.

"I also discovered my greatest sexual turn-on was cunnilingus. That's probably

because I am the one demanding attention. It's important to me that my partner *enjoy* my need for aggressiveness, my dominance. That was one of my greatest thrills with Jim. Even when he protested, I knew he loved the way I taught him what to do—probably more than anyone else I've ever been with.

"Even without my explanation, Jim should have realized how I felt about our lovemaking by my physical reactions. They were far more intense than what I had with that stud! I don't know what he said about the stud, but I can tell you how I've reacted in sessions with Jim. After a while, with my help, he got to be expert at sucking me off.

"Typically, we'd start a session off by simply embracing, rubbing our bodies together, feeling the warmth of one another. After a while, when we both got worked up, he would start eating me. For some reason—I have no idea why—I always liked to sit on his face when he did this. I didn't like the conventional spread-your-legs approach, and neither did he.

"I'd prop his head and shoulders on a couple of pillows, and slowly lower myself on him. That is, first I'd let him flick his tongue on my clitoris until it got hard. Then I'd lower myself some more and he would lick all around the inside of my vaginal lips. Then, when I was thoroughly lubricated, I'd lower myself completely onto him.

"At first, the weight of my body would almost smother him. But after a while he got to the point where he could chew and suck me, and breathe out of the side of his mouth at the same time. When we really got into it, he would start to moan, begging me to get off of him. But I knew he didn't want that, and I'd sometimes sit for hours.

"I can only say that sitting on his face—dominating him like this—is exquisite pleasure for me. I have come as many as ten times in a three-hour session and, often as not, the pleasure will be so intense that I end up crying. On more than one occasion, he saw those tears running down my face. Were they a lie? Did I cry from pleasure with the stud? No, I didn't.

"There's one other reason that he should believe me. And that is that I'm not simply a piece of flesh, and neither is he—we're human. Our relationship is really built—it's got to be for me—on an emotional and intellectual rapport, as well as a sexual thing. It's people caring about the destiny of other people, about what happens to them—getting into the skin of the other person and seeing life from his or her point of view. Only then can you fully understand other people's actions.

"Let me tell you, this thing about caring for people has really been brought home to me in the job I have now, with a public relations firm. Since I've been with the firm (two years), I've seen three people fired. One man was sixty-two and had twenty-one years of experience with the firm; another man and a woman, both in their early fifties, had fifteen or sixteen years each. None of those people got anything but a few weeks' severance pay. No pension, nothing to keep the wolves away. In the final analysis, my company didn't give a shit about any of them, just didn't care. To me, that's the opposite of being human!

"All this is not to suggest that I didn't enjoy myself with the stud. I did—immensely. Why, I don't really know. When I first saw his penis, it scared me. I had been to bed with a number of guys—all of whom I've told Jim about—but I'd never seen a prick as big as his, and I wondered just what effect it would have on my body. Also, I was a little concerned about VD, though the guy, Danny, looked clean enough. Perhaps it was the sheer savagery of his attack. There was no foreplay. He just stuck it in my mouth and I started to suck.

"At first I felt nothing, but when I felt it getting bigger it excited me. Of course, I was acutely aware that Jim was in the room watching, and my first inclination was to hide my reaction. I did in the beginning, but

then this Danny piled on top of me and started to enter me. I felt my vaginal walls being stretched to the breaking point, and I also felt every nerve inside me tingling. It was really something!

"And then it occurred to me that my relationship with Jim was built on honesty. Should I stop being honest now, or stop faking and just be aroused. I decided to let myself go completely. So I did, and enjoyed myself—completely. I was really surprised, because for me it was a complete reversal of roles. Usually I dominate in sex. But this stud ran the whole show!

"Jim and I have discussed the incident fully, and he can't shake off the idea that it proves that I might someday be taken away from him by someone like Danny. I admitted to Jim that I did enjoy myself, but not as much as with him, and that a full relationship with a person like Jim—emotional, intellectual, sexual—is what counts with me. I even told him that I'd be willing to do it again with Danny, that I was sure I wouldn't enjoy it as much the second time. But he thinks that that only proves—or is an excuse for me—just to get screwed by Danny again.

"Jim just has no idea what good sex is for a woman like me. I'm not saying that I don't enjoy a monster like Danny every so often. I mean, he made me want to scream when he entered me—that's the only way I can explain it. At some point I thought he might send his prick right up through me. Just his size was pretty thrilling. But, in the final analysis, Danny really had no imagination as a lover—no concept of sensuality. He reminds me of that clod Bob. I mean the old missionary routine was okay for a one-nighter, but beyond that I need someone who's sensitive, someone like Jim. If Jim can't believe that then I don't know how to convince him anymore.

"Also, there are a few curious elements about all this. While Danny was screwing me, Jim was enjoying himself watching it. I mean, here's the thing he's most terrified of—and he enjoyed it. Jim doesn't have any explanation for it. He did say that he imagined that he was Danny and that he's masturbated a couple of times with this fantasy in his mind.

"Also—and this is an example of Jim's honesty—he said that he was also sexually aroused by Danny. In fact, if Danny had suddenly climbed off me and told Jim to blow him he would have done it. In other words, maybe Jim is homosexual or at least bisexual. If he's homosexual, I've got problems. If he's bisexual, I really don't care. I've had some lesbian encounters myself. I think it's the main sexual drift that you have that counts.

"At this point I think Jim and I have talked ourselves out about this incident. My one final argument was this: Just suppose that we do get married—and I want to—and some day I cheat on him or he on me. I mean, so what? So goddamn what! Does that mean that our relationship is going to end? I think, not to be funny, that he's making a big thing out of nothing."

ROBERT CHARTHAM'S ANALYSIS:

Laurie hits the nail on the head about Jim with her very last sentence: "I think, not to be funny, that he's making a big thing out of nothing." However right she may be, Jim is unfortunately not able, at least at the moment, to see it that way.

An inferiority complex of any kind is self-destructive; a sexual inferiority complex can be both physically destructive, by preventing the erection of the penis (because of the psychological effects the complex has on physical sexual functioning), and also devastating psychologically in the whole area of psychosexual experience.

Jim's behavior under the influence of his sexual inferiority complex follows a logical pattern. What is interesting about Jim's assessment of his sexual inadequacy is not that he won't be able to make it with *any* woman, but that he won't be able to make it with a *beautiful* woman. Despite his dissatisfaction with the size of his penis—which is undoubtedly one of the key factors in the original development of his complex—he has been able to prove to himself that he is capable of satisfying "unattractive girls, ones that those studs I was afraid of wouldn't be interested in." What he failed to appreciate initially was that women, whether unattractive or beautiful, respond to every kind of sexual stimulation in the same way.

Victims of inferiority complexes are always introspective, and their introspection often takes a self-destructive bent, causing confusion and exaggeration. The confusion makes it impossible for them to assess their—in Jim's case his sexual—potentials correctly. This, combined with the exaggeration of their personal difficulties or failures, makes them see themselves as unique cases. They do not appreciate that there is no such thing as a "unique" sexual case. And all this only serves to emphasize their particular problems until they become obsessions which take over.

Jim was more fortunate in meeting with Laurie than he appreciates. In his own mind, the emphasis was on having a *sexual* relationship. I have always contended—and I am absolutely convinced that those who have had experiences similar to mine will wholeheartedly support me—that a purely sexual relationship is only a shadow of a whole relationship. Just fucking, no matter how physically successful and psychosexually satisfying it may be, is not a sound basis for a relationship. Unless there are other points of contact, the fucking relationship is an ephemeral experience. It is the other points of common interest which are the cement of the relationship, and which enhance the sexual experience.

Jim admits that Laurie sensed his predicament and reacted to it in an intuitive but immensely sensible way. He ought to have realized that she was, besides being one woman in a million, perhaps the only woman who could straighten out his sexual anxieties and fulfill his needs.

His inability to get an erection the first time he got into bed with her was normal, and her reactions on this occasion show what a sexually sympathetic and intelligent woman she is. As a result of this experience, Jim's sexual life was transformed—"Laurie was someone I had been dreaming about all my life, and now I had her, to do anything I wished. . . . For the first time in my life I felt this terrible tension that had always been coiled inside me loosening."

Unfortunately, however, Jim had been the victim of his problem too long to accept his great good fortune. When he reached the point where he felt that he wanted to spend the rest of his life with Laurie, "the old fear . . . of some stud taking her away from me returned." In such cases, regression of this kind is not unusual. The old feelings of inadequacy, though challenged by her affection over and over again, resurrected themselves and took over.

There is no doubt that, in this case, it was due to the fact that Laurie was the dominant partner. She cannot be made to bear the blame for that, but it was doubly unfortunate that her favorite method of cunnilingus puts her in a physically dominating position. Again I assert she is *not* to blame for it; it was merely unfortunate, for it (unconsciously) revived Jim's feelings of sexual inferiority.

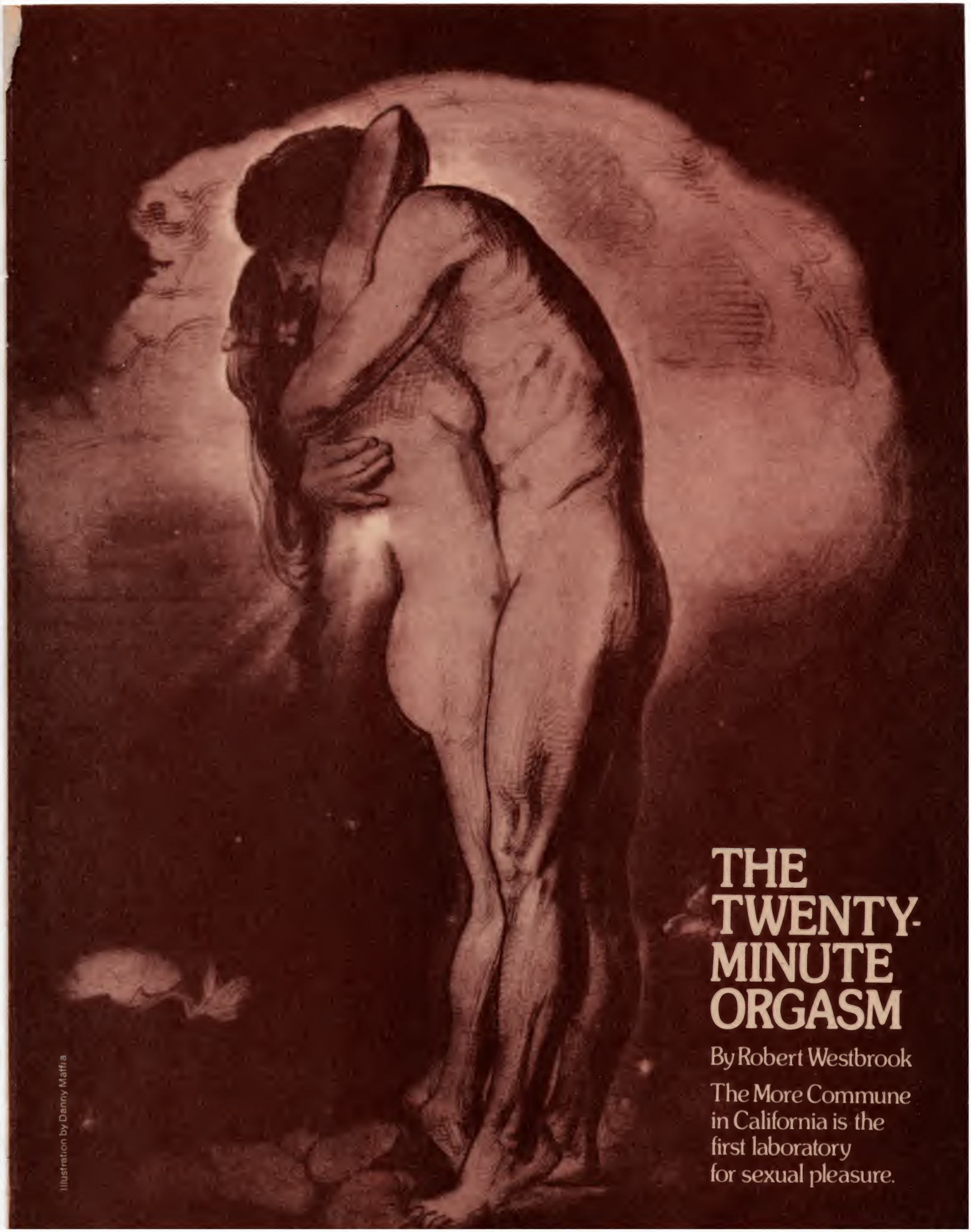
For only one thing do I blame Laurie—her agreement to have it off with Danny. She should have resisted this with every fiber of her being. It is easy for me to say this, and I recognize that her love for Jim was what persuaded her to agree to Jim's plan. She should have made it plain to him that he had absolutely no right to ask her to take part in any experiment of this kind, unless he lacked faith in her total sincerity. If he lacked this faith, then the relationship itself could not have any basis in reality.

I think Laurie was quite right to be honest in her responses to Danny. To have pretended that she did not enjoy the experience would have further undermined her relationship with Jim, since she claims (and I believe her) "that a full relationship with a person—emotional, intellectual, and sexual—is what counts with me."

One may discount Jim's reactions when he watched. He would be a strange person indeed not to be excited in such a situation, so strong is the voyeuristic tendency in all of us. Jim, I would guess, is not homosexual, though he may be bisexual. Even if he is bisexual—so what? It needn't necessarily affect their relationship, provided such sex activities are discreetly conducted.

Finally, I believe Jim to be so psychologically mixed up, that his relationship with Laurie is doomed to break down sooner or later. Psychotherapy would help only to the extent that Jim was motivated, including how deep his overall feelings for Laurie are. I have the strong impression that the sexual relationship is paramount if not exclusive.

Were they face to face with me in my office, I would advise them to carry on until one or the other can tolerate the situation no longer. I would not advise marriage unless a miracle or psychotherapy rids Jim of his fears.



THE TWENTY-MINUTE ORGASM

By Robert Westbrook

The More Commune in California is the first laboratory for sexual pleasure.

Illustration by Danny Maffia

It is a perfect California day—a day free of guilt and sorrow. The sun is burning in the sky; it looks like a juicy-ripe orange. The Sonoma valley is golden. No past, no future. In paradise, in the shade of a spreading oak, on a lawn that is sweet with the scent of new-mown grass, thirty pretty young girls gather for the morning session of the Women's Play Group.

They are suntanned and dressed in long robes and flower-printed dresses. They smile softly and sweetly. Light filters through the green branches of the oak. The scene is pure Maxfield Parrish. Seated on velvet cushions, the girls nibble on ice-cold peaches and grapes. The games soon get under way. The first game is called Truth. Each woman speaks three times.

"Susan, there's something I've been withholding from you. I want to make out with your husband."

Susan smiles serenely. "Thank you," she answers.

"Doris, there's something I've been withholding from you. That night we both made out with David . . . I was jealous, and thought he gave you more attention than me."

"Thank you."

"Group, there's something I've been withholding from you. I love you all . . . I'm sorry for the times I get uptight."

"Thank you," the thirty voices murmur in unison—a sound like a babbling brook.

Afterwards, when each has had her turn, they go on to charades, twenty questions, hide-and-seek. Prizes are awarded, and the grand prize this morning goes to a twenty-one-year-old girl named Lisa who wins the fantasy of her choice. Anything at all—a trip to Hawaii, a new car, an orgy. Like in a fairy tale, one wish will come true.

She reflects. Dreams surface pleasantly to mind. What does she want? Really want?

"A gangbang!" she announces at last. "To *get it*, really get it, all the sex I can have."

The other girls agree. This is a great idea. They watch over her and giggle as Lisa draws up a list of men—twelve in all. And I, only a visiting journalist to this dream but fucked physically and spiritually ever since I arrived, am fourth on her list.

The day dissolves into night—quickly, deliciously, with every promise of pleasure a fantasy can hold.

Now imagine a room—a strange, dormitory-style room—in which, gathered around a water bed, are twelve slightly impatient men, several children to give it a homey touch . . . and, finally, several of the twelve men's wives, who have come to speculate on the progress of the gangbang down the hall. This is the waiting room.

To make Lisa's fantasy complete, she has also been given a servant for this night. He's a young man named Chuck—from the community, of course—who is now wearing a black bowtie, a slightly ill fitting waiter's costume, and an inscrutable expression.

Chuck's job is to make sure Lisa is comfortable and has everything she wants: food, wine, hashish, and men—an unbroken line of them. Earlier in the evening, he filled her room with flowers, candles, and incense. He discovered what kind of music she likes, and borrowed appropriate records from all her friends. Now he stands at her door, guarding her entrance, summoning the men when she is ready for them, one by one.

All very civilized, for a gangbang. Lisa's husband, Mark, stops by the waiting room for a moment, wishes us all good luck, and then goes off to visit one of his steady girl friends downstairs. Presently, the spectacle begins. Man number one is called. The rest of us play dominoes and a nine-year-old kid beats us blind.

Half an hour passes before number one emerges, hair tossled, slightly red in the face, smiling broadly as he comes back into our room.

"How was it? What did you do?" several people ask him all at once.

"Well, I started by giving her a massage. Then I sucked her off until she came. And then I fucked her."

"She liked that, huh?"

"She *loved* it!"

Number two goes, then number three. Finally I, too, find myself trodding down that well-worn hallway, past Chuck with his black bowtie—like St. Peter at the gate—into the inner sanctum of aphrodisia.

> ‘I want to get it, really get it—all the sex I can have.’

The room is lit by many candles. I find Lisa sprawled out on the bed, lying beneath a sheet. Gentle music is playing, but her eyes seem wild—great black eyes measuring me from some unfathomable sensual distance, watching me dumbly as I cross the room. She looks like a woman in labor. Sweating a little, breathing hard, the outline of her breasts press regularly against the love-wrinkled sheet.

Words seem unnecessary. I am nothing, merely the force of her imagination . . . a man taking off his clothes, moving into the bed . . . touching her breasts, her stomach, her moist pubic thatch.

She sighs, her eyes roll back. Dimly, she gives herself up to pleasure, exhausted now, oblivious of the body. As we move together it feels more and more like a ritual dance—down to the explosive end.

Not that *she* explodes. Lisa only writhes, beyond orgasm. Quite beyond. A state, perhaps, that borders on madness. But this is what she wants . . . fantasy of *her* choice.

I leave her slightly more wild-eyed than when I came in. It seems a long distance from the pleasant games on the lawn during the morning Women's Play Group. Eight men follow me to and from her bed. Then, early in the morning, Chuck goes downstairs to find her husband.

She wants him now.

Perhaps she is crying, fantasized tears of an imaginary rape. One of my last visions this evening is of her husband climbing the stairs to her room . . . looking not so casual . . . a little green, in fact. Doubtless he will fuck her too, harder than all of us in the vast sexuality of his wrath.

But, in the end, it is their fantasy together. For in the days and nights to follow, she will be whispering in his ear, while making love, the details of what the twelve of us did to her that night. Turning him on again and again—a new boost to their marriage. Energy, once more, as it was in the beginning. A rebirth of love.

Such is the community's answer to jealousy and declining romance: *do all, tell all*. Use jealousy as enticement, and in this way transform any negative feelings into the best of all things—a positive sexual force.

Rohnert Park doesn't exactly look like utopia. It rests in a tiny Sonoma valley north of San Francisco—a valley that was once the chicken capital of the world but is now past its prime since more chickens are now factory-bred by modern methods down South. When the farms failed, someone had the bright idea of building an instant suburb, right on the side of Freeway 101. And that's Rohnert Park—brand-new shopping plazas, cardboard condominiums, and alphabetically named streets.

Not only is the town ugly, but it is also incredibly straight—Elmer Fudd America, in fact. Old ma and pa chicken farmers, retired and grumpy, making a last heroic stand against the influx of San Francisco craziness that has been moving their way since the late 1960's.

They don't want a new world. It's all been moving too fast. Yet, in their midst is the future. Inhabiting a complex of ramshackle buildings which were once dormitories of Sonoma State College is a mind-boggling commune—beyond hippie, beyond Orwell, beyond the Masters and Johnson Report.

It is More House, grandchild of the famous San Francisco Sexual Freedom League—eighty-five men, women, and children living together in complete sexual and social fantasy. They believe they are gods, that life is just a god-game, a fantasy of one's choice—and you might as well choose your fantasy to be as outrageous and pleasurable as it can be.

At More House you can have everything. The members will tell you that More House is perhaps the one place in the modern world where a dream comes true just by dreaming it. Or you can write a "want list," and post it in the hall for all to see.

I want: (1) A new Cadillac. (2) A blow job three times a day. (3) A night with Sally and Sue. (4) A gold-plated revolver to wear with my new cowboy suit.

They take turns satisfying each other's whims and fantasies, certain their own turn will come. Reality, they say, is only a matter of social agreement—and at More House they have their *own* agreement. There are only three rules to follow: (1) Say yes to everyone above you. (2) Make your presence a pleasurable experience for the others around you. (3) Say yes to those below you too—to the universe, in fact, which is your own creation.

Yes to all things, and no limits to pleasure. Such are the ideas of a certain middle-aged refrigerator salesman turned acid freak. In the summer of 1968 this salesman started an organization called the Institute of Human Abilities. LSD convinced him that he was God, and from this point the thinking was easy. He was perfect, there was nothing but *him*. The world itself was merely a slice of his imagination, to be played with in whatever manner he chose.

Our salesman's idea was ripe for its time —the late sixties. So many people were looking for an answer, a reason in the sky. He provided an answer. He called his philosophy *more* and he soon became one of the numerous gurus residing around San Francisco Bay—seekers coming to him with large quantities of money, to learn how they, too, could be God. And, perhaps most appealing of all, to learn how they could get laid a lot and earn lots of money.

The answer to the last question, by the way, is quite simple. Start a new religion. Tell people how to live. All you need is faith, ignorance, or wisdom—and so the idea was an instant success. Before long, this super salesman was able to buy a mansion in the Oakland hills and a huge black Cadillac limousine. He surrounded himself with a flock of female devotees, and today lives like a sultan, in comfortable semiretirement.

Such was his fantasy, and the limits of his ambition. It took another man, one of the guru-salesman's early disciples named Patty Matlock, to expand the original premise and turn the more philosophy into a way of life. Matlock established More House in Oakland, and later expanded to Rohnert Park. The members devote themselves to the idea that each of us can have everything he wants. Outrageous, perhaps, and yet in only five years—for all its sexual extravagances—More House has become one of the largest, most stable, and financially successful communes in the nation.

Not only that, but of the seventy or so adults in the community, the vast majority are married. "We've got people sexing without breaking up the nuclear family," Patty claims. And it seems, in fact, they have conquered the problems of free love, and maintained marriage while encouraging every conceivable fantasy to be freely and continuously expressed.

During five years of free love they have had only one divorce. They believe marriage, after all is said and done, is still the most supportive way of life—even in utopian communes. One enthusiastic husband, married six months ago, told me: "It's really wonderful! I can make out with any of the ladies here—they know I'm no threat, that I'm committed to Laura. So we can relax and have a lot of fun."

In fact, I first visited this funland, and met Patty Matlock, while a wedding reception was in progress. It was a warm Sunday afternoon. Champagne flowed endlessly from a small silver fountain. A table was spread with cold ham, turkey, roast beef, and five different kinds of homemade bread. Everything was served by pretty ladies in black miniskirts—a hint of ass almost visible as they bent forward, smiling, with offerings from their banquet table of life.

There was Patty Matlock, an enormously obese forty-four-year-old man, bursting with pleasure. He is dressed today in a white linen suit and red suspenders—looking like a cross between Ernest Hemingway and Colonel Sanders. He stands beside his wife, Robin, a voluptuous fifteen-and-a-half year old girl, who is clad in a see-through dress.

> In our modern utopia, fucking is out, and sucking is in.

Patty greeted me with a royal wave. I told him I was a writer, interested in doing a story on his unusual utopia.

"Let's go talk," he commanded, and led the way to World Hall, followed by a retinue of four breathtakingly sexy young girls—two of whom, I discovered were his daughters.

We sat in a beautiful room, on a soft, expensive sofa, near a shiny grand piano. There were Spanish-tile floors and redwood beams. Patty leaned back. His women were gathered around him, all whispering and giggling to themselves—and sometimes (quite disconcerting) looking at me with point-blank sexual appraisal.

Clearly I was in another world, Patty's world, where customary rules were suddenly turned upside down. While Patty talked, his teenage wife let her hand fall casually on his crotch.

"So tell me, Rob, just what do you want from us?" And then, before I could answer: "What I mean is this . . . if you want to write a 'knock' article, we'll give you all the material you need. Or if you want to praise us, we'll give you that too . . . or maybe you just want to get laid a lot and have a good time?

"You see," he continued, and I still wasn't allowed to open my mouth, "people come here for all kinds of reasons, and everyone gets everything they want. We never turn anyone away. Now, some people are looking for bad, and that's just what they get here. But if you choose to have good, you can have all the good you want . . . that's the way the world works.

"*You* are God!" he said, glowingly. "It's entirely your game to play, however you choose to play it."

Finally he was quiet, staring at me intensely, waiting. "Well," I cleared my throat, "if we can choose what we want, why is it that most of the world is miserable?"

He laughed. "For the motion, dear boy. The motion! Why do you think there is a world in the first place? . . . Because nirvana—and I can tell you this from *personal* experience—nirvana is damn dull."

"Don't you think there are some circumstances beyond our control?" I asked. "What about a time of war, or famine? Or the Jews in Hitler's Germany. . . ."

"Dear boy!" he interrupted, clearly his favorite form of address. "The Jews created Hitler for themselves, just as Hitler created the Jews, and cops make robbers. The goal of life is *motion*, whether up or down . . . take anything. Take the oil shortage last winter. When a country comes to a place where it has everything it wants, then it plays a game of scarcity. When it is bored and wants to liven up the newspapers, it creates Watergate. When it is very, very bored, it makes a Hitler or a Charlie Manson.

"People *dig* bad," he said. "It makes a game worth playing. But if you understand it's all just your projection, and not something that's outside of you, you reach a point where you decide to have some good . . . why not? There are no limits to the pleasure you can choose. So enjoy life and make others conscious of what you need. My goal is to turn people on to the perfection of themselves—to teach them they're entitled to get what they want."

My last question, that afternoon, was an attempt to get down to the concrete. "How do you support yourselves here?" I asked. "You seem to have a lot of money."

"Ah! Now that's something no one from the outside is ready to accept," he said. "We teach a few courses on sex, money, and religion. We also have started a salvage business recently, tearing down old farmhouses and reselling the hardware and wood. But basically it's something else . . . we *think* rich. That's all."

"Think rich?" I repeated bewildered.

"Sure," he said, waving his arms expansively—a gesture including the grand piano, the thousand-dollar sofa, the girls in their fine dresses. "It's all an illusion, and money is the biggest hallucination of all."

A few days later—sensing I might be diving into water over my head—I moved into More House. I was given a room in Marin Hall.

(There are four main dormitories: World, Napa, Mendocino, and Marin, each with its own dining room, kitchen, and house parents.) My room had a king-size bed, a stereo, a desk with a jar of Vaseline on it, and a Do Not Disturb sign to hang outside my door whenever I was "occupied."

As Patty predicted, I got everything I might want, and *more*. Some things I wanted because of my guilt, my self-doubt, and my negativity—qualities I was quickly made aware of in the More House atmosphere, where guilt has no place, and *no* is a word you never hear.

Mysteriously, for a week and a half, every mental projection seemed to come true.

In the beginning, feeling a little nervous with eighty-five most peculiar strangers (a feeling I remember way back, like going to a new school for the first time and not knowing a soul), I managed to get rejected and dejected. For two days, in fact, in a free-love commune I didn't connect with one lady.

It was most embarrassing. All the girls were very much available. From the moment I arrived they flirted, enticed me with erotic promises, and then walked away at the critical moment—leaving me to feel like a misfit, a self-chosen role I know quite well, having played it the greater part of my life. In the end, I was made to realize that I was simply rejecting myself.

The truth is, for there to be utopia, you must begin with loving yourself.

It was arranged for me, I later discovered, to have these two days of put-down. More House has developed an art they call hexing. Hexing combines a way of bringing you down, of forcing you to face your negative self-projections, with a process of building you way up when you can stand no more, to reveal how good you are, how worthy of paradise.

Sex is the bait; sex is the game—an area in which we are all peculiarly vulnerable.

If you are ready for good, More House is willing to supply all the pleasure you are likely to desire. They say they are open to everything—every outsider, every fantasy, every scheme—as long as you can convince them it will be pleasurable for them. A game worth playing.

They have pleasure down to a science. It works like a radical Christianity of sorts, where each person takes turns serving and being served. Sex, like other pleasures, is just one more service you are either offered or you offer in turn. And to get more out of sex, the commune has taken the clinical information available from the Masters and Johnson research project and worked out in practice the most efficient way for a man and woman to have the most intense orgasm they can—a twenty-minute orgasm, in fact, of which the group is justly proud.

"The myth of this country is that the people are sexually knowledgeable—but this is not true," Patty says. "If it were, there would not be an eighty percent divorce rate."

To correct these misapprehensions, each person in the community is required to take a basic sense course—a weekend seminar that is also offered to anyone on the outside who is interested.

In this course, a two-day rap session, one main point is made again and again: old-fashioned sexual intercourse is *not* the way to get off—for a woman, especially, but also for a man.

The vagina, quite simply, contains no nerve endings. It is, in fact, an empty pocket, or a glove, incapable of sensation. The vaginal orgasm, as a result, is a myth that has made women feel guilty for years. It is the clitoris and only the clitoris, with its 40,000 nerve endings that gets a woman off. And unfortunately, in most comfortable fucking positions, this magic button is hardly touched at all.

So the problem with most of our sex lives is that a man labors to bring his woman to climax and feels guilty if he comes before she does—while the woman, conversely, has guilt of her own since she is physically unable to have the kind of orgasm our male-oriented society tells her she must. Somewhere in all this tension, guilt, and false expectation, pleasure is certainly lost. It is the More House belief that most women simply fake an orgasm in order to satisfy a man's vanity and to avoid a scene.

So what is the answer? "The optimum orgasm," they will explain to you, "is created when both people have total concentration on *one* body."

Or, to put it more plainly, in utopia fucking is out, and sucking is in. At More House, you "do" or you are "done"—but always separately, never at the same time.

I learned all this theory in an organized fashion by attending the basic sense course on the last weekend of my stay. But in a more casual and enjoyable manner, I picked up the practical application of optimum orgasm from the many ladies who began to visit my room after my two days of hexing were over.

The women at More House, I soon discovered, were the aggressors. (The men usually lie around like sultans, waiting for pleasure to come their way.) The girls would simply come up to me and ask if I felt like making out. One lady claimed she *won* me in a scrabble game. Often there was just a knock on the door, and a mischievous face on the other side . . . and this was the atmosphere all over the commune. Women roam from room to room. I could close my eyes sometimes and imagine a geometric Escher landscape of floating cunt . . . almost more than a poor journalist could handle.

Martha was the first, and stands out in my mind more than any of the others. Her husband had kicked her out for the night, hung out the Do Not Disturb sign, and was busy with another lady. After some midnight roaming through the dormitory hallways, she tapped lightly on my door. The door opened revealing her in a white lace gown. She came upon me like a snowflake, fragile and a little cold from the night.

She was from Canada. Not even the California sun could quite light up her marble skin and rose-touched cheeks.

However . . . I am being too romantic, which has no place here. The reality was casual, matter-of-fact. Martha shed her nightgown and popped into bed. I dove after, eager as I could be.

Like the barbarian I was—untrained yet in the More House way—I entered her with one great, greedy thrust, taking her by surprise. The force of this inefficient, archaic manner of love took her breath away. She almost broke down and had an orgasm.

When it was over, she laughed. "God, no one has taken me like *that* for a while."

"What do they do here?" I wondered.

"Well, I'll show you."

And she did. I lay back on the sheet. She told me to relax, just relax, while her fingertips traced light circles up and down my body—just missing, ever so coyly, my limp and love-soaked cock.

It went very slowly. "*Sensuality must have no goal*," they told me in the basic sense course, "*it simply is, without direction or any limitations attached*." I grew hard again, hard as a rock, but still she did not touch me there, until it became a fine agony, nearly unendurable.

Then, at last, her fingertips went into the waiting jar of Vaseline. Like a nurse, I tho ght, or some incalculably gentle being, she greased me, and massaged me with the lightest possible touch—so tantalizing, making me always want a little more. One hand playing with the shaft, and the other, following the exact same rhythm, circling down the testicles to the anal opening . . . so soft it was like a dream, almost intangible. For they say in the sense course: "*for a true connoisseur of pleasure, only the lightest touch will do*."

Time seemed to stop; I felt I was floating. Eventually, she began to lick me with her tongue, up and down the underside of the shaft, as if I were some gorgeous pink lollipop, and she a child . . . and then, her whole mouth was upon me, still very light, but working into a faster rhythm.

I was about to explode, just on the threshold, when she suddenly touched me a little harder than before, just above the testicles, stopping the semen in its path.

"Oh, God!" I think I cried.

She let go, then sucked me again. In a moment I was once more ready to explode—now even more urgently than before—and she did it again, stopped me with the slightest pressure of her hand. Then she recommenced sucking, until I was in a kind of delirium, finally reaching a climax such as I had never experienced . . . it seemed my very soul would flow out of my penis into her mouth.

It is called "stroking." Masters and Johnson found the average orgasm to contain four to six contractions. But at More House, by stopping for a second and changing rhythm—or with a man, by pressing on the sperm canal—the orgasm may be extended indefinitely. We, in the community, have counted up to 400 contractions per orgasm. A twenty-minute orgasm. And we believe we can go further still.

Now, I'm not sure if what happened took ten minutes, twenty minutes, or a lifetime. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

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KISSINGER'S EMPIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

group was infiltrated by government agents; it is also possible that the CIA's own operation in Portugal was similarly infiltrated. The presumed reason for this CIA activity was Kissinger's fear that the U.S. might lose its air-naval bases in the Azores if left-leaning Portuguese military rulers remained in power. (The Azores, of course, are considered vital for refueling U.S. aircraft flying to Israel in the event of a new Arab-Israeli war.) Although there are experts who disagree with Kissinger on the absolute need to retain bases in the Azores, the administration felt so strongly about the Portugal operation that it gave the CIA the go-ahead to establish a working relationship with General Spínola.

• Notwithstanding an earlier window-dressing reduction in personnel, the Intelligence Community has continued to expand its global operations, with emphasis on technological intelligence both at home and abroad. This accounts for its total yearly budget of some $25 billion. This money includes immensely expensive research and development of science-fiction intelligence equipment. The funds are buried in the Pentagon's budget. For example, the Air Force budget conceals nearly $1.5 billion for worldwide satellite reconnaissance.

• Despite public disclosures, the intelligence agencies have failed to destroy all their secret files on Americans although not one has been proved to be a foreign intelligence agent. (Ironically, the CIA announced publicly that it has stopped destroying files while investigations of the Intelligence Community are in progress.) These master lists, combined with the steadily growing capabilities of intelligence units of state, county, and municipal police departments, make an American police state a real possibility—should a new Nixon come along, or even if one doesn't. The Intelligence Community, originally intended as an instrument for gathering foreign intelligence, has grown into such an immense and powerful bureaucracy that, in effect, it virtually constitutes a federal police force—something we have always rejected as anathema. And, of course, we still have "national security" wiretaps.

• The National Security Agency, the Pentagon-linked electronic intelligence organization that covers the world with its 125,000 employees and a $11 *billion* annual budget, still selectively monitors and transcribes each day uncounted thousands of international telephone calls between the U.S. and foreign points. Considering that over sixty million overseas calls—both incoming and outgoing—will have been made this year, the magnitude of this eavesdropping operation is staggering. It violates, needless to say, the civil rights of Americans using international telephone communications for family or business matters (what spy in his right mind would use an open phone line to discuss espionage or sabotage?). The NSA falls back on the lame excuse that this practice is part of foreign intelligence protection for the U.S. It goes without saying that all international calls by foreign diplomats are monitored for intelligence-collection purposes. Transcripts of *all* monitored overseas calls—and, in many cases of intercepted radiograms and telegrams—are given to the CIA and the FBI and, when requested, to Kissinger's National Security Council. The NSA has also quietly encouraged illegal break-ins by agents of other intelligence agencies of the foreign embassies in Washington to steal code books. Code-breaking is one of the NSA's chief functions.

• An obscure "private airline" with strong CIA ties, an outfit called Birdair (after its "owner," William H. Bird), suddenly in September 1974 became a major carrier of ammunition and food from Thailand to Cambodia aboard huge C-130 Air Force transports provided under a Pentagon contract. Birdair has a close relationship to the worldwide network of CIA-owned "airlines," the most notorious of which is Air America, Inc., operating in Indochina.

When outraged Americans try to discover exactly what this vast Intelligence Community *is*, what it does (and how and why), and whether it protects their security, rights, and liberties or threatens them, the official answer—and the answer usually accepted in the past by both a basically indifferent public and the blindly trusting and unquestioning congressional committees theoretically in charge of CIA "oversight"—is that U.S. Intelligence concerns itself with the collection overseas of information vital to the national security. This, of course, is only an elegant phrase for espionage—and it is part of a tacit international "gentlemen's agreement" that everybody spies on everybody else: the CIA, the Soviet KGB, the British MI-6, the French SDT, the Israeli Ha-Mosad, the Cuban DGS, and so on.

But more recently, U.S. Intelligence has admitted conducting—even if usually only when caught red-handed at it—a number of covert political and paramilitary operations around the world. Sanctimoniously, the CIA and its partners always justify themselves on the grounds that their destruction of foreign governments, or attempts at it, is in the best interests of the cause of democracy in the affected countries. This was the excuse for doing away with leftist regimes in Iran in 1953, in Guatemala in 1954, in the Congo in 1960, and in Chile in 1973. It was also the excuse for the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba in 1961. And, among many others, the Congo's Patrice Lumumba, Chile's Salvador Allende Gossens, and Colonel Ratsimandrava of the Malagasy Republic were killed in the process of democracy being subverted by the CIA. The agency had also considered assassinating Cuba's Premier Fidel Castro and Haiti's President François Duvalier—and it may well have had a hand in the 1961 murder of the Dominican Republic's dictator, Rafael Trujillo. The CIA had no ideological problems with Duvalier and Trujillo, but they were apparently "getting out of control." In connection with these murder plans, the CIA developed a cozy relationship with the Mafia.

Nobody knows exactly how many other foreign politicians of lesser renown—to say nothing of various American and foreign intelligence agents and quite innocent people who just found themselves caught in the midst of some CIA operation—lost either their lives or their freedom in the last quarter-century as a consequence of our government's meddling in the affairs of other nations. And nobody knows just how many foreign politicians, military officials, labor and student leaders, and the like were bought, suborned, and corrupted by the CIA as it insouciantly went about weaving networks of secret agents.

When earlier this year congressional committees began probing into the activities of the Intelligence Community, President Ford expressed private concern that if carried too far the investigations could unearth political assassinations abroad authorized by his predecessors. Subsequently Ford said that he would personally look into assassination charges, and he added that he "condemned" such operations. The unwritten law is that the president of the United States must personally approve the order for the political murder of an important foreign figure by American agents. If an assassination "contract" is given a CIA-employed foreigner, however, the agency can act on its own. While these would be "selective" assassinations, the agency has been indirectly responsible for thousands of deaths in such foreign operations as the war waged by its "Clandestine Army" in Laos, the Phoenix program in Vietnam (see below), the 1954 Guatemala Civil War, the Bay of Pigs, the secret air operations in the Congo in the 1960s, and supporting the Indonesian rebellion in 1965.

Additionally, the CIA has trained right-wing Cambodian and Ugandan guerrillas at secret bases in Greece and Tibetan guerrillas in the mountains of Colorado.

The question the CIA and other members of the Intelligence Community never answered was why, in the light of their democratic protestations, they have always allied themselves with the most repressive and reactionary regimes in the world. In Vietnam, for example, the CIA pioneered the infamous "Operation Phoenix," which was nothing less than a wholesale program for assassinating over 20,000 real or suspected Vietcong sympathizers in South Vietnam. At the same time, police experts provided by the Agency for International Development (supposedly the humanitarian supplier of economic development funds) were busy supervising President Nguyen Van Thieu's "tiger-cage" prisons for political opponents (the cages themselves were designed and built by the U.S. Navy in California under an AID contract). In Greece, the key leaders of the now ousted "colonels' junta," a singu-

larly brutal dictatorship, were actually on the CIA's payroll. In Bolivia, CIA agents were involved in flushing out and killing the hapless Che Guevara and his ill-advised revolutionary companions. In short, wherever there is a nasty dictatorship in power, you can be certain of finding CIA representatives in bed with the local executioners and prison-masters, many of whom were trained in the United States by the CIA and federal police academies.

In the United States all the crisscrossing intelligence operations are supposedly conducted for the purpose of counterespionage—in other words, to intercept foreign spies and political operatives.

(One should note in passing, however, the double standard implicit in this whole concept: we consider it criminal for foreign agents to operate covertly in the U.S., and rightly so, but the CIA and its *confrères* think nothing of subverting the governments of other countries. Although there is no American law against it, such subversion clearly violates international law. It is a form of aggression prohibited by the UN Charter—which the United States helped to draft.)

In any event, what the Intelligence Community has been doing domestically—and continues to do—far exceeds counterespionage needs. And this is where the danger of a police state comes in. In the mid-1960s (no, Nixon wasn't the original culprit although he raised domestic snooping to the level of an art), the Intelligence Community took it upon itself to police any form of dissent against the Establishment. Everything—from the antiwar movement to civil rights campaigns—was suspect.

The late J. Edgar Hoover assembled immense files on just about everybody in public life, from congressmen (fourteen of them) to actors and newspaper scribes. His FBI wiretapped such civil rights leaders as Dr. Martin Luther King. The paranoid notion behind it all was that American dissenters simply must be under sinister foreign influences; why else would they object to American policy? (But Attorney General Edward Levi also testified in February that the FBI had been repeatedly "misused" by past presidents for political purposes.)

More recently, Army counterintelligence agents, who legally have no business spying on civilians, built a computerized data bank, reportedly containing around 100,000 names, at their Fort Holabird, Maryland, headquarters. The Air Force's Office of Special Investigations (OSI), which theoretically is responsible for the physical security of installations, launched a program to identify and weed out Black Panthers from among the ranks of airmen. Internal OSI documents depicted perilous Black Panther conspiracies in the Air Force. Then the CIA, whose charter clearly restricts it to intelligence operations abroad, entered the domestic picture. Joining the FBI and the military operatives, it assigned its own agents to penetrate peace groups and radical movements. Not to be left behind by the FBI and the Pentagon, the CIA put together its own secret lists, which include at least the four congressmen. Because of its enormous manpower, financial, and technological resources, the CIA proceeded secretly to train domestic police forces—most notably in Washington, New York, and Chicago—in complex intelligence crafts so that local cops could better anticipate, monitor, and control antiwar demonstrations and other civil disturbances. The Washington police department has officially admitted that its links to the CIA go back to the late 1940s and that they were "intensified" in 1969—the year Nixon took office. Inasmuch as the 1947 law that created the CIA specifically bars it from domestic police functions, this friendly effort was a flagrant violation of the statute. Returning the favor, selected police departments began providing CIA agents with local police credentials to facilitate their undercover work at home.

When the CIA's involvement in domestic political espionage was publicly disclosed late in 1974, the agency, in the midst of the gathering scandal, rather incredibly told astonished congressmen that there were reasons to suspect that such radical groups as the Black Panthers were trained in Algeria, the Soviet Union, and North Korea. The CIA kept insisting on this, even though a presidential commission *which included agency representatives* had concluded as far back as 1968 that there were no ties between antiwar activists and other militants and foreign intelligence services.

Another explanation offered the con-

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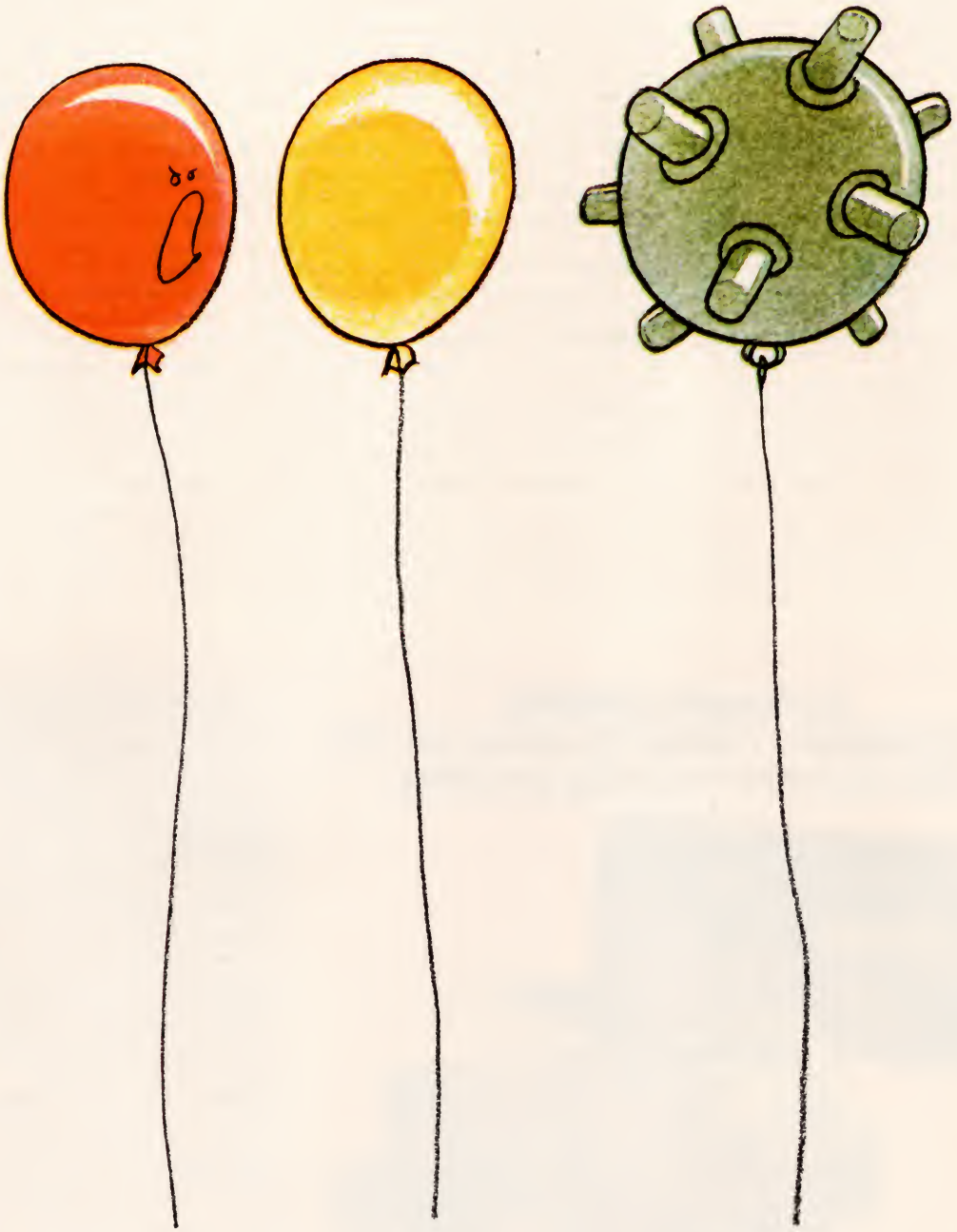
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMMINGS



"Trouble with Herb is he's too Goddamn moody."

gressmen was that, because of Hoover's irrationality, the FBI dropped its counterespionage functions—and the CIA simply had to fill the vacuum. When, for example, foreign agents were known to be traveling to the United States—their movements abroad were tracked by the agency's counterintelligence staff—the CIA, according to this argument, had no choice but to assign its own men to establish surveillance over them upon their arrival here. This may well be true and quite reasonable in the CIA's eyes, *but the agency was violating the law*. And once the agency violates the law for presumably valid reasons, there is simply no telling what the next "one-time exception" is going to be. The temptation to keep increasing domestic operations is just too great.

In fact, these temptations *were* dangerously increased when Nixon, one of the CIA's best friends from his vice-presidential days, assumed office in 1969 and realized the extraordinary possibilities that the growing domestic intelligence apparatus offered him politically. Nixon was the chief White House executive officer in the planning of the Bay of Pigs operation. He was one of the few people outside the Intelligence Community to receive what the CIA calls "no shit" briefings—that is, the whole unvarnished truth about covert operations—during his tenure as vice president, and one of his first acts as president was to appoint his old friend, Marine Corps General Robert E. Cushman, Jr., as Deputy Director of Central Intelligence and Deputy CIA Director. By this appointment, Nixon gained a private link to the CIA, allowing him to bypass, if he wished, career director Richard M. Helms. It just so happened that at the inception of the Watergate period it was General Cushman rather than Helms (conveniently out of town that day) who received E. Howard Hunt, the White House "plumber," to arrange for CIA logistics support for the planned break-ins.

At the Justice Department (where the Internal Security Division performs an intelligence function alongside the FBI), Nixon was represented by his close friend Attorney General John Mitchell. This was particularly crucial for Nixon's gradual takeover of the whole domestic intelligence apparatus during the period before Hoover's death in May 1972. Despite Hoover's strenuous objections, Nixon succeeded in July 1970 in setting up the Interagency Committee on Intelligence—the members were the CIA, the FBI, the National Security Agency, and the Defense Intelligence Agency—to expand domestic intelligence activities. This concept emerged from a "For Eyes Only" memorandum drafted for Nixon by his aide, Tom Charles Huston, which proposed that "present procedures should be changed to permit intensification of coverage of individuals and groups in the United States who pose a major threat to the internal security." Huston, admitting in his memo that much of what he was recommending was unlawful, observed that "present restrictions on legal coverage should be relaxed on selective targets of priority foreign intelligence and

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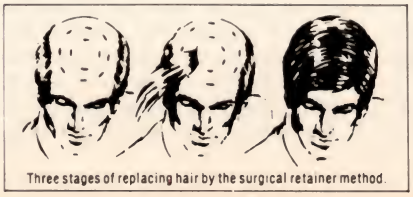

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internal security interest. . . . Covert coverage is illegal and there are serious risks involved. However, the advantages to be derived from its use outweigh the risks. This technique is particularly valuable in identifying espionage agents and other contacts of foreign intelligence services."

Given Nixon's turn of mind, it should come as no surprise that he enthusiastically endorsed Huston's reasoning and forced the Intelligence Community to go along with it. After all, Nixon had a "police" mentality. Few people may know it, but his first ambition on graduating from law school was to become an FBI agent—Nixon himself told this story to the FBI National Academy in May 1969 as he received from Hoover an honorary membership in the FBI. He recalled applying to the FBI in 1937 and being approved as an agent. But he never made it. This was because, as Nixon put it, "the Congress did not appropriate the necessary funds requested for the Bureau in the year 1937." And, typically, he added: "I just want to say in Mr. Hoover's presence and in Mr. Mitchell's presence that will never happen again."

And now for a look at the Intelligence Community as it exists today. Its "board of directors" is the United States Intelligence Board (USIB). USIB's chairman is the Director of Central Intelligence, currently Colby—a thin-lipped, cold-eyed CIA clandestine services career official. His greatest notoriety derives from "Operation Phoenix," the Vietnam assassination program which he supervised from Saigon before being recalled to the agency's headquarters at Langley, Virginia, just outside Washington.

As USIB's chairman, Colby is directly responsible to the National Security Council and, through it, to President Ford. In practice, however, Colby's real boss is Henry Kissinger (in his separate incarnation as Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs and thus manager of the National Security Council). Kissinger—as we've noted—has virtually taken over the workings of the Intelligence Community in recent years. Under Eisenhower, foreign policy was controlled by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and his brother Allen W. Dulles, the Director of Central Intelligence. Under Nixon, and now under Ford, Kissinger alone controls both these strands of foreign policymaking. Since coherent policy cannot be formulated without the input of intelligence, Kissinger acts both as the producer of intelligence and its principal consumer. This is one of the main sources of his extraordinary power.

Kissinger is also the chairman of the top-secret "Forty Committee" of the National Security Council, the five-man body in charge of major covert intelligence operations abroad. In this context, Kissinger reports only to the president (one likes to assume that he does so in every case). Colby is Kissinger's subordinate in the Forty Committee (the name is derived from the number of the NSC document that set up this group in 1969, replacing similar past committees with other numerical designations), which further strengthens Kissinger's hold over U.S. Intelligence. In addition, Kissinger runs the NSC Intelligence Committee and the Net Assessments Group.

The members of the USIB are the CIA (making Colby both the chairman and a constituent member), the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the State Department's small but excellent Bureau of Intelligence and Research (INR), the FBI, and, most recently, the Treasury Department. The Treasury was added because of its participation in the antinarcotics program (the CIA is also working on narcotics though, ironically, its agents often collaborate with heroin smugglers in Indochina) and because of the fact that it runs the expanded Secret Service. The Atomic Energy Commission was a USIB member until it was absorbed in early 1975 into the new Energy Research and Development Administration. The Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board (which until recently had Vice President Rockefeller as a member) theoretically advises the president, but it plays no effective role. In the Nixon years, an informal Intelligence Evaluation Committee, designed for domestic intelligence, also met at the White House.

The Intelligence Community is a formidable empire both in terms of money and personnel. This is how it breaks down:

(1) *The National Security Agency*. Established in 1952 by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, it is the biggest and richest and most secret of them all. Its annual budget of $11 billion includes the special funds for research and overhead reconnaissance; and it employs 25,000 U.S. military and civilian personnel at its headquarters at Fort George G. Meade in Maryland, and 100,000 more Americans all over the world. In addition, the NSA employs between 10,000 and 15,000 foreign personnel abroad, mainly for the physical protection of its facilities. The NSA's present director is Lt. Gen. Lew Allen, Jr., who has worked both for the CIA and the Defense Intelligence Agency. Obviously, the USIB agencies cross-fertilize.

The NSA's general operation is known as SIGINT (signal intelligence). It runs overhead satellite and SR-71 spy aircraft reconnaissance, COMINT (communications intelligence), and ELINT (electronic intelligence). It specializes in code-making and code-breaking, and in all forms of cryptography, and such ancillary activities as monitoring international telephone and cable communications. The NSA's authority for this kind of domestic monitoring is at best murky. Privately, officials say that the agency currently derives its authority from the 1968 wiretap law providing that nothing in it "shall limit the Constitutional power of the President to take such measures as he deems necessary to protect the nation against actual or potential or other hostile acts by foreign powers, to obtain foreign intelligence information deemed essential to the security of the United States, or to protect national security information against foreign activities." The question that results, however, is whether the president must obtain an across-the-board court order authorizing the massive surveillance represented by the NSA's monitoring of private international communications, or whether separate court orders are needed in each case. This is a point on which the Supreme Court must rule.

In the meantime, the NSA claims that it derives its authority from the president, and that—given the volume of overseas phone calls it monitors—it would simply be impractical to seek individual court orders. What we do not know, however, is whether President Ford has moved for a blanket court order, or whether he has authorized the NSA (as evidently his predecessors have done) to eavesdrop on international communications on the basis of his inherent powers.

In any event, it appears that the NSA is doing its monitoring from the seven locations in the United States where the American Telephone and Telegraph Company operates international phone exchanges —New York City; White Plains, N.Y.; Springfield, Mass.; Jacksonville, Fla.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Oakland, Calif.; and Denver, Colo. AT&T officials insist that if the NSA is listening to its international traffic, it is being done without the company's official knowledge or cooperation. Technicians say, however, that the NSA surreptitiously plugs its own monitoring lines into the seven AT&T exchanges while the company conveniently looks the other way. "It's a case of seeing no evil and hearing no evil," an expert said.

Insofar as about 2 percent of all international phone calls go annually through U.S. exchanges (roughly 1.2 million classified as "interconnects" between Europe and Asia) the NSA gets the extra bonus of picking up these conversations, too, without having to go through the trouble of secretly listening to them from overseas points. Typically, an "interconnect" call may be between London and Peking, or Paris and Tokyo.

Several years ago, this reporter was shown at the State Department the transcript of a monitored conversation between Haiti's president, Jean-Claude Duvalier, in Port-au-Prince, and his mother, the widow of François Duvalier, in Miami. Because Mme. Duvalier was then acting as an adviser to her young son, the U.S. government was interested in the conversation. The transcript was a translation from the Creole dialect in which the Duvaliers spoke, but the official who was reading it commented that "She certainly sounds like a Jewish mother . . . worrying about him and his safety." Thousands of such conversations are picked up by the NSA every month.

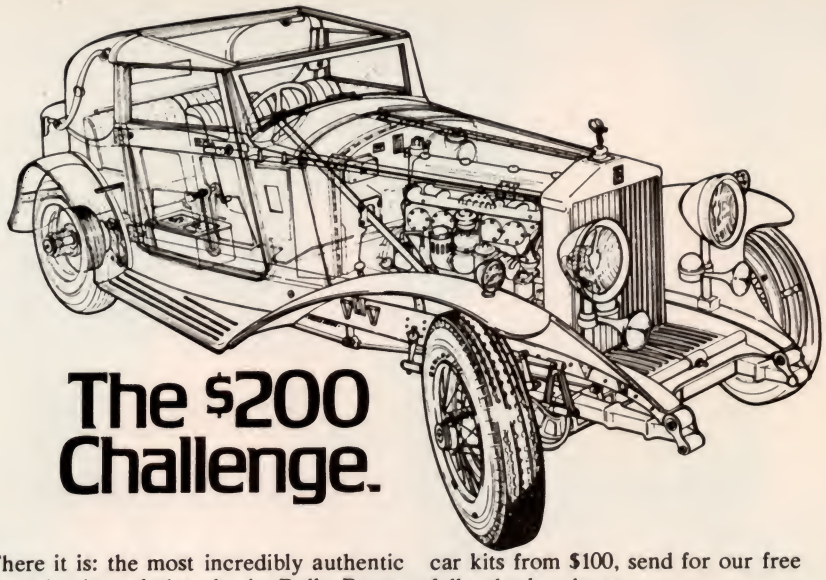
In almost every case, the calls are recorded for immediate transcription—and translation and analysis, if required. If conversations, whether in English or a foreign language, are in code, then NSA experts are summoned to break the code. In principle, the monitoring is selective—it would prob-

ably be beyond anybody's capacity to transcribe sixty million conversations annually, but even so, these telephone transcriptions account for a large part of the hundred tons of paper the NSA uses up each day at its headquarters. The transcriptions are stored in huge computers for instant retrieval. The computers—in the case of stored telephone conversations as well as of other monitored communications and radio broadcasts—can immediately identify voices through "voice prints." An NSA official can, for example, ask the computer to produce everything said in the voice of a particular person. Harry Howe Ransom, an intelligence expert who teaches at Vanderbilt University, has said, "I have developed a disturbing fear that NSA, like the CIA, may have been engaged in electronic surveillance on American citizens."

COMINT, which includes the eavesdropping on international telephone conversations, is the NSA's largest single activity, and this explains why the NSA requires such an enormous budget and work force. Most NSA money goes for research and development of its fantastically complex technological intelligence—and, also, of course, for its huge payroll. In overhead reconnaissance, the NSA works closely with the Air Force's top-secret National Reconnaissance Office, which launches the Samos satellites and the SR-71 planes and has an annual budget around $1.5 billion from separate Defense Department funds. The CIA is its other partner in "spy-in-the-sky" operations; it concentrates on planning these missions and interpreting the overhead photography that is characterized by its incredibly high degree of resolution. A Samos camera can spot a golf ball from 100,000 feet or more.

SIGINT is designed to track the movements of foreign warplanes, warships, and troops everywhere in the world, as well as monitoring just about everybody's military communications traffic right down to, say, air chatter between pilots of Bulgarian MIG jet fighters. Should an ELINT unit spot a hostile military move—the launching of nuclear missiles or bombers—its CRITIC flash message would instantly roar over U.S. communications facilities to alert the North American defense network and prepare to set a retaliatory strike in motion.

NSA surveillance is conducted from secret installations in the U.S., the Aleutians, Iceland, Taiwan, Japan, South Korea, the Indian Himalayas, Ethiopia, Turkey, Morocco, and a score of other locations. There are some 2,000 secret "intercept positions" around the world. They are supplemented by ELINT ships and planes—such as the *Liberty*, mistakenly sunk by the Israelis in 1967, the *Pueblo*, captured by the North Koreans in 1967, and the EC-121 plane shot down off North Korea in 1969. NSA teams in Vietnam and Cambodia helped to direct air strikes by everything from B-52 bombers to helicopter gunships, but by and large the North Vietnamese outsmarted NSA's electronic devices along the trails.



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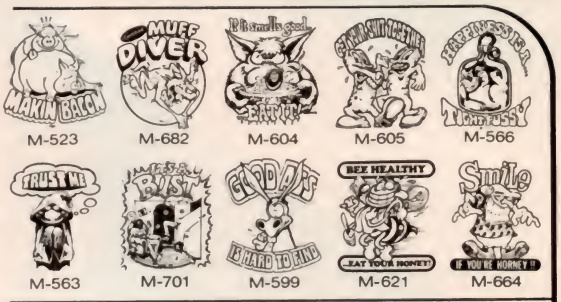

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(2) *The Central Intelligence Agency*. In existence since 1947, the agency has become synonymous with American intelligence operations in the eyes of Americans and foreigners alike. The CIA's annual budget is estimated at $6 billion and its U.S. staff stands at some 8,000 persons. In addition there are several thousand foreign agents controlled by CIA case officers. Abroad, U.S. officials belonging to the agency work out of CIA stations attached to every American embassy and CIA bases in American consulates. They have an official State Department cover, but CIA stations operate their own communications and do not always see eye to eye with the embassies. Other CIA officials work overseas under "deep covers," and even local CIA stations are often unaware of them. For operational purposes the world is divided into regional "commands" that report to their respective geographic divisions at the headquarters. No major operation is possible without clearance from the home office.

Broadly speaking, the CIA is divided into two principal areas: intelligence-gathering and covert operations under the Directorate of Operations (DDO) and intelligence and evaluation under the Directorate of Intelligence (DDI). These two function separately and indeed the whole CIA structure is based on compartmentalization. Even senior officers know only what they are supposed to know for their work—and no more. Only Colby and a few top associates in the seventh-floor executive suite (also known as the "Tower") at the CIA's modernistic headquarters in Langley are familiar with all operations. Because of growing technological requirements, the CIA is investing more and more money and manpower in the technology of intelligence; it now has a separate Office of Science and Technology.

The CIA's controversial domestic operations come under the Directorate of Operations (usually known informally as Clandestine Services). The agency's involvement in domestic spying is in the hands of the DDO's Foreign Resources Division (known until 1972 as the Domestic Operations Division), with offices in eight U.S. cities, and the elusive Counterintelligence Staff. Ostensibly, the division's mission is the collection of intelligence from foreigners in the U.S. and counterespionage cooperation with the FBI. But even Colby has admitted that the Domestic Division had been doing quite a bit more than just that (he confirmed, in effect, the CIA's political spying at home). Then there is the Domestic Collection Division with offices in thirty-six American cities, which supposedly interviews citizens who may possess information of intelligence value to the CIA. The Office of Training is in charge of training CIA personnel at special schools, the most important of which, "The Farm," is in southern Virginia. But the Office of Training had also been working with local police departments and, until recently, with the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. The LEAA is heavily staffed with ex-CIA personnel. The Office of Security, with eight field offices in the U.S., conducts security investigations of prospective agency employees—and, obviously, of others as well—and is responsible for the protection of intelligence sources and methods. The Recruitment Division has twelve domestic offices. Much of its work is done on campuses, but this division also recruits businessmen, scientists, and whoever else is willing and capable of performing full-time or part-time for "The Company," as the CIA is known among initiates. The Cover and Commercial Staff directs the CIA's corporate empire—the so-called proprietary activities—and arranges cover for the agency's operatives in bona fide U.S. corporations abroad. The full list of these corporations would be a *Who's Who* of American business and industry. American businessmen are instinctive ideological allies of the CIA—and there are reasons to think that the agency often reciprocates with economic information that the corporations could not otherwise obtain.

But the CIA is also into a variety of esoteric activities. It has an Operational Medicine branch, in the Office of Medical Services, that specializes in psychological conditioning of officers entrusted with unusual missions. And among the agency's "proprietaries" there are companies secretly and illegally working on psychological profiles of American citizens. Interestingly, CIA staff psychologists have been shying away from this particular kind of work.

(3) *The Defense Intelligence Agency*. It was created by the Pentagon in 1962 to centralize the intelligence work performed by the separate intelligence staffs of the three armed services. In the last thirteen years, it has grown to a force of 50,000 military intelligence specialists and support personnel and an annual $3 *billion* budget. The DIA, headed by Lt. Gen. Daniel O. Graham—a military intellectual, overhead reconnaissance expert, and CIA alumnus—is chiefly interested in classical military intelligence—both in gathering and evaluation. The Defense Department's policies are often based on DIA assessments of foreign military capabilities and presumed intentions. The DIA also has covert operators around the world, in addition to the Defense, Army, Air Force, and Navy attachés serving at American embassies.

(4) *The Federal Bureau of Investigation*. Its functions are overwhelmingly domestic (although it has representatives abroad who serve in American embassies as "legal attachés") and, broadly speaking, are divided between fighting crime—with emphasis on organized crime—and on counterespionage. The FBI spends roughly $2 billion annually and there are some 6,000 agents currently serving under FBI Director Clarence M. Kelley, formerly the police chief of Kansas City. Counterespionage is such an elusive concept and the preoccupation with the infiltration of dissenting and radical groups by foreign intelligence services is so great that, in the end, the FBI has become the principal arm of the government in domestic political spying. Ironically, as Director Kelley put it, the détente with the Soviet Union, China, and Eastern European countries has led to so many visits from the Communist world that the FBI now wants more agents to keep track of the visitors. The working assumption in the FBI is that most, if not all, visitors from Communist countries are likely to be intelligence agents—an assumption which smacks of a KGB-type insecurity and makes a mockery of Kissinger's policy of détente.

(5) *State Department Bureau of Intelligence and Research (INR)*. All it does is analyze foreign intelligence. Considering that it employs less than 500 persons and spends only around $5 million annually, the INR does an amazingly good job of evaluation—in fact, frequently superior to the CIA's. Its present director is William Hyland, a specialist in Soviet affairs who has served in the CIA and on Kissinger's National Security Council staff.

(6) *The Treasury Department*. It has recently formed its own National Security Affairs Office and it advises the Intelligence Community on increasingly important financial matters. It also contributes intelligence concerning the traffic of narcotics and passes on the findings of the Secret Service.

Below the level of the United States Intelligence Board, the government has additional intelligence sources and resources: The Drug Enforcement Administration, the Bureau of Customs (part of the Treasury), the Internal Revenue Service (whose special investigations violated the secrecy of tax returns for political reasons during the Nixon years), the Treasury's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, and the State Department's Passport Office, which has monumental files on American citizens based on passport applications.

It may seem that the Intelligence Community, and particularly the CIA, is "destabilized" these days in the midst of all the investigations set off by disclosures of domestic spying and such foreign crimes as the Chilean intervention. In fact, CIA Director Colby thinks that the efficacy of the agency has already been seriously impaired and that this poses a danger to national security. But the CIA will be—and has been—only what the rulers of this country want it to be. It is a common error to think of either the CIA or the whole Intelligence Community as an independent and irresponsible body—running completely wild on its own.

Neither the CIA nor any other intelligence agency, including the FBI, is finally responsible for its actions. The CIA's current illegal foreign and domestic activities are approved by the highest officials in our government—by Kissinger and Ford. So we shall have a police state only when these individuals—or their successors—order it. Until we make sure that such orders can never be given, and until we permanently dismantle the means by which such orders could be carried out, we cannot say we are a wholly free nation.

BODY COUNT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

his spinal cord. Before he left Nam, a general came by and pinned the Vietnamese Cross for Gallantry, Gold Star, on Musgrave's sheets.

For the journey stateside, the doctors closed the bullet holes with thick-gauge surgical wire. They shipped him to Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. From there it was on to Japan, Alaska, and a final touchdown at Scott Air Force Base, Illinois. When they carried Gunny Musgrave off the transport, it was snowing. Gunny felt the flakes on his cheeks and cried.

After another month at Great Lakes Naval Hospital, Gunny's wounds closed up enough for him to go to St. Louis on leave. A month after that, the navy surgeons gave Musgrave his final examination. Gunny felt great . . . except for the pains in his chest . . . and he couldn't lift his left arm higher than his shoulder. The doctor finished the exam and gave Musgrave the good news.

"You're fit for duty," he said.

"But I'm having trouble with my left arm, sir. I can't lift it."

"That's not our problem," the doctor shot back. "That's up to the orthopedic people."

"But sir," Gunny argued, "you just released me fit for duty. You're not transferring me to another department."

"That's your problem, Marine. You're finished in surgery."

Gunny didn't know what to do. When his orders came for Quantico, Virginia, Gunny decided to go ahead. He loved Virginia and the assignment was a good one—a Weapons Training Battalion where he'd instruct officer candidates in small-arms marksmanship. Once there, the job didn't last long. Shortly after his arrival, the NCO in charge of the firing range ordered him to do something that required raising his left arm over his head.

"Excuse me, Sergeant," Musgrave said, "my arm won't go up that high."

"What?"

"It's true," Gunny continued, pulling off his shirt to show the scars.

"Jesus Christ, grunt," the amazed sergeant roared, "get down to sick bay."

At sick bay, the medics said he never should have been released from the hospital. The gunnery sergeant was given a room in Quantico's facility and spent the next twelve months in physical therapy. When the year was up, a naval medical board reached the conclusion that Gunnery Sergeant Musgrave would never raise his left hand past the shoulder again and placed him on the "temporary disability list." If after five years, they explained, there was no improvement, he would be moved to the "permanent disability list." From the point of his discharge, Musgrave would be eligible for payments at 70 percent of his base pay.

Gunny went with the VA because the money was better. They rated him 100 percent disabled. At the time, it was a little over $400. "I felt they were trying to cut me a good deal when they examined me," Musgrave remembers. "But the next time, I felt like they were trying to cut my feet out from under me." The VA reduced the ex-Marine's disability to 50 percent, reasoning that only half of him was disabled. The reduction meant a drop to $145 a month.

Fortunately for Gunny, the Marine retirement program was designed with the VA's fluctuations in mind. If you sign on with the VA and the VA reduces your disability below the sum you're entitled to under the Marine plan, the Marines make up the difference. For John David Musgrave, that amounted to $77 each month. For a long time, Gunny lived on his $232 a month. Now he's got a job in a bookstore. It's a good thing—last year he lost his Marine check.

The Marine Corps sent Musgrave a letter saying his first five years were up and it was time to be examined for the permanent disability retired list. His orders were to report to a naval hospital in Memphis, Tennessee. Both of the doctors who saw him there said he'd go on permanent disability at 70 percent. At the end of March 1974, the Marine Corps disbursement center in Kansas City sent a letter instead of a check. Since the center hadn't heard from Marine Corps headquarters in Virginia that John David Musgrave, 2294574, was still a disabled veteran, they were ceasing payment. When Gunny called Marine Corps headquarters, they said they didn't have any evidence that he even reported to the hospital in Memphis. Musgrave's been trying to get his check ever since. So far, the Disabled American Veterans and the Kansas State Veterans Committee have both made inquiries on his behalf and have received no answer.

To be honest, Gunny Musgrave isn't surprised. He believes the universal condition of Vietnam veterans is to be fucked around. "We're living evidence," he explains, "of a war that people want to sweep under a rug. So they're gonna sweep the disabled veteran under the rug with it. Wherever we go, we *are* the war in Indochina. I think about that war all the time. I have to. I can feel it. When I reach with my left hand and all of a sudden it stops and I get a shot of pain, I know what that war's about."

Gunny's body looks like a plaque in honor of the history he was forced to live. On his left side, there's a crescent-shaped scar an inch long. There are two more on his chest —the longest is over four inches. Another scar meanders down his back. In 1972, he got *USMC* tattooed on his arm because he was tired of answering questions about his scars when he went to the beach.

Mike Valentino has never had a problem getting his VA benefits. His check for $1,250 shows up every month on schedule. Mike's saddled with one of those wounds nobody questions: his body is still alive, it just doesn't know it. From the armpits down, he has no feelings. He just hangs loose like a rag doll and shits at random. Valentino is a paraplegic. The last time Mike used his legs was March 25, 1968.

Valentino was a medic with the Twenty-fifth Infantry Division. Attached to a column of armored personnel carriers, the infantry was on its way from Trang Bang to Cu Chi, early in the day. Up ahead and off to the right, Valentino could see gunships circling and spraying the jungle with rockets. When they got close to the action, the dogfaces were ordered off the road and across the paddies. They couldn't move through the mud, so Valentino's company just made a skirmish line and waded forward knee-deep in rice. Halfway across, the woods opened up, blowing infantry every which way. The lieutenant cashed in his chips in the first few seconds. Everyone else around Mike ran forward to the closest dike and took cover. Before Valentino got there, a Cong bullet had blown off the top of his toe.

It hurt like hell, but the wound wasn't that serious. Not nearly as bad as Tom's. Tom was Valentino's friend, even though Valentino can't remember Tom's last name anymore. Tom was wounded, laying in the open. He called for his buddy.

"Medic," he groaned at first. "Medic."

When no one came, Tom used the personal approach. "Mike," he begged. "Mike."

That was too much for Valentino. Bullets were dinging off the berm and he didn't want to go, but he did. When he reached Tom, Valentino strapped a pressure bandage over the hole in his bowels and hoped Tom would last until they got out. Valentino looked up from his wounded friend never to use his legs again. A bullet entered through his throat, cut his spinal cord behind his head, and lifted him straight up in the air.

Mike Valentino lay face down in the paddy for twenty minutes before the army picked him up. At first nothing hurt. His body was in shock. Valentino's biggest worry was choking on his own blood. Then the shock wore off. From that point on, pain blurred the day for Mike Valentino. He remembers finally being jammed through the rear hatch of one of the tracks and landing in the chopper at Cu Chi's Twelfth Evacuation Hospital. The first doctor to get to him after the medics cut his clothes away and stuck a probe into his mouth.

"Can you feel that?" the doctor asked.

Valentino screamed. He "came to" three days later.

When his eyes opened, the first thing Mike noticed were the tubes. They were sprouting from his nose and side. He was suspended on a striker frame and could only breathe in sips. His left lung was collapsed and his right lung was fed by a hole cut in his windpipe. On that first day he was awake, Mike Valentino was sure he was going to die. Every few hours, the medic used a machine to force air into his lung and suck congestion out. That meant one more tube down his throat. He felt like he was being choked each time the machine was hooked up.

After a week in intensive care, Mike wasn't so scared. He began to assume he'd make it, and his thoughts turned to just how that was going to be. He knew he was hurt, but he didn't know how bad. The day he found out

how bad things were, it was 120 degrees outside. With only a small fan in the corner of the ward, the Quonset hut hospital was a forty-bed oven. Since Valentino wasn't allowed to drink fluids yet, he had to do with a moist cloth pressed to his lips for sucking and chewing. The doctor walked up to his bed in a hurry and planted his feet.

"Valentino," he began, "your spinal cord's been severed. You're paralyzed. You're not going to walk again for the rest of your life." The doctor didn't stick around to answer any questions. He turned on his heel and headed for the next bed.

His condition is something Mike has since learned to accept. "I got used to it," he explains, "because I didn't have much choice. Even now, you get depressed because you can really think of a lot of things you really missed out on. But if you keep on thinking about things like that, you'd go out of your mind. You've just got to decide you're paralyzed and you're gonna be that way for the rest of your life and do the best you can with what you got." But Valentino thinks of himself as lucky. Had the bullet struck a half-inch higher, he would have been a quadraplegic, denied the use of his arms toc. He's grateful he still has those.

Mike's parents found out about his wound in spurts. The first news was a telegram on April Fools' Day. "Your son," it read, "Pfc Michael Valentino, received gunshot wounds in the chest, neck, and back on March 25. He is in critical condition. We will keep you informed of all new developments." His mother got hysterical and only calmed down when the family doctor guessed that, because of all the places the message mentioned as wounded, Mike must have been hit with a shotgun blast. That, the doctor explained, wouldn't be all that bad. So she wasn't quite prepared when her son was finally shipped stateside to Letterman Hospital.

She and Mike's brother stood at the foot of his bed. "I'm paralyzed," Mike said. Mrs. Valentino didn't believe him. She interrogated the neurosurgeon and, until Mike stopped her, wanted to bring in an outside consultant. It wouldn't have done any good. Mike Valentino's walking days were done. All that was left, Valentino told himself, was learning how to live on wheels.

The place he was sent to do it was the Long Beach VA Hospital. It took Mike a year, which is longer than most. He went slow because he still had medical problems. While at Long Beach, his lung kept collapsing and forcing him onto his back. When the lung finally filled up and stabilized, Mike returned to his routine. Aside from counseling and getting their bladders drained, the ward was full of paraplegics attending physical therapy to keep their shriveling legs from getting stiff, and corrective therapy with weights to develop the muscles that could still be used. Instruction was given in handling chairs and transferring from them onto beds and toilets. When the program was over, the former Pfc could take care of himself, cook his own meals, and drive a car with hand controls. The only thing left to learn was called back-to-the-world.

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Which isn't all that easy a place for the paraplegic to be. The most common danger to spinal cord injuries is from their own numb bodies. The bladder and bowels are not subject to any effort of will; they either drain sporadically on their own or have to be coaxed to empty. As a result, the biggest killer of paraplegics is bladder infections. The biggest discomfort is the curse of their position: they sit. The body rests on the bony protrusions upon which the butt is built. Most folks can feel their ass on the chair and shift automatically, creating little movements that relieve the pressure on any one patch of their butt's skin. If they didn't, the skin would break down and begin to form sores that eventually bleed and leak. Which is exactly the common plight of someone bound to a chair. They spend all their time out of bed sitting on one spot and not being able to notice when the butt tells the brain to lighten up. Their butts get raw, and the smallest scratch becomes infected in short order. Hot coffee spilled in the lap means a trip to the hospital where you lay on your stomach and wait for your ass to heal.

That's happened to Mike Valentino a lot. He's been in and out of the VA hospitals for the last year and a half. His problems started with an infection the doctors identified as a simple abscess. They "cut and drained." Mike healed up long enough to leave. Then he was right back again with more drainage. On five separate occasions, the doctors repeated the treatment with no success. Finally Valentino was taken to surgery and the whole spot was cleaned.

It's not so hard on Valentino now. The Palo Alto Hospital has opened a new spinal cord injuries center and it's the nicest place he has ever seen. He's back with a rectal infection now and will be there for a few more weeks. "When I leave this new place," he predicts, "I don't particularly want to come back. But when I come back, I know it's not gonna be that bad. If I had to come back to that old building, I'd think about it for three weeks. It's a dungeon."

Mike has come to accept his condition, but not the place where he got it. "The war," he says, "was worthless. It's just the fat cats in the city, that's who we were fighting for. It was crazy." The last time the army got in touch with Mike Valentino was three years after his final day in action. He got a box in the mail marked U.S. Government on the return address. Inside was his Purple Heart and a brief note apologizing for the delay.

Nobody knows better than Don Rice what a crazy war it was. After he got back from two and a half years of it, Rice changed his name to Maximum Casualty and became Max to everyone who knows him. Max crossed the ocean in June of 1966 with every intention of being a professional soldier, but more shit seemed to collect around him the longer he stayed. Max's wound is a map of Vietnam burned into his brain.

Max made it through his first combat tour easily enough. He had a temper—that accounted for a spotty military career in which he was shifted from helicopter mechanic to door gunner to infantryman. The only heavy action Max saw the first time around was the Battle of Pleideranj on November 11, 1966. Max and his chopper crew had loaded 228 dead Americans before it was over. The next week's Seattle newspaper printed the total American casualties for the week as 116 dead and wounded. As soon as he put the paper down, Max knew something weird was going on, but basically he still liked the army. Liquor was two dollars a quart and things were still light enough that he wasn't worried. When Max requested another tour, he was sent stateside to rest up.

It was back home that Max's war began to go a little sour. He was drunk most of the time but stayed sober long enough to find out Nam had taken its toll of little Winfield, Kansas, where he'd grown up. Max's high school debate partner had been paralyzed from the waist down, the boy up the street had both lungs shot out, and his cousin had come home in a box. Visiting Wichita, Max saw his first antiwar demonstration. In the middle of it, a green beret ran into the line of march, knocked down a girl carrying a Vietcong flag, and kicked her in the face with his combat boot. A week later, Wichita had a race riot—Max cruised through the streets, watching the National Guard column move in convoys towards "niggertown." Max bought a .32 pistol just for safety's sake when he was home on leave. In a way, he was glad to report back for duty. Max felt more at home in Cu Chi than the Midwest. The realization was all the excuse he needed for one more drink. The night before he embarked from Ft. Lewis, Washington, the base theater was rocked with a grenade explosion. An agent from the military police had been killed.

In May, Max was back repairing choppers nine miles north of Saigon. By September, he was behind a machine gun in a chopper door hosing down the bushes with .30 caliber fire. Right away, his outfit was sent south to Phu Cat. Their duty was supposed to be training the Two-Hundred-and-Fifth Division but they fought the Battle of Phu Duk instead. When it was over, the Army's First Infantry Division was knocked out of the war for six months with 33 percent casualties. During the fighting Corporal Beefheart on Max's chopper crew won the Distinguished Flying Cross. The bird was all shot up and Beefheart saved it by sticking his middle finger into a hole in the aft transmission. His act kept scalding oil from leaking out. Beefheart's finger was amputated at the hospital but he refused to go home. He went back to flying missions and got his face shot away the next time he went up.

After Phu Duk, Max's outfit was sent north to reinforce the 173rd Airborne. The generals were expecting what was later called the Battle for Dak To and Hill 875. The battle hadn't developed by November and Max was still there, demoted to the infantry, and in charge of a perimeter guard. The base was 250 meters from a village called Phu Hep. Max was on his way back from Phu Hep to close the perimeter for the night when the Cong opened up with mortars and recoilless rifles. Max was blown sixty feet through the air. Except for a little shrapnel in his back he was uninjured. Two weeks later, Max was sent to the hospital to be treated for jungle rot. While he was in the hospital, everything they'd been waiting for happened.

In the Battle for Dak To, the Fourth Infantry lost a thousand men in three days. The 173rd Airborne lost 1,500 men to reach the top of Hill 875 and find that there weren't any Vietcong there. The field hospital Max was in handled 3,000 wounded in the first twenty-four hours. Max's old battalion lost forty choppers, sixteen of them blown out of the sky lost full crews. The papers listed 553 American dead for the week. When Max was released for duty, he and his outfit limped to Na Trang to regroup. Na Trang was supposed to be a "secure area." The first afternoon Max's chopper spent there, the crews watched a pitched battle raging across the surrounding mountain side. That night Na Trang took mortars, rockets, and a full-scale ground attack. During the fighting, Max had a 76 mm shell pass right over his head. Two men behind him were blown to shreds.

And that's the way Max's winter in Na Trang went. The choppers stayed at home half the time and the rest of the time were out on the road. In December, they were ferrying troops into Camp Carroll and took 1,000 122 mm rockets in fifteen minutes. Camp Carroll was leveled. By January, everyone knew something was coming and it would be big. Max was drinking a quart of liquor every evening and flying all day. When he wasn't in the air, or too drunk to notice, Max was in the nearby village with his woman. Her name was Kim Wa, she was fifteen years old, and she cost $50 a month. Max had known her when he was in Na Trang on his first tour. When Max came back she ran up to him on the streets, held a baby up to him, and called Max "Daddy." Max bought it, and set up housekeeping in her place.

Max was on his way out to her when the Tet Offensive began. The base had been on alert for two weeks, but Max had a few drinks and decided he didn't give a fuck. When Max reached the nearby village, it was overrun by two regiments of Vietcong. As Max huddled under cover, he watched an American airstrike on the refugee neighborhood where Kim Wa lived. The planes used napalm. It spread in a flaming carpet, the heat sucking a windstorm in. Kim Wa, her baby, and half the women who worked in the base laundry were burned to a crisp. Eight hours later, Max started screaming in his platoon commander's face and wouldn't stop. E-4 Donald Rice ended up in the hospital tagged "battle fatigue" and well on his way to becoming Maximum Casualty.

Max was sent to Okinawa. The psychiatrist there told him he needed "rehabilitation." That sounded fine to Max until they told him that rehabilitation translated as "Nam-one-more-time." He spent his last three days in Okinawa at a bar, staying drunk.

Max spent his first night back in the war huddled in a drainage ditch at the Re-

placement Depot under an all-night mortar attack. He was trying to keep a man with shrapnel wounds warm. After six hours, the man bled to death. The next day, when Max reported for assignment, a man to his left accidentally killed two people with his new M-14. It wasn't any better out with the Twenty-Fifth Infantry where Max was sent. Max was a convoy guard, covering the truck's flanks with a machine gun. On their way from Long Binh to Cu Chi, the convoy lost a hundred of the tanks and the APC's in their escort. Short of Cu Chi, the trucks were abandoned and the whole outfit jumped on the tracks and ran the rest of the way. Max's unit had nothing to do without their trucks, so Max was sent back to Can Tho.

The day he got there, Max was put on the perimeter guard's outer layer. When the sergeant checked the watch and found out Max had only been in the outfit for eight hours, he moved the new man back to the second row. Max's replacement had his head blown off in that night's Vietcong "probing action." Max was sent back to the front row and in the next night's attack, his freshly issued M-16 jammed. No one had bothered to test it. Before the night was over, the VC had come through the wire and destroyed the airfield.

It was all getting to Max. The troops at this point "lost morale." The day the news of Martin Luther King's assassination in Memphis reached Can Tho, all the lifers were flying confederate flags and celebrating in the NCO Club. The outfit's blacks were clustered around radios listening to Radio Hanoi playing live tapes of battle sounds from downtown Detroit. In a few days, the front of the NCO Club was blown in with a fragmentation grenade. Not long after that, Max got drunk and hit a major. Ninety days later, Max was discharged under Section 212 stipulating character and mental disorder. Released in Oakland, Max made it across the bay to San Francisco in time to drink up his entire $750 severance pay.

And that's the way it was for the next two and a half years. Max lived on Sixth Street, in Oakland, got $82 a month from welfare, and slept outside a lot. Max was a wino. Until June 16, 1970, that is. On that day, Max finished off a gallon of burgundy, scaled a parking-lot fence, and ignited the gas tanks on two for-government-use-only sedans. The cars were completely destroyed. Eight months later, the judge let Max out of jail on probation—as long as he kept away from the bottle. Four months after that, Max was placed in Agnews State Mental Hospital. He'd been found by the police wandering around with complete amnesia.

Since Max was released, he's gotten better. He calls himself Don again. He gets $235 a month, and he sees a shrink once a week. Max gets no disability from the VA. He first applied in 1969, and had his first hearing just last month.

Gunny Musgrave put it best. "You know," he said, referring to all the men who ate dust and lead from the DMZ to the Delta, "it's like we're all still missing in action."

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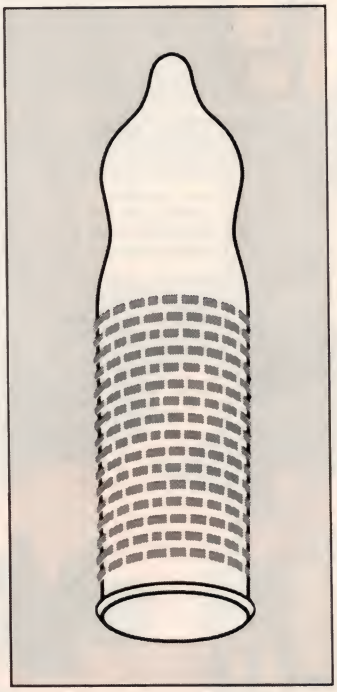

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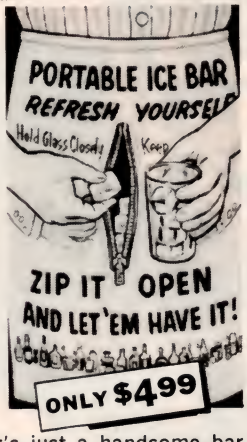

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HER VAST INHERITANCE HURT (ISN'T EVERYONE'S?) BY THE OPEC OIL HEISTS, WANDA LEARNS OF AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY MADE BY HOMER SAPIENS BACK IN 1945. BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
THINK, EGGBONCE! YOU GAVE IT TO MY OLD MAN AND HE GOT PAID BY THE OIL TYCOONS TO SUPPRESS IT
WHERE DID THE CRAFTY SOD HIDE YOUR ORIGINAL FORMULA?
BUT WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS INITIATION CEREMONY?
UNCLE MYRTLE
COUSIN FLAVIA
EVEN IF I KNEW, YOU'D STILL HAVE TO BEAT IT OUT OF ME, MIGHTY MISTRESS!
!?
YOU WANT I SHOULD CLOCK HIM ONE?
INTIMATE RAVE-UPS of WINSTON CHURCHILL
HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS
COPULATION as an ART FORM

AND SO TO OLD WALTER VON KREESUS'S LUMBER ROOM.....
THAT'S IT! IT'S GOTTA BE IN ONE OF OLD WALTER'S PRECIOUS CUCKOO CLOCKS!
SHE DID SAY "LOOK INTO EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY"...
WALTER BUTLER
SIMON GIRTY
IT'LL BE ON MICRO-FILM.. LIKE THOSE LETTERS WE FOUND FROM SOLZHENITSYN TO FANNE FOX!
UNDER THE GREEN CARPET

WELL DONE, MY LITTLE PUSSCAKE~~
~~ TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, SAPIENS!
IT'S IT! I'LL HAVE THE APPARATUS SET UP AT ONCE, MISTRESS!
THE FOLLOWING DAY, WANDA RELAXES AFTER A VIGOROUS WORKOUT~~~~~~~~
HEY, WANDA— YOU'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
I CAME HERE STRAIGHT FROM COLLEGE —SELLIN' MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS
HOW LONG AGO WAS THAT?
LAST FRIDAY!

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?
IT'S A LIVIN'!
A TOP SECRET DELIVERY FOR THE LABORATORY, CHIEF
LABORATORY
THIS WAY—AND BE CAREFUL WITH IT!
OH, MY GAWD!
SECURICART SERVICES
NYERK!
'D EVENING, FELLOW WORKERS
NIXON HAS A MOTHE
'ELLO, SAILOR!
MEN!

AND IN NO TIME... TATTERED BUT TRIUMPHANT
IT'S MADE OUT OF WHAT?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S FLIPPED HIS FLIPPIN' LID!
THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT HAS LONG SINCE GONE
HEE-HEE! BELIEVE ME, MOSTRESS— IT'S TRUE! TEE-HEE!
THE PROCESS IS SIMPLICITY ITSELF — AND IT CAN BE MANUFACTURED ON A VAST SCALE!
TOMORROW — YOU'LL SEE! HEE-HEE! HOMER SAPIENS JOINS THE IMMORTALS!
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, YOU WILL, ECO-BONCE!
76

WANDA'S INTREPID PUSS COMMANDOS ENTHUSIASTICALLY DEMONSTRATE SAPIEN'S NEW SUPER FUEL
BAROOM!
PIF
IT'LL POWER TURBINES, DIESELS — THE LOT! IT'LL EVEN PUT A MAN INTO SPACE!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS, MISTRESS?
FZOOOMM
OOHH! NASTY!
KERUNCH!

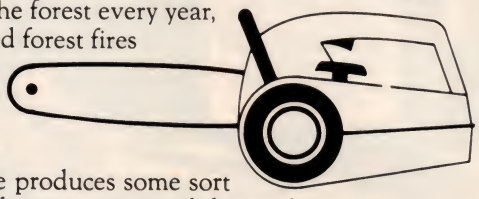
MMPH!
SURE! I COULD BECOME ECONOMIC DICTATOR OF THE WORLD!
MAYBE I'LL GET A NEW HAT!
AND SO, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, REPRESENTATIVES OF ARAB OIL INTERESTS ARRIVE AT THE SCHLOSS...
WELL, GENTLEMEN — YOU READY TO TALK BUSINESS?
WHAT SAYEST THOU, BROTHER — APART FROM "BISMILLAH!"?
THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING IN HERE ABOUT THIS!
SHE'S A CAPITALIST IMPERIALIST!
WE'RE JUST PLAIN ORDINARY CAPITALISTS!
HUMBLE FOLK! UNDERPRIVILEDGED!
SO STOMP HER!
CRUSH HER!
JUMP ON HER!
KORAN
I SAY WE BUY THE HOURI OUT!
A PREZZY? FROM THESE CREEPS! WHAT SORT OF A PREZZY?

A CUT OF OUR OIL REVENUES —TO DESTROY THIS OBSCENE FORMULA!
SHEEP'S EYES! YUK!
DON'T BORE ME WITH MONEY-TALK! AGREE TO LIBERATE YOUR WOMEN, OR KISS YOUR OILY WEAPON GOOD —BYE!
HARDLY THE MANIFESTATIONS OF A MATURE SOCIETY!
I AM A MEMBER OF THE FAMILY OF MAN
SKRYKCH
IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM US, EGGBONCE— RELEASE THE FORMULA TO THE WORLD!
WHAT A SEAT TO WRAP A BELT AROUND!
OH, FOR HER BELT AROUND MY SEAT!
IS IT OIL OVER WITH THE SUBJUGATION OF ARAB WOMEN? IS IT R.I.P FOR O.P.EC? DON'T MISS — SORRY — MS. NEXT MONTH'S DENUDEMENT!

A FAULTY SPARK ARRESTER CAN START A FOREST FIRE.

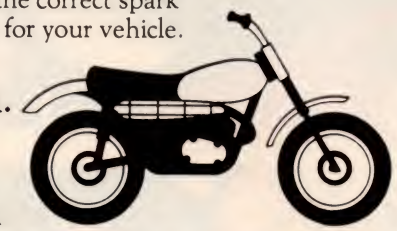
by Smokey Bear

Today everyone knows that the internal combustion engine is responsible for a great deal of the smog in our country. But not everyone knows that sparks from engines in all kinds of vehicles are also responsible for a great many forest fires. And, as more campers and vacationers head for the forest every year, the number of spark-caused forest fires continues to grow.

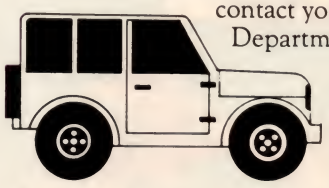


SOLID ENGINE POLLUTANTS MEAN TROUBLE. Every engine produces some sort of exhaust. And in this exhaust are tiny, solid particles that get very hot. If these particles are not trapped by a spark arrester, they can start a fire.

ALL TYPES OF VEHICLES AND EQUIPMENT NEED SPARK ARRESTERS. Agricultural equipment, construction equipment, locomotives, motorcycles, cross-country vehicles, and even chain saws require spark arresters if you use them in or near brush or forest areas. So always be sure you have the correct spark arrester for your vehicle.



BE SURE YOU HAVE THE PROPER SPARK ARRESTER. If you're not sure what kind of spark arrester is correct for your vehicle, ask someone who knows. Check with the company that sold you your vehicle. If they can't give you the information you need, contact your local office of the United States Department of Agriculture, U.S. Forest Service.



BE SURE YOUR SPARK ARRESTER IS WORKING CORRECTLY. Always check your spark arrester before heading into a brush or forest area. If you're not sure about the condition of your spark arrester, take your vehicle to someone who knows what kind of trouble to look for. It's always better to be safe, than sorry.

REMEMBER, ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT FOREST FIRES. Using a safe spark arrester is one way to help prevent spark-caused forest fires. But observing safe operating procedures and carefully maintaining engines is also important. So remember, whenever you travel into the forest, be extra careful. So the forest will still be there on your next visit.

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COUNTRY BUSES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

in a wild ceremony after banking hours, with all the bank employees and everything but a band in attendance—and we had our bus. A little while later, when the bus got to Nashville, somebody noticed we had bought seven front tires."

Waylon lights another cigarette, revealing a diamond-horseshoe pinky ring on his right hand. A curl of smoke rises in a column of directional light beaming down on the table before him. All else is still. This room has a big walk-in closet, two mounted ten-inch speakers, a reel-to-reel tape player, and an amplifier mounted in a vertical console finished in Shellrock. It has a bed covered in Indian-print cut velvet against one side wall. Opposite it is a small collapsible table fronted by a handmade, high-backed, swivel-wing, black velvet chair, in which Waylon sits tossing longish, oily chestnut hair he won't wash for another four days.

"I'd go to the bathroom, Hoss, if the durned thing wasn't broke," he says about the pretty little john with the twenty-four-carat, gold-plated sink fixture, sculptured marble commode, champagne crushed-velvet headliner, and gold-plated star on the door. "We have a ghost on board, y'know, and we been gittin' to thinking that son-of-a-bitch must be the ghost of Hank Williams, all the roaring we do. So we put that star on the door to keep Hank happy."

Actually there is a little more in there, principally the terminals of a newly patented waste-handling system called Thermo-sand. It consists of a holding tank, a probe (with a wire screen to prevent clogging) injected into the holding tank, and a hose connected to the probe running back to a macerator pump. When the bus is running at thirty-five miles an hour, Thermo-sand macerates liquid and small particles and blows them out the exhaust as a mist. The holding tank is leaking now; it will be three days before the act plays Cleveland and Chuck Gram of Lake Erie Upholstery can come down from Lorain, Ohio, to iron out the few remaining kinks in the two-month-old interior. Waylon reaches for the wall-mounted receiver of a three-channel intercom and asks the driver to pull over. The bus is a few hundred miles below the Illinois-Wisconsin state line. Seven men step out onto the snowbanked roadside to spill Tennessee water upon Illinois Interstate.

Captain Midnight, a Nashville disc jockey, country-music anthologizer, womanizer, and Waylon's road companion, scripts these occasions. With seven out and letting go in a line, he starts. "Got me a colored maid in Vegas. She said, 'Supposed to change your life to fuck a white man.' I said, 'Yours is changed. I got the clap.'"

And then: "Ritchie, two things I hate. Prejudice and niggers."

"I'm gonna kick your ass, Midnight."

"I can understand that."

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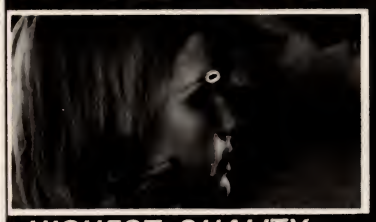

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Ritchie tears his buck from its sheath on his belt, opens out four inches of steel, and severs the pointy tips of the other's gorget of crisp red and white cowboy bandana. Captain Midnight yields, for as the road is long so are its rituals obligatory. Ritchie's riposte heads off a nastier confrontation; the bus gathers up its lightened load and rumbles off into the Cook County dawn, sentiments high as ever.

There is a final touch to the interior topography of this rolling flat. It speaks casually to the flip side of Jennings, to the virginal heat within the rugged mountain of his voice. Women hear something of their own condition in Waylon's voice and are devastated, for it reverberates from the belly of a man thought dangerous to women. The rush has been on for ten years among women of every stripe. The official Jennings legend doesn't include this but it's there, and it enslaves them.

Nothing in the Jennings legend reports a hankering for the pastoral but it's there, too. Above the driver's head hangs a mural, expressed in oils of forest green, sky blue, yellow, russet, and peat brown, portraying a conventionalized form of old-time rural life. For the rustic sum of $500, a young Ohio artist named Paul Ascherl sold Waylon a cure his eyes can turn to from practically anywhere in the bus, a place to instruct all who see it within this ultra-here machine how far Waylon and the Waylors have come, or where he's heading back to, or where he can never go, or where none of us have ever been. Jennings's acid-toffee ballads recount scenes of ambivalence and irony in a haunted world; of surrendering to taboo women; of the tough falls that separate "Cadillac buyers and old five-and-dimers (like me)"; of the fatigue that leaves one passive to a lover's infidelities. Jennings's soul is modern and brittle, fleeced too many times to believe in blue eyes or sunshine or Fords.

So his longings for Shangri-la are modestly expressed in a safe place, a pictorial comment on the cluster of modern synthetics that is his shelter when on the road—as he usually is. Reentering the bus, Waylon glances above the windshield. Quickly he takes in a redwood cabin rooted along the dirt path between two lakes, giving way to a background of hills gently ascending to a semicircle of mountains. He points triumphantly to a second shack, pinkish and faint at the foot of the camel hills. "I played that barn there in front, Hoss, but see that bitty pink thing in the hills there, I think I'll go lay down in there someday. I'm gonna have 'em find that little place and write it into my next contract."

Panel lights are blinking like a constellation of fireflies; gears are changing, air cylinders hissing as Waylon pauses, then sighs. "Bet that bank guy in Norwalk would front me that shallow grave. But you know, Hoss, somebody's gonna have to tell me when I'm finished, 'cause the only thing I know about roads is how ya get on 'em and where they're coming from." ○—■

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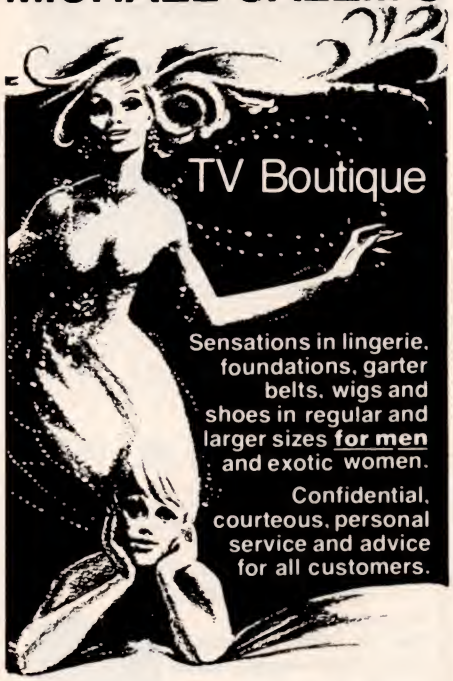

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THE TWENTY-MINUTE ORGASM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

felt myself washed away in an ecstatic wave of pleasure. The flood began, stopped, started again . . . it swelled to a peak and then ebbed for a long time on the other side of bliss. When it was done, I was as empty as I have ever been—all tension, all desire quite gone from my universe. Leaving me loose as a cloud floating over water . . . drifting into sleep.

Martha curled up beside me. In the morning she taught me how to do her. After all the pleasure she had given me, I tried my best to give her some pleasure in return.

I learned, a woman is done like a man. The light massage in the beginning is called tumescing. At More House they believe that the entire epidermis is a sense organ, capable—when lightly stroked—of becoming engorged with blood . . . a total hard-on, so to speak. Massaging in a circular pattern is best since the untouched center of the circle aches to be touched, too. This unsatisfied desire, is the basis of all sex.

I massaged as she had done, teasingly around her genitals, and then applied a small quantity of Vaseline lightly to her clitoris (she reminded me to be light; at first I touched her too hard). In moments, she was sopping wet, moaning for more. . . .

Gradually, I gave her what she wanted. Moving down, in the end, between her legs with my tongue, licking very gently. Like all the women in the commune, Martha was not shy to tell me what she liked. "Use the flat of your tongue," she said at one point, "not the tip." And then again: "Don't rest your nose on my pelvic bone; it's distracting." And later: "Use your hand for a while and tell me something really sexy . . . tell me what kind of fantasies you have when you jerk off."

I did my best. I was only off on the "stroking" (elongating her orgasm with a few well-timed stops) since it was difficult for me to judge just when her orgasm was about to blossom forth. Still, I must have done all right. After she came, writhing upon the bed in a profusion of sound and motion she insisted I fuck her—admitting the old-fashioned in-and-out was interesting after all.

The true proof of how well I performed was to follow. Martha gave such a good report to the other ladies in her dorm that three of them visited me the same afternoon, and four more the day after that. Outrageous, of course; but with this new style of sex, it seems you can go on and on and on. . . .

Days passed in this way, ripe with constant goodies. There were orgies of food, as well as plenty of sex, and always new games to play. "Responsible hedonists" they call themselves—responsible meaning only that they answer to no one but themselves.

But is it really possible for man to live just for his own pleasure? For me—I doubt it. Even in a week and a half I grew rather bored. Pleasure, so instantly available, becomes meaningless. (What *is* pleasure, in

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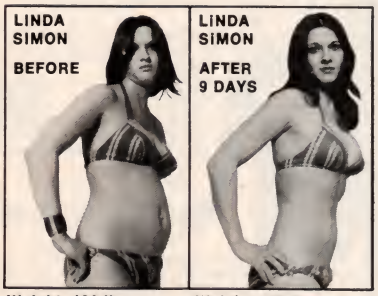

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fact, unless you can contrast it with pain?) All the women, with their perfect way of making love . . . it was strange, but after Martha they all began to merge. Now, looking backwards, it's difficult even to remember their names. I was glad, in the end, to return to the outside world, the world of women who were not so available, but whose love left an individual impression . . . hung-up, perhaps vulnerable—but a tenderness to it all, of two chaotic lives coming together for a moment of private sharing and relief.

This, at least, is the game I choose: a romantic game in which there are hard times and sorrow as well as gladness and love. I discovered I like the ups and downs—would, in fact, go crazy in paradise, bored to utter ruin. So I think I understand now why Adam ate the apple, put on his clothes, and left Eden behind.

But for those who choose utopia, More House seems to be working very well. Part of the reason is Patty Matlock, a strong leader, to whom the group is almost fanatically devoted—waiting on him hand and foot, and satisfying his every need. Also there is a kind of religious commitment to the More House philosophy, providing a focal point, a reason for the eighty-five people to be together. Yet the commune is making no plans for the future. "If it ever becomes unpleasurable for us to live together, we'll simply break up," Patty told me one evening, true to his final hedonism—surrounded, as he always was, by a host of teenage girls.

They are quite a new breed, these California children of paradise—healthy, good-looking (as if beauty really *is* only a projection of mind) free from the restrictions of the old world. During the basic sense course, there were two young girls present—one seven, the other nine. It was strange to see them there, learning guiltlessly how to masturbate—shown on a plaster-of-paris vagina just where to touch and how to get off.

They were assigned homework for the night: to go back to their rooms, masturbate with a touch of Vaseline, and experiment with stroking—discover just how long they could make their orgasm last.

And as I saw these children learning, asking questions—so much more knowledgeable than we were at their age—I could visualize a new age, a future coming fast, in which, I confess, I feel myself lost.

I'm afraid there will be much pleasure, but little joy, in this new world. I think, also, there will be no great novels, no passionate music, no deep yearning after love. For all these are born of pain and great unrest—and, shall I say it—*guilt* most of all. Guilt, that leads a man to transcend himself, and create high ideals of beauty and goodness that he knows he will never be quite able to achieve.

Well, each age has its glory. I, for one, am ready to accept whatever comes. When those little girls grow up—one hand on their sweet little clits—we may not have art (I'm) absolutely certain there will never be any romance), but doubtless they will lead the way to the most spectacular orgasm this planet has ever seen. O+

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SETUP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

were. But I wasn't concerned. In Chicago you don't go to jail in a state court if you have money. If the case must be fixed, you fix it.

After a while some cop came back to the cell and wanted to know if I knew Leo Rugendorf. I told him I didn't. He said, "Well, you're in really big trouble. He's an outfit guy, and you stole his car." I said, "What do you think he'll do, officer?" He said, "He'll probably kill you."

Twenty minutes later Leo was in the front office with his lawyer. The cops pulled us out of the cell so Leo could get a good look at us. All the cops were kissing Leo's ass. It was sickening. "Do you know these guys, Mr. Rugendorf?" He had to say no, or his ass would get booked on conspiracy to attempt robbery. "Did you loan these guys your car?" Again he had to say no. "Do you want to press charges, Mr. Rugendorf?" "Well, I'll consult my attorney." "Don't worry, Mr. Rugendorf, we'll take care of these birds."

Ten minutes later Bill Sawyer of the C.I.U. walked up in front of my cell. "Do you know who I am?" I'd never give him that satisfaction. I said, "Personally, mister, I don't give a fuck who you are." "I'm Bill Sawyer. None of your friends ever told you about me?" "Now that I think of it they have. They said you were a real prick." He walked away, a cop comes up. "Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Volpone [these are not the agents' real names] want to talk to you." I figured that was good. They have a reputation for beating prisoners. I'd see if I could provoke an ass-whipping. Then I'd go right out on bond and file a lawsuit.

When they got me in the back room Sawyer and Volpone were there with a couple of other agents. Of course, Volpone had to play the gangster role.

"I'm Volpone, you've heard of me?"

"No, as a matter to fact I never have. I didn't even know the police department hired Puerto Ricans."

"I'll have you know I'm Italian."

"Well I am really pleased to meet you, you wop son of a bitch." I thought he was going to choke.

"I'd like to be inside one of those houses when you walk in, because you'd never walk out. I'd kill you," said Volpone.

"Fine, let's you and me get a firm understanding while we have the opportunity. As far as the house is concerned, that is the last fucking place you would ever want to be. Didn't anyone ever tell you that fucking, shooting, and killing goes both ways? No greasy motherfucker like you is ever going to send me back to prison."

All they could say was they were going to send me to prison on what they had right there. I said, "Let me tell you what you have. Shit. I'm going home. If I can't beat this rap, I'll fix it. Now you take the stolen car and the attempted burglary and shove them both up your ass, Mr. Tough Cop." I got up and walked back to my cell. That was my one and only personal interview with the C.I.U.

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But not my last involvement by a long shot.

They took Barry and me to court, where the judge set the bond at $50,000, which was real bullshit for a rap like that. The next day Leo and Tony came to the jail to post bond. Barry and I walked out of the jail and met Leo. He wanted to know what had happened. I told him nothing had happened. I'd just blown the score, that's all.

The next week Leo met me at a grocery store at Thirty-seventh and Indiana. He wanted back the Lincoln I had used in Indianapolis. He was really mad about the blown job in his neighborhood. "Listen," he said, "if you keep fucking up you'll wind up in the meat grinder." I said, "What the hell do you want me to do? Go out and get killed, or caught and get a million years? The C.I.U. is around constantly. There's also a beeper on my car." He said, "Fuck the C.I.U. I'll take care of them." I said, "Good, you can start by getting my fifteen grand back."

I went home. My wife, Josie, told me the C.I.U. had been there. They tore the house apart and took the phone book. They tried to take a thousand dollars from under the rug, but she noticed it was missing, told them so, and they gave it back to her like it was a joke. I asked if they had a search warrant? She said no. I said, "What room did they keep everyone out of the longest?" She said, "The kitchen. Why?" I said, "I'll show you." I took the kitchen phone apart with a table knife. They had tapped it. I was going to take the tap off, but then decided against it. I never said anything on that phone I didn't want them to know.

I was fed up. I wanted out and I wanted out bad. I went over to see Leo and told him I had to quit stealing. He went bananas. He was going to kill me, frame me, castrate me, and everything else he could think of. He was still screaming when I left.

Then, a couple days later, Leo called. He was just as nice as can be, said, "Listen, just get this one more score and you can quit. I understand your problem, okay? This score is in Northfield, the guy is a vice-president of Sears." I said, "No. Not in the Chicago area. Too much heat." Finally, he told me about a millionaire named Owens who lived in Owens, Illinois. I said, "I'll make this score, Leo, but this is the last one. You can do whatever you have to when I come back."

Of course I knew it was all too easy. The whole job stunk. Leo had decided to kill me, but he was going to have the C.I.U. do the job for him. I had a different idea. This was my chance to get out of the mob for good, and to get out without getting killed. Leo had made his plans, now I had to make mine.

Owens, Illinois, is about 350 miles from Chicago, almost on the Missouri border. Barry and I headed there after going to the wrecking yard where we picked up tools, guns, and a carload of C.I.U. agents on our tail. We were using a Ford and we pushed it hard towards Owens, between ninety and a hundred miles an hour. The C.I.U. pushed hard to keep up with us, but we never picked up a ticket on Route 66.

I had the address in Owens, found the street, and drove straight into the neighbor-

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hood. The C.I.U. followed me right through.

I decided to let the cops have one last shot at a really good pinch. I drove across the state line into St. Louis, Missouri. Now I was out of the state of Illinois with a $50,000 bond—carrying guns and burglar tools. They could have cost me some years right there. They didn't do anything. I knew what they really wanted was to kill me.

Later that night we drove into the neighborhood. Sure enough, the C.I.U. stumbled on us again. I'd set up the parking lot for the score. They were so eager they almost ran me down when I crossed the street. I walked off and watched them turn the corner. As soon as they did, I ran back, jumped in the car, and pulled it into a family's garage. We sat there for about twenty minutes. They'd lost us. They were running up and down the streets. I backed out, drove through the neighborhood, and parked about a mile from the house. Barry and I got out and waited in the nearby shrubbery for about an hour. Two guys walked up to the car and peered inside. Then they raised the hood of the car and poked around for about three minutes.

I was not about to get too close to the house we were supposed to hit. Sawyer's C.I.U. was never going to set me up like they did my friend Bill Epilito. They'd gotten a tip that Epilito was going into a home up on the North Side in Chicago. They staked out the house, and when Epilito opened the door they blew him to pieces. I doubt if he was ever asked to surrender. One thing is certain—he's not around to dispute proper police procedure. He was dead on the spot. I made up my mind when I read about Epilito in the paper. I changed guns from a .38 to a .45, and I always carried two guns from that day on. I figured that no matter what else happened, I wanted to live long enough to kill at least one C.I.U. agent.

After they left the car, I had to tell Barry what was happening. "You have a right to know this," I said. "It's your car down there and you're going to catch a lot of heat. I'm almost certain your car won't start when we get back. If we can get to St. Louis we'll report it stolen, or I'll pay a lawyer to come and get it."

Barry said, "Why all the mystery?"

I said, "Kid, the C.I.U. has been following us since the minute we left Chicago. This whole neighborhood is staked out. So's the car." "You're nuts," he said. "I may be," I agreed, "but you haven't seen a patrol in here all night, have you? They pulled everything out so nothing would scare us away from our work." Barry said, "Maybe you're right. Let's go back and see what happens."

I let Barry carry the case. I put one .45 in the waistband of my pants, the other in my coat pocket. When we got to the car I laid the .45 from my pocket on the seat; the other I kept in my waistband. Barry tried to start the car, but no dice. It didn't even turn over.

All of a sudden the whole neighborhood lit up like daylight. There were about fifty cops. The car was completely surrounded. They hollered for us to get out with our hands up. I left the .45 in my waistband, and got out of

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the car. I could still get to that .45 if any shooting started.

The C.I.U. reached the car first. They started beating Barry and me with shotguns and pistols. Barry's eye was busted open. The C.I.U. found the loaded .45 with one shell jacked in the chamber on the front seat. They pulled the other .45 out of my belt. They said to the local sheriff, "See. We told you this motherfucker is a killer."

The local sheriff told the C.I.U. to stop beating us. He said, "I told you before we came out here that if these men wanted to surrender there'd be no beatings or killings in my town. We don't kill people down here unless we have to." The C.I.U. were still screaming and hollering at us. "Where is the jewelry? What house are the victims tied up in? Where's the money and jewelry?" Barry and I remained silent. The C.I.U. started beating us again. The sheriff said, "Keep your hands off those two men. I don't mean to tell you again."

Then the C.I.U. tried to force Barry and me into their car, but the sheriff moved in and took over. He said, "My men will take charge of these prisoners." He put us in one of his own deputy's cars. They took us to the county jail at Edwardsville.

The sheriff had stopped the C.I.U. from killing us. If it wasn't for the sheriff, Barry and I would be dead. The streets would have been turned into a gun battle. The C.I.U. is famous for its ambushes and death traps.

When we got to the station, I refused to identify myself or answer any questions. The C.I.U. was still convinced we had robbed someone. Both the C.I.U. and the local police went over the entire area. They tried to find a door or window or anything that had been opened or even had marks on it. They came up with nothing. They charged us with possession of burglary tools, and with illegal possession of firearms, but they couldn't get an attempted burglary charge.

I called my wife. She said, "I'll be down with the bond money." I said, "Go to Leo. Let him come up with every penny." She went to Leo but he threatened to kill her, and me, if she came back.

I hired Robert Trone, an attorney in Edwardsville, and laid it on the line. I said, "Listen. I was involved pretty deeply with the outfit, but now is my chance to pull out completely and not get killed—as long as I don't have to turn to them for help."

The C.I.U. was really pushing now. They knew I'd moved out of Chicago and out of their jurisdiction forever. They knew they'd blown their one and only chance to kill me, unless they just drove up one of the Edwardsville streets and murdered me. The C.I.U. hit dead ends every way they turned. They got a warrant against me from Alton, Illinois, for the $40,000 robbery of some people named Watson. Of course, I had never heard of them.

Trone went to work. The Watson robbery was knocked out of the box—lack of identification. The burglary tools were knocked out of the box—entrapment and illegal search and seizure. Then the C.I.U. tried to get me for illegal possession of a firearm under the five-year felony law. But I hadn't been convicted of a felony in the past five years. The C.I.U. had been to bat three times, and they struck out three times.

Mr. Trone questioned me thoroughly. "Why does the C.I.U. hate you so bad?" So I told him about the $15,000 payoff I'd made to the C.I.U. agent, and about my threat to blow the whistle on the agent if the C.I.U. ever busted me.

Then the sheriff and some deputies came and talked to me. They didn't like the case at all. Someone, somewhere, was pushing too hard. The C.I.U. was always calling the sheriff and telling him how to run his office. So the sheriff said to them, "Looks like you people have enough problems with the crime in Chicago. The people here elected me, and until they remove me from office, I'll run this county."

I made a phone call to Buster Wortman, the Eastside racket boss in St. Louis and the guy I had sold my first diamond to. I said, "Buster, I need a favor. I don't want any strings attached, nor do I want to be under any obligations or owe any favors." He said, "What is it?" I said, "I want to quit stealing and I need a little help with the bond." He said, "You're actually squaring up?" I said, "For real." Buster said, "There will be a guy there the first thing in the morning. He used to work for me, but he's retired now."

Buster's word was good, a guy was there the next morning at nine o'clock sharp. He called me out to the visiting room. He said, "Do you know me?" I said, "Mister, I never saw you before in my life." He said, "I understand you're a top-flight jewel thief." I said, "I *was*." "Good," he said, "that's what I wanted to hear. I'm an old man, and I know that no matter how much you make, you wake up some day and you know it's not really worth it."

We went over to court and Trone got my bond cut in half. Buster's man put the money up, and I was on the streets. I went over and talked to the sheriff. I said, "I want to go to work until this case is over. I might want to live here." He said, "I'll see if I can find you a job, and you can live here as long as you like. But as a citizen not a thief." I said, "Good enough." The C.I.U. was going crazy.

I called Rugendorf and told him I was on the streets. He said, "When are you coming back to Chicago?" I said, "I'm not, and I'm through stealing." Leo said, "You'd better come to Chicago. There are more ways than one to get something done." I said, "Listen, if you really want to know something, I think you tipped off the C.I.U. I'm going to wait and fight as long as possible without you. You were supposed to take care of all this kind of action, and you are either going to spend the legal fees on me or you are going to have to spend them on yourself." Leo said, "I'll tell you this, you ain't going to need any help much longer." "Go fuck yourself!" I said before I hung up.

A few days before I went to court the old man who put up my bond died. I didn't have a chance to go over and talk to him. I made a long-distance phone call to Chicago to a criminal lawyer. I said, "The guy who went my bond just died. What's the score?" He said, "At the moment you are technically not under any bond. They can pick you up and put you in jail." I said, "Now supposing I just leave. Would the state be able to collect bond from the guy's estate?" He said, "I don't see how, but I'm only giving you my interpretation, this is something that would have to be argued in court." I hung up.

I told my wife I was leaving. She didn't want any part of it. She said, "You're not going to get anyplace running. You started this fight, now finish it." I said, "Listen, I stole over a million dollars in the last few months. Not only has the outfit got all of that, but what little they have paid me for stealing they got back in one way or another. We're broke." She said, "If you're bound and determined, go ahead. You have to live with yourself. But as much as I love you, if you ever steal again, I'll leave you." I asked, "Will you come later?" She said, "Only, and I mean only, if you can prove to me you have worked every day for six months."

Next morning I was gone. How I got out of Edwardsville is unimportant. I had no car, and I sure didn't steal one. I left with fifty dollars and a suitcase full of clothes. As far as the F.B.I. and C.I.U. were concerned, I disappeared from the face of the earth.

On the day of my court appearance, all hell broke loose in Edwardsville. The C.I.U. was there with bulging briefcases. When they found out I was gone they started throwing their weight around, making false accusations, and raising hell. The sheriff just told them the only payoffs he heard of were made in Chicago. The C.I.U. had to lug those fat briefcases back home.

The C.I.U. never wanted to bust me and send me to jail. They were just interested in killing me. As far as they were concerned, nothing had to be legal. But if the sheriff would have set up that arrest, it would have been legal, and my ass would have been on the way to prison for possession of burglary tools and guns.

I'm not certain if the outfit made a deal with the C.I.U. or if the outfit just saw a chance to use the C.I.U. If the outfit was using the C.I.U., it was not the first time. Often the Chicago police have wound up killing someone whom the outfit wanted to see out of the way. The Chicago police have almost a zero average when it comes to solving Chicago gangster killings.

When I disappeared, the F.B.I. questioned my wife. She couldn't tell them anything because she didn't know anything. The C.I.U. bothered her constantly. They were really out for blood. They made threats; they made promises; they offered money. It was useless. No one knew where I was.

After evading the F.B.I and many other law-enforcement agencies for many years, Frank Hohimer was finally apprehended in Cos Cob, Connecticut, where he was operating an International House of Pancakes franchise. He is currently serving a thirty-year sentence for armed robbery in the Iowa state penitentiary. Leo Rugendorf died, of natural causes, in 1972.

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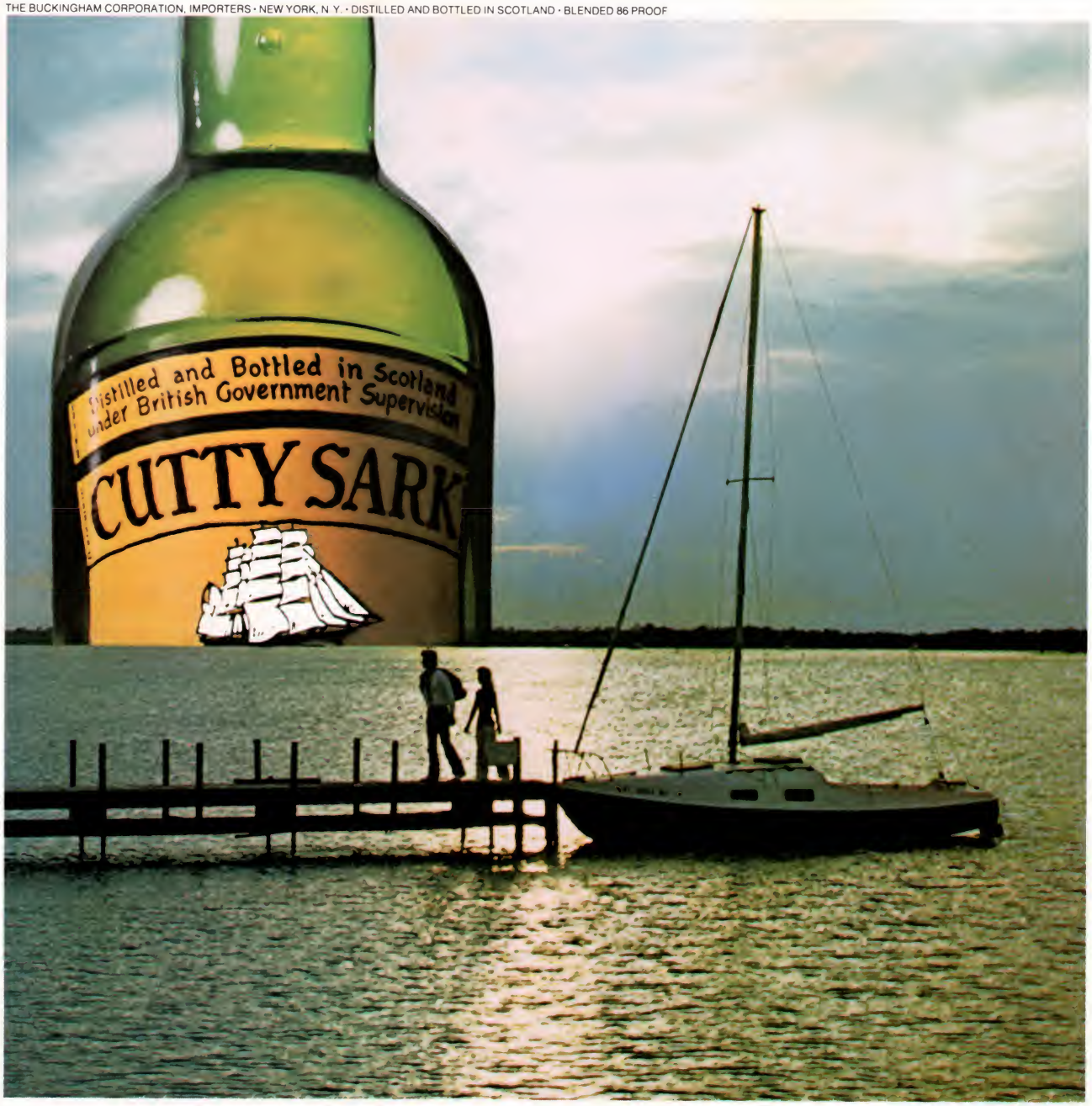

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